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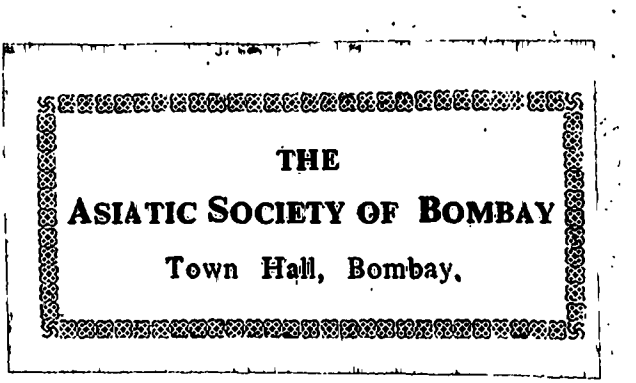

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German Literature

By

Wolfgang Menzel.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, WITH NOTES BY THOMAS GORDON.

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GERMAN LITERATURE.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

(*Naturwissenschaften.*)

THE lively sense of the old Germans for nature has heightened into a scientific examination of it, as all life has been brought under the idea. It cannot, however, be denied that the ancient love of, and cordial liking for nature, still imparts warmth and life to scientific abstractions. Even that poetic glow which we are wont to blame in the natural philosophers, bears testimony to the deep-felt fervour of our perception of nature. There is no nation which hangs with such ardour upon nature, and which has opened up its mysteries with such originality, as the German. The natural philosophy of the modern Germans stands, like their mental philosophy, isolated, and exalted far above the whole sphere of the literature of other nations.

All educated nations of modern times agree in saying that the natural sciences are the foundation of all culture; and the human race has made an immense progress in returning from the dizzy heights of the mind back again to nature. The superstition of former ages was checked by an accurate knowledge of the powers of nature; the rudeness and poverty of social life were transformed into beauty, luxuriance, and calm enjoyment, by means of the application of this knowledge; poetry has returned to the bosom of nature, from its wanderings into the world of learning; and even philosophy itself has been purified and strengthened by means of an acquaintance with the phenomena of nature. All the great evolutions of modern times are connected with the great discoveries in the province of nature; and all truly humane culture, all the physical and mental well-being of this age, is based upon them.

An acquaintance with nature promotes in two ways the emancipation of the human race,—first, by the enlarged knowledge which the mind acquires respecting the powers of nature,—and, secondly, by their economical use. Astronomy and the discovery of foreign countries preceded the Reformation; chemistry, physiology, and important discoveries in mechanics, preceded the Revolution. Mind, which had hitherto been chained to the most confined Present, became free in consequence of its noble views of the universe; that gloomy fear of the mysterious powers of nature vanished as soon as men became acquainted

with her simple laws; the feeling of conscious power was strengthened by its sway over the stupendous powers of nature. The knowledge of nature, however, at the same time founded a new trade, and labours of various kinds, which imparted new and additional benefits to nations. International trade, travels, energy, and the enjoyment of honestly-gained property, contributed more than victories or mental speculations to the true enlightenment of the nations and to their sense for freedom. Freedom is always connected with trade and industry.

The part which the Germans have borne in the discoveries in the province of nature, is far greater than the advantages which they have derived from them. It is astonishing that, with such limited means, and without being able to calculate upon deriving any great advantages from our labours, we have done so much in promoting an acquaintance with nature. After the decline of the Hanse league we were confined to the inland, and possessed none of those colonies which both reward the rulers of the sea, and incite them to natural investigations. Confined to agriculture and cattle-breeding, and excluded from commerce, the natural sciences were never promoted by the state, as in England and France; and our princes were either too poor to furnish out great expeditions for investigating into natural history, or they had no inclination to do so. Yet the Germans have done their utmost. Though labouring under the want of means, they have vied with foreigners in undertaking voyages of discovery, and Tiefen-

thaler, Carsten, Niebuhr, the two Forsters, Humboldt, &c., were all Germans. Though foreigners generally excel us in the collection and accumulation of the facts of nature,—though we are inferior to the English in their taste for the practical application of the powers of nature, and to the French in their acute power of observing the individual objects of nature—yet we Germans are unsurpassed in the power of combining facts obtained by experience; a power, which, on the one side, leads to new and immortal discoveries, and, on the other, to a philosophical knowledge of nature.

We, unfortunately, do not yet possess a complete history of the share which the Germans have taken in the study of the natural sciences. We have only special histories of medicine, chemistry, astronomy, &c. Steffens attempted to give an historical sketch in his polemical papers. Cuvier in his celebrated History of the Natural Sciences has paid but little attention to the peculiar spirit of the Germans.

Steffens, distinguishing between the middle ages before, and the modern period after, Copernicus, adopts as the turning-point between the opinions of ancient and modern times, the discovery,—that the earth is not the centre of the universe, but only an insignificant planet. He brings forward the characteristics of the ancient period in an excellent way, and with a skill rarely now met with, for naturalists commonly pride themselves on being unacquainted with the systems of that magical and alchymistical period.

He gives merely general notices of the characteristical magical principles of that old natural wisdom, of that belief in an animated magical nature, by means of which these ancients wished to rule nature before they were acquainted with its properties. The modern period, on the contrary, appears to be that of disenchantment. All unreal glitter vanishes; a prosaic reality demands to be inquired into. The earth is no longer the stable centre of the world; matter is no longer the dwelling-place of magical powers, or the vehicle of magical charms. Astrology gives way to astronomy, magic to mathematics and mechanics, alchymy to chemistry, demonology to natural history. This new epoch of the natural sciences is divided into two periods. The first, which began with Copernicus and ended with Newton, is—that of mechanical physics. This is the period which witnessed the great discoveries of the mechanical laws of nature, of the motions of the heavenly bodies, of gravitation, of the pendulum; this was also the age of the calculus, of those amazing mathematical calculations of all the measurable relations in nature. This age has solved its problem; the system of the mechanics of nature, which it transmitted to us, has been quite completed. But an internal dynamical power, a life which gives the first impulse to all these movements and powers, is the cause of the external mechanism of nature; those internal qualities which can be felt, but cannot be measured or reckoned, are the foundation of the external quantities. Therefore it is that the natural sciences must progress from

the mechanical to the qualitative department of physics; and as they had hitherto had most to do with that inorganic nature which is governed by mathematical laws, with the heavenly bodies, with the paths of the planets, and with the powers and influences of the elements, they were for the future compelled to pay more attention to organic nature and physiology, for the deepest and most inexhaustible fountain of the qualities lies in organism. At this point Steffens attempts to prove—that the immense labours of the naturalists have led but to proportionally trifling results,—that an unity, a supreme principle, is not yet found—that therefore an endless confusion and discord has arisen, a spiritless experimentalizing and classifying, attempts and opinions, arguments and contests, from which we can be delivered only—by speculation, by the philosophy of nature.

These views would have been more historically correct had Steffens comprehended under the term *speculation*, combination, the comparison of experiments, and a reducing of them to one fundamental principle, rather than a mental product; and had he better understood that tyrannizing of experience which is peculiar to the school of Schelling; for deliverance from this perplexity can be, and is already in part, found only in comparison, and not in these absolute dogmas.

The historical transition from superstition to shallow investigations into nature, corresponds with the transition from the romantic middle ages to the enlightenment of modern times. Rude superstition was promoted by scholasticism, which is

really "sense in nonsense," and rude empirism was, in like manner, fostered by natural philosophy. People always sought to arrive at general conclusions by proceeding upon single facts. Thus there was founded upon the ancient superstition, that magnificent sphere of Paracelsism which represented heaven, earth, and hell, just as the all-comprehensive natural philosophy of Schelling and his school, has been founded upon the modern empirism.

The endeavour to unite all nature within the compass of one system, to comprehend it as one, entire, and living, in all its parts, is as old as the science of nature itself. From it proceeded the old cosmogonies; and whatever may be said of the religious and political admixtures now present in the natural sciences, pantheistic opinions were favourable to their advancement, while the later polytheism and monotheism have indisputably injured the science which had already attained to such perfection. The vivid views of nature entertained by the ancient nations were not the effect, but the primitive cause of pantheism. They decayed, however, when the energy of self-observation of the mind gradually drew away men from nature; the former causing them to acknowledge an army of gods, the latter making them believe in one God not cognizable by the senses. The unity and vividness of the pantheistic views of nature is much preferable to the attempts made by later times to examine the individual parts of nature, to anatomize it like a dead body. The last natural philosophy has attempted to unite

what is good in both tendencies; has again conceived nature to be a great living organon, basing, however, its systems not upon faith and poetry, but upon the facts of experience. A religious and poetical interest having thereby been introduced into it, as must always be the case with true views of nature, empirics only expose themselves to ridicule when they attempt to make a kind of dryness and coldness the criterion of science, and to make a profound truth suspected merely because it is poetical as well as profound. But it cannot be denied, that, at those bounds which nature itself has placed for science, partly religious sentimentality, and partly the imagination, had commenced to form worthless hypotheses, which the empirics were quite justified in opposing. These hypotheses may be sacrificed, provided the great philosophical views of nature are preserved.

We perceive in three directions, barriers which the science of nature cannot surmount; first, in that path which leads from our solar system into the universe; second, in that which leads from the sensuous phenomena into the mysterious nature of matter; and third, in that way which leads from the physical to the psychical phenomena in men. In all these directions human knowledge can attain but a certain length, beyond which we have, in place of science, mere speculation or poetry, the results of which, though they cannot be measured by an æsthetical standard, are among the most charming creations of the imagination.

The realm of science is bounded on three sides by an unknown kingdom, into which our longing desires alone can penetrate. First, on the side of astronomy we possess merely a point, from which our feeble and weak look surveys but a proportionally narrow sphere in the boundless extent of the universe: what we see, too, are merely effects of unknown causes, the cognition of which is conditioned by the relation which obtains between our planet and our power of cognition. Only in the little sphere of our solar system is it possible for us to know the phenomena of the heavenly bodies, therein shadowed forth; and only in so far as they succeed one another in regular and consistent order can we understand those rules by which they are governed. The true primitive cause of these phenomena, however, as well as that of their irregularities, for example, those of comets, remains concealed from us. In fine, everything beyond our solar system will for ever remain a mystery. We see some of the stars which are nearest us, we observe now and then some little change in a star or nebula; but this affords no clue to the great relations which exist among the different systems of the universe. On this subject we have nothing but hypotheses and insecure analogies, which we institute between our little solar system and the universe. The empirics are pleased to be satisfied with a simple perception, and to believe that the universe is filled with a countless number of suns, round which planets and comets revolve. But philosophers divide these suns into higher systems, ascribing to them higher

and more incomprehensible motions. The boldest and most startling hypotheses have been brought forward by Eschenmayer and Görres.

We are at as great a loss in chemistry as in astronomy. We must truly be astonished at the power of the human mind, which has succeeded in making those great discoveries, which, after the time of Keppler, were made in astronomy, and have of late been made in chemistry; yet here we must apply the saying of Socrates: The more we know, the more we become convinced that we know nothing. Since the age of Basilius Valentinus, we have, to use the expression of this deep-thinking monk, striven "to unfold nature," (*explicare naturam.*) We have dissolved matter into component parts more and more evanescent; yet to its innermost core, to its primitive centre, we have not yet penetrated. It escapes the senses, for our eye is as little capable of seizing upon a point, as of comprehending the Boundless. Fettered by the limits of our senses, we can see and know nothing but compound matter; what has grown (*das Gewordene*), not the primitive essence; the effect, not the primitive cause.

Physiology is confined by the same boundaries. It may be pursued even into the sensuous organs of man, but here it bounds with that unknown world of the mind, in which a new series of hypotheses begins. The connection between body and mind still remains an eternal enigma; and philosophers and naturalists strive only for precedence in making fools of themselves about this

sphinx. The views of the idealists and those of the materialists are the directly opposite extremes among all the hypotheses connected with this question. The latter, making the mind dependent upon matter, pronounce it to be a higher sublimation of the organs—a blossom of the material plant; the former, looking upon the mind as the absolute, separate it from nature, or denying the objective reality of nature, consider it merely as a subjective mirroring of the mind. All these hypotheses are fruitless; for their truth cannot be proved, unless we could place ourselves on a point *without* the unity of the body and mind: but as we ourselves are at present in the centre of this unity, it can never become objective to us.

Independent, however, of these three limits placed to our acquaintance with nature, a strict natural science is real and possible within them. So far as our perception extends amidst the subjective conditions of our senses and our mind, nature is not closed to it, but remains ever the same, so that we are able by degrees to recognise its circuit within the prescribed boundaries, and to elevate perception to perfect science. This science is no longer hemmed in by human weakness, but only by the variety of the materials, and by the slowness with which our organs are sharpened for perception, and with which what is perceived, is combined. Mechanical inventions must first confer upon our senses a higher power of perception; we must arm ourselves with telescopes and microscopes, with the theodolite and compass, before

we can be able to overcome the obstacles of space; and we must be able to lay bare the mechanical apparatus by which nature is dissolved into its elementary ingredients, before we can force our way into the mysteries of her workshop. For whole centuries, therefore, a pains-taking generation must search the surface and depths of the earth, there to collect the treasures of nature, and to arrange them with care, before genial minds arise which can discover their combinations.

There was, it is true, long since a philosophy of nature, for the human mind has always striven to discover a unity amidst the varied fragmentary details; yet natural experience has never been in proper unison with speculation. People in a religious, mystic, or fantastic way, endeavoured to discover a harmony of all terrestrial phenomena, cosmogonies, allegorical personifications of the powers of nature, amusing anagrams of nature; so that, if the belief, the feelings, the imagination, or the wit were satisfied, they never troubled themselves about objective truth. They tested their systems by the little they knew of nature, to which little, however, they often gave an arbitrary meaning or connection. After an unpoetical, irreligious, and purely empirical science of nature had got rid of those philosophemes, each went its separate way. But they must one day meet at a fixed point. Speculation must be joined to natural experience, and experience must at last be formed into a system, in consequence of its comparative completeness.

Schelling was chosen from among those acquainted with nature, to unite the two ways. When he commenced his labour, the natural philosophy of past times—that from Pythagoras to Jacob Böhme, was everywhere despised. He found nothing but an empirical natural science, only an unconnected mass of single observations; great collections of facts connected with natural history, which some attempted to arrange according to superficial characteristics; acute discoveries of phenomena, of the causes of which they knew nothing. They had, at best, attempted to find the so-called *principles* of individual departments of natural science, in order to introduce some connection into their systems; but in doing so, they acted very capriciously, for when observing one side they paid no attention to the others. Having here treated of mathematics or the form, of chemistry or the substance, of nature, independently of each other, they did not venture to refer the one to the other, though both substance and form generally appear together in nature. They undertook, at one time, to examine into astronomy, at another into physiology; but to whom did it ever occur to search for the macrocosm in the microcosm? They studied botany without ever thinking of its mutual relation with zoology, and prosecuted each for itself, without ever attempting to reduce them to the type of the human structure. There were, on the other side, longings after the one indivisible soul of nature, which puts everything in motion; but these were merely imperfect memorials derived from the

mythical philosophers of ancient times, or of the decried theosophists and pantheists of succeeding ages, who sometimes were deficient in nothing but an empirical proof of their system, which, however, was everything, in a scientific sense. Every new natural philosopher, who ventured to propose any general law of nature, was obliged to be more or less a Pythagoras, a Jacob Böhme, or a Spinoza, but it was necessary that he should at the same time be either a Copernicus, a Galileo, a Keppler, a Newton, a Linnæus, a Franklin, a Haller, a La Place, a Buffon, a Cuvier, a Mesmer, a Stahl, a Gall, a Werner, an Oersted, a Humboldt, &c., or at least that his philosophy was founded upon the experiments of such men. The question was, how to arouse the living spirit from a dead empirism, and to acquire a living soul for the ghost-like, empty, and cloudy soul of a nature-philosophical dream; in short, to rule empirism by means of philosophy, and to confirm philosophy by means of empirism.

Schelling was the first who proved the ancient natural philosophy by the scientific experiments of modern times, or, what is the same, exalted to the rank of philosophy the natural science of the moderns. It would, however, have been an amazing miracle, and one which not even natural philosophy itself can permit, had Schelling's immortal exertions not had to contend with many difficulties, had he finished and completed the philosophy of nature. On the contrary, he has effected only the first trifling commencement, but just in that consists his greatness. He has trodden a path in

which no one had preceded him, but in which every one must follow him; the goal, however, is not yet reached, neither will it ever be so, for it lies beyond the three above-mentioned boundaries, at which all investigation into nature ceases. Schelling has the undying merit of having found the key to this investigation within these bounds. We have, indeed, but little leisure to occupy ourselves with what we cannot know; there is still very much to learn which we may possibly know, but which we do not yet know. In this sense must Schelling's system be adopted. He does not lead the stupid gaping spectators before the wonder of absolute truth, and say: now there it is, look your fill at it! he conducts those scholars alone who are desirous to learn, and are endowed with mental energy, to a kind of eminence, showing them, from thence, the boundless view into the whole circle of nature, and calling upon them to search and investigate further. Schelling has not finished and closed up the science of nature, but he has rather been the first to open it; we, therefore, cannot learn from him how far, but in what direction, investigation may proceed.

Schelling having found that all the phenomena of nature with which he was acquainted, form contrasts, drew from that fact the conclusion that, generally speaking, contrast is the only form in which nature reveals itself to man. The only practical course must therefore be, to trace this contrast consistently throughout all the gradations and realms of nature, in so far as nature is cognizable. Since everything is comprehended within the sys-

tem of contrasts, no single object of nature, no general natural power, no universal natural essence can have a separate independent existence of its own, but must be the contrast of some other; and the boundless series of individual contrasts must necessarily be blended in one universal principal contrast of nature. Unity is in nature only the higher union of two opposite powers, or a polarization like that of the magnet, which is one, but has opposite poles. Thus, according to this system, all nature is, as it were, a great magnet, with the one pole repelling and streaming out, representing the moving, separating, dissolving power; and with the other attracting pole, which represents the binding, restraining, collecting power. Schelling is not presumptuous enough to allege that he has traced the contrast of these powers through all the departments of nature; this must be the work of centuries, and can be carried out only within certain limits. But it is undeniably true, that this contrast is the key to the only possible cognition of nature, that it is the universal and unchangeable form under which everything in nature is revealed to us. The connection of all natural objects can be, if not explained, yet at least, seen, only in the circumstance that the contrast of two primitive powers is manifested in everything.

Schelling's system is consequently characterized by a strict maintenance, first, of an universal *polarization*, or opposition of two original powers of one nature; and, secondly, by an universal parallelizing of all natural things, according as

they tend to one or the other pole, or the connecting centre. This system is, in the third place, characterized by the *gradation* in which natural things incline to this or that pole.

The fundamental principle of this system is very simple, as every truth ought to be; but it seems easy and superficial only to those who have no presentiment of the immense problem which lies yet unsolved within it, and who, therefore, merely jest at the parallelization which originates in it; or to the empirics, who, in consequence of their museums and experiments, can never arrive at nature, like the philologists, who in consequence of books and words can never arrive at the spirit; who would despise themselves, were the toilsome labour of their life written upon a card instead of upon folio volumes, and whose greatest delight it is to make, not the difficult easy, but the easy difficult.

However simple the fundamental principle of this system may be, it may be unfolded in an endless variety of ways, both inwardly and outwardly. The unity of nature must be pursued to its greatest depth, the contrast to its utmost extent; while both must be applied to the facts of nature in its whole circuit. Deepmindedness, acuteness, the power of fixing the attention upon one thing, the gift of observation, assiduity and experience in practical investigations, will, on the other side, be spurred on to unfold further a doctrine of which little more than the first formula is known. Thence is it that the simple word of Schelling has not, like so many other philosophers, lulled the na-

tion to sleep, and pleased them with sweet-soothing dreams, but has aroused them to the most energetic activity, and has formed for them, out of the genius and talent of the nation, a school such as no previous philosopher had ever founded. I have already spoken of the influence which his doctrines have had upon German life. Here I shall only speak a little of what his scholars have, in accordance with the views of his system, done for natural science.

When we begin to treat more in detail, we see foreshadowed, in what has been already performed, the inexhaustible luxuriance of that which has yet to be done. Each individual disciple of Schelling has, in reality, based his system only upon one, or at most, upon a few individual parts of natural science; he has cast light upon the whole system from that department in which he himself was most at home. Steffens based his opinions upon geognosy; Wagner his upon chemistry; Görres his upon physiology; Oken his upon anatomy; Schubert and Eschenmayer theirs upon psychology. One part of science can, of course, but partially explain the other parts; but the comparisons among all the various branches have not yet been completely and accurately carried out.

As soon as the parallel between the Macrocosm and Microcosm was thought of, there was opened an immense field for comparison; every new discovery in the minds and feelings of men, calling up the corresponding equivalent in nature: and the reverse. The system, therefore, can never be

completed, and will remain insufficient, until everything in nature, as well as in mind, is thoroughly investigated; and as long as men remain men, the form of parallelism and the rule of that universal contrast in nature will remain irrefragable. We should probably have no truth, were each one forced to prove its application in every point of view. If man had talents for everything, and yet were unable to unfold everything in the highest degree, why should he not appropriate those truths which cannot be disputed, though he cannot prove their applicability in every possible case.

The deficiencies of the modern natural philosophy may be ascribed to this cause. Based upon the most correct and simple principle, it nevertheless finds in nature itself three bounds which it cannot pass; beyond which it can no longer apply its principle, though it well knows that in this Beyond, the Boundless is concealed from us behind a veil. We already know these limits. Then next, a principle correct in itself is often falsely or defectively applied, even to what is accessible to us in nature, because we do not yet possess sufficient experimental knowledge, or because human calculation must always be subject to error. In this respect it is not uninteresting to compare the latest works on the philosophy of nature, with those of an earlier date. For instance, the Anthropology of Steffens, with the earlier works of other philosophers, or even with his own. How many things then occupied an entirely different position from what they do at present; how many newly-dis-

covered links have separated what we formerly supposed united, and have united those things between which we suspected no relationship; for example, the identity of magnetism, electricity, and galvanism. Some natural philosophers have, in addition to errors, for which they are not accountable, committed faults, which must be ascribed to their levity and vanity. Could it have been expected that they would not play the fool where they had such an excellent opportunity? Natural philosophy has this in common with religion, that it can call forth not only what is most profound and holy, but also what is most foolish, in men.

The empirics and the philosophers have displayed the bitterest hostility to each other, and in a way which tends much to the discredit of science. They have reproached each other with the grossest errors; and not unjustly. The empiric is called blind; the philosopher a visionary. The former sees nothing which he cannot grasp; the latter believes that he grasps what he can never see.

The empiric, though upon apparently firm footing, commits as gross errors as any philosopher. He has often to explain what he himself does not properly understand, and to search for the unknown causes of known appearances. He is commonly far behind the philosophers, because it never occurs to him to examine one phenomenon in connection with all the others; and because he seizes upon the first chance plausibility which will in any way apply to the case in point. A whole

volume might be filled with the most absurd explanations of such empirics, and it might be named the *Eulenspiegel*[1] of naturalists. We shall, instead of a hundred examples, adduce merely one, which, however, is an excellent specimen of their general method of procedure. Many, almost all, and even very distinguished empirics, explain the origin of vegetation in those coral islands which are elevated above the surface of the sea, or, in general, in places where no seed is naturally produced, on the supposition that the winds or the birds had borne the seeds thither, a distance of many hundred miles; this mode of explanation appearing to them less wonderful than that continual *generatio æquivoca* for which philosophers argue. In this way they search in every quarter for the coarsest, most apparent, and mechanical causes, even though these must be distorted in every possible way, before they can be made to apply to the case in point, rather than adopt dynamic and invisible causes, even though they should lie before their very eyes.

The empiric is sometimes compelled to survey the whole of nature; when such is the case, he displays the phenomena in rank and file according to their external characteristics, without ever wishing to acknowledge that holy power of nature which prevails in all; or with a pious and pusillanimous resignation, he deceives himself as to the enormous task which is intrusted to the human spirit of inquiry, even beyond what is visible and tangible, and speaks of divine wonders. Lichtenberg long

[1] See vol. ii. p. 5.

since said: "The less a naturalist is able to evince his own greatness, the more loudly he praises the greatness of God."

Yet natural experience is the only soil upon which natural philosophy can prosper. The truest and most connected experience has led directly to philosophy, and the best philosophers have remained true to nature, whilst only onesided and shallow empirism has opposed every philosophical tendency; and only the folly of some philosophers has deviated from all natural truth.

The noble views of nature entertained by our Humboldt were based purely upon experience, but upon a boundless experience, the limits of which were the globe, and not merely a confined library; the next greatest empiric of our days is the acute Oersted, who has, by his discoveries, anticipated the boldest speculations of philosophy; and to give the most striking proofs of the cooperation of fundamental empirism with philosophy, I need only name Oken. It is impossible to decide whether his great theory of zoology be founded more upon experience or upon speculation.

Natural experience has unfolded itself in every direction, thus first making a Philosophy of Nature possible. The investigations, discoveries, and collections in all the separate provinces of nature have been boundless; other nations either rivaling the Germans or becoming their models. The naturalists alone have remained like a committee of the great European republic of literati, waiting apparently for the time when the other faculties

will again unite with them. They alone have in all lands remained friends and allies to one another: therefore they have by their union performed more for their science, than could have been done for any other. We cannot say, that, in our age, any particular department of natural science has been more cultivated than the others; all have met with countless and able workmen. Not only those branches of natural science which were known to, and cherished by, the ancients and the middle ages, have been illustrated, extended, perfected, and infinitely enriched by hundreds upon hundreds of acute discoverers and assiduous collectors, but even totally new sciences (as for example that of magnetism) have been founded, in consequence of new discoveries.

If we inquire after the leading characteristics of the investigations into nature of our age, we shall find them in the three following particulars: first, in that philosophical character from which the science of nature loses by degrees the power of withdrawing itself; secondly, in that relation which one phasis of natural science bears to the others; and thirdly, in the reduction of all single inquiries to the discovery of one only ultimate law of nature. Yet it cannot be denied, that anthropology must, of all the other natural sciences, be at present considered the ruling one, and therefore the characteristic of our age. Former naturalists aimed more at studying the external world—the Kosmos, than man—the Microcosmos. The ancients had a considerable knowledge of astronomy, as well as an acquaintance with the

elements, metals, plants and animals; but they knew little of anatomy, and still less of physiology and psychology. As men by degrees became freer and more independent of that nature which surrounded them, and whilst they formerly referred everything — nature, state, and people, to something external, to God, now they refer everything to themselves, so that the natural sciences, having been compelled to follow the general bias, have directed attention more to the inner life of man. In fine, it must be observed, that we have begun by degrees to study nature as a something which has grown (*ein Gewordenes*) in its development in time, whilst in its present appearance, it had hitherto been looked upon merely as something given (*ein Gegebenes*) in space. Cuvier among the French, Werner and Steffens among the Germans, have been the principal investigators in this field, in which their inquiries about the primitive times, and concerning the former revolutions of the earth, which are founded upon universal experience and laws, have attempted to fill up those leaves which precede the volume of nature, and which have as yet either remained completely blank or have been covered with mythical hypotheses.

Moreover, many disputes have been carried on among the empirics themselves, as well as between empirics and philosophers. There are opposite views entertained regarding almost every branch of the natural sciences. We can scarcely allege these contests as one of the characteristics of our age, seeing that the contest has always been

carried on concerning nature. The struggle is of service, seeing that it calls forth scientific rivalry, and that it must at last necessarily lead to a philosophy of nature. But the manner in which these naturalists carry on their warfare is not very edifying. On this point they have some resemblance to the musicians, who can likewise become exceedingly angry, though both live in a world which is so innocent and so cheerful.

Polemics are a poisonous weed amidst the writings of the naturalist. There are, however, many other features in these works which may be justly blamed. In some we find advocated a hateful materialism, which, casting an evil eye upon every wonder, would explain to us in bald naked prose all the mysterious charms of nature. In others, on the contrary, the name of God is abused; and we hear repeated, *usque ad nauseam*, the trivial thought,—that God is manifested in the sun as well as in the meanest worm. This is particularly the case in popular writings, which, in general, might be better composed. The excellent natural histories of Oken and Schubert are honourable exceptions.

The prominent characteristic of Schelling's system was the deep principle of the philosophy of nature,—the unity in the All of nature; that of Oken was the most luxuriant fulness of experience, harmoniously arranged, in accordance with that principle; while in Humboldt is shown what great things a far-reaching experience can effect, even without philosophy, and how without it every philosophy is worthless.

As I have already pointed out the principle of Schelling, I will now give a short sketch of Oken's system, which is evidently the most original of all.

The ether is, according to Oken, the indifferent primitive material, in which, by means of a polarization between the poles of light and gravitation, the utmost tension arises; which, however, is again moderated, in the reaction caused by heat, as heat has a tendency to equalize all things, by turning them into ether. According as these three powers prevail in the ether, it dissolves into its primitive elements. Light is oxygen, gravitation is carbon, heat is hydrogen. They are, however, always united with one another; for these powers always work together, only in different proportions. The elements are formed accordingly. Where the hydrogen prevails, we have air; where the oxygen, water; where the carbon, earth. Their general primitive element, however, the ether, is fire; for as all the influences in the ether proceed from light and heat, it is, consequently, fire. The world arose from fire; it is nothing but a cooled fire, and it will, hereafter, be destroyed by fire. The sun is fire,—red. The planets nearest to it, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas, are earth,—yellow. Jupiter and Saturn are water,—green. Uranus is air,—blue. The comets are superabundant ether, which will one day become air. The elements exercise a mutual influence upon one another. Air and water produce positive, air and earth negative electricity. By this reciprocal influence, two elements produce the third: light

and earth produce water, in rain; light and water produce earth, in meteoric stones; both being electrical productions. Earth, acting in conjunction with one of the other elements, produces minerals. If the three elements, air, water, earth, meet, there is produced the first organism of plants; if the fourth element, fire, be superadded, there is produced the animal. There can be only four minerals, according as the earth is either predominant, or modified by water, air, or fire. Thus there is earth-earth=earth; water-earth= salts; air-earth=the inflammables; fire-earth= metals. Each of these earths has subdivisions, in which the same relations are repeated. The earth proper, earth-earth, predominated in the formation of our planet. The air has been formed out of the ether, the water out of the air, the earth out of the water; the earth, therefore, as being alone firm, is completely crystalline. As every atom of the earth is now a crystal, so has the earth itself originally been; and the mountains, which around the equator run parallel to it, but which diverge from the poles towards the equator, are remnants of this manysided crystalline formation. Granite, the earth-earth, which forms the whole nucleus of the earth, originally projected in sharp crystalline edges. As soon as the water which covered this crystalline mass subsided, thus forming the transition mountains, they, in consequence of polar attraction, rushed to the sides of the crystalline edges; and it was not till a later period, when the water which was enclosed in the valleys forced open for itself a path, that the mechanical disruptions and revolutions of the more

recent strata took place. "Stratification is not a mechanical, but a polar phenomenon." After the earth-earths had been precipitated out of the water, and arranged in a crystalline form, alongside of one another, the water still retained the matter of the earth; in which, however, the aqueous, not the pure earthy predominated. This formed the water-earth in the stratified rocks. Then followed the air-earth in the trap-rocks, and lastly the fire-earth in the metals. Limestone is found even below the stratified mountains; a proof that organic bodies were then formed, and necessarily so, because the solid land projected above the surface of the water; for where earth, water, and air meet, organic life must necessarily be produced. Metals are the last product of mineral formation. They are produced in the dark veins which separate two formations. Ore is produced only where two formations are adjacent. No ore is found near one isolated formation. Polarity can exist either between the surfaces of the two formations alone; in this case, electricity is evolved; or between the two walls and the centre of the earth; in this case, magnetism is produced. The products of the former are the inflammables; of the latter, ores. The metal, the last-born child of the earth, cannot therefore, as was long imagined, form the nucleus of the earth; it occurs only in the veins which connect the strata, and at no great relative depth. Further, as we find iron chiefly near the poles, the nobler metals near the equator, we have a certain proof, that since the creation of the earth its axis of rotation has not, as some have

imagined, changed. In fine, the variations of the magnetic needle prove, according to the more or less frequent occurrence of iron ore, that the earth is not, as some have supposed, magnetic, but that only the iron upon the earth is magnetic, and that the magnetic needle points to the north-pole not because it is the north-pole, but because there is iron there. As crystallization is peculiar to the earth, electricity to the inflammables, magnetism to metals, so is chemism, the chemical dissolving process, to salts.

The sun, by decompounding the elements already created, creates in water something new, which is, in its highest stage, the repetition of all nature—organism. The lime formation, which is connected with the salt, is the foretype of the organic world. When three elements co-operate instead of two, as hitherto; when the result of the combination of water and earth (chemism) is joined by that of air and earth, (electricity), thus permitting air, earth, and water to work in union, (which everywhere happens at the sea-shore), there commences a new process, electro-chemism, a chemical process constantly supported by electricity; a polarity between water and earth kept constantly in activity by the air. This process is named galvanism; it is the beginning of all organic life,—organic life itself. Its produce is an earth mixed with water and air, an oxydized and hydrurated carbon, that is, slime. Everything living has proceeded from the slime on the sea-shore. "Venus came forth from the foam of the sea." This is nothing but a repetition of the

planets, in so far as only the three lower elements co-operate in this first organic process. If the whole solar system is to be repeated, the fourth and highest element, fire, must be added. This forms the distinction in the organic world. Plants are composed of three, animals of four elements. First, of plants: They belong jointly to the earth, the water, and the air; they are formed in all three, out of all three, by means of the magnetic process of nutrition (growth), by the chemical process of digestion, (the formation of the sap), and by the electrical process of breathing (respiration). The formation of the plant corresponds to this. It consists of cellular tissue (earth), sap-vessels (water), tracheæ (air). The first predominates in the root, the second in the stem, the third in the leaf. But as the higher elements work into the lower, as the fire strives to produce the animal out of the plant, its first attempt to effect this, produces the flower of the plant, which is nothing but a repetition of the whole plant, sublimed, however, into the element of fire. From this cause there was introduced (at the moment of impregnation) into the flower the spontaneous motion, the animal nature, and also the difference of the sexes; for there is a male sex in contrast to a female sex, only when the sun and its fire-element is polarized with the planets and their three lower elements. "The division of the organs of plants is, however, at the same time, the division of the whole vegetable kingdom." Therefore, there are two leading classes, the flowerless plants (*cryptogamia*), and flowering

plants (*phanerogamia*). Among the former are the lowest plants, those which are mere cellular tissue,—mould and mushrooms; then follow those which consist entirely of sap-vessels,—tremellæ, confervæ, lichens and mosses; lastly, the vasculares (those which are composed of tracheæ), ferns. In the plants of the higher classes the three first elements of plants appear distinctly separated, as rind (cellular tissue), alburnum (sap-vessels), and wood (tracheæ). Therefore the lowest of this class are the rind-plants, exogenous plants (reeds, grasses, &c.); then follow the alburnum plants (lilies); and finally wood-plants, endogenous plants (palms). Another step higher, and we find these three first elements still more distinctly divided into root, stem, and leaf. There now follow the root-plants (carrots, turnips, &c.), the stem-plants (*stellatæ*), and the leaf-plants (*personatæ, labiatæ, asperifoliæ, gentianæ, &c.*) Another step higher and the blossom becomes predominant; its parts are seed, pistil, and corolla. There are therefore seed-plants (*ranunculaceæ, malariæ, geraniæ*), pistil-plants (*rutaceæ, residæ*, &c.) and blossom-plants (*cariofoliæ, papaveraceæ*, &c.) Lastly, the fruit is developed in three forms, the nut, the plum, and the apple. To this class belong the noblest and most perfect plants, those which produce these fruits.

As the plant in its highest state of development, in the flower, becomes an animal, so in like manner is the animal, a living, separate, self-moving flower. The whole plant is contained in the animal; there is merely something superadded—

the highest element is added to the three lower ones which form the plant. The plant is the planet. The animal is sun and planet together. The beginning of the animal is pollen, sun, ether, a moving atom, a mass of nerves. The hardest, that is, the planetary mass of the earth, first opposes itself in bones to this solar nervous mass. The lowest animals, the infusoria, are mere masses of nerves; when these are surrounded by a mass of bone, coral is produced. Muscles are next formed between the bones and the nerves. These three things, nerve, muscle, and bone, form the animal in the animal; whatever else is in the animal is the plant. All the entrails are the plant in the animal: the colon is the root; the vascular system, the stem; the lungs, the leaf. This plant, however, has become free in the animal, in consequence of its not taking root in the earth, but being comprehended within itself, and moving within its own orbit; thence proceeds the system of veins, and the circulation of the blood. The sex is to the animal, what the blossom was to the plant.

As the whole vegetable kingdom consists only of the unfolded parts and properties of the plant, so in like manner the animal kingdom is nothing but the fragments of the primitive animal, the unfolded man. In the lowest animals, only the lowest organ is developed; there arises a new and higher, and ever higher, kind of animal, the more new and higher organs there are added. There are consequently just as many kinds of animals as there are organs; neither more nor fewer. As

we have in general discriminated between the two systems in the animal—the vegetable and the animal, so in the same manner we must discriminate plant-animals, and animal-animals. In the former, the three vegetable systems of the tracheæ, the intestines and the lungs, and of the lowest sense—touch, predominate; in the second, on the contrary, the three animal systems of bones, muscles, and nerves, and the higher senses. In the vascular system, we discriminate between the lacteal system, the veins and the arteries. Consequently the first and lowest class of animals is divided into infusoria, polypi, and medusæ. In each of these classes there are subdivisions, according as the animals approximate to those kinds akin to them. The intestine-animals compose the second class: and as in the intestine system we discriminate stomach, liver, and glands, so accordingly this class is divided into maggots, shell-fish, and snails, which are subdivided in accordance with their respective affinities. The third class are the lung-animals; and as in the lung-system, the pleuræ, broncheæ, and air passages are distinguished, so the animals in which the lung-system predominates are divided into worms, crabs, and beetles. The higher animals in which the animal systems, bones, muscles, nerves, and senses are developed, are divided into bone-animals, =fishes, muscle-animals,=amphibiæ, nerve-animals=birds, sense-animals=mammalia. The lower vegetable classes are repeated in each of these, and by these their own subdivisions are deter-

mined. Oken carries these distinctions even into the races of men. He says, there is only one human race of men, and only one genus, because man is the essence of all the animal kingdom; but that there are five kinds of men, in accordance with the organs of sense: the skin-man is the black, the African; the tongue-man is the brown, the Australasian; the nose-man is the red, the American; the ear-man is the yellow, the Asian; the eye-man is white, the European, &c.

We shall now pass over to empirism, and consider first, the powers of nature, then the phenomena of nature, and, lastly, the practical application of the knowledge of nature.

The study of physics long lay sunk in the grossest superstition. The primitive causes of the operations of nature were explained chiefly by means of a mystic demonology and astrology, from the influences of spirits and stars. The system of collecting and arranging facts connected with the phenomena of nature, began with Conrad Gessner and Agricola[2] about the time of the Reformation, when men began by degrees to come nearer to the traces of the powers of nature. Sturm (who died 1703) founded the proper experimental physics, in which the Flemish Muschenbroek particularly distinguished himself. Wolf, Gravesand, Hamberger, Krüger, treated of physics in a speculative way, which was more fitted

[2] Georg Agricola, (properly Bauer) born March 24th, 1490; died November 21st, 1555: De Ortu et Causis Subterraneorum Motuum; De Re Metallica.

for mathematical philosophy; Euler[3], Karsten[4], Meyer, Lichtenberg, Kästner[5], Erxleben, Brandes, Munk, &c., more empirically, and with more acute and observing minds; Wiegleb[6], Poppe[7], popularly. The Physical Dictionary of Fischer[8], the Journals of Gilbert[9], Gehler[1], Lich-

[3] Leonhard Euler, born at Basel, April 15th, 1707; died at Petersburg, September 7th, 1783: many papers in the Mathematical Transactions of the Petersburg Academy; On the Ebb and Flow of the Tide; Dioptrica; On the Differential Calculus; Introduction to Algebra; Letters to a Princess of Germany on various subjects in Physics and Philosophy.

[4] Karl Johann Bernhard Karsten, Prussian counsellor of mines, born at Buetzou, November 26th, 1782: Principles of Mathematical Science; History of Iron; Manual of Mining; System of Metallurgy; Archives of Mining, (1818–40.)

[5] Abraham Gotthilf Kästner, born at Leipzig, September 27th, 1719; died June 20th, 1800: History of the Science of Mathematics; Principles of Mathematics; Misc. Writ.

[6] Johann Christian Wiegleb, born at Langensalza, December 21st, 1732; died January 16th, 1800: Natural Magic; Chemistry treated according to Meyer's System; Manual of Pure and Applied Chemistry; History of Modern Chemistry.

[7] Johann Heinrich Poppe, born at Göttingen, January 16th, 1776: History of Mathematics; Theory of Light; Manual of Mechanics; Optical Delusions; Manual of Experimental Physics; On Pure and Applied Mathematics.

[8] J. C. Fischer, born at Weimar, 1760: History of Physics; Dictionary of Physics; Principles of Mathematics.

[9] Ludwig Wilhelm Gilbert, died 1824: Annals of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; 1799–1824; continued by Poggendorf 1824–1839.

[1] Johann Samuel Traugott Gehler, born at Gorlitz, November 1st, 1751; died October 16th, 1798: Dictionary of Natural Philosophy; translated many English and French works on the subject of Natural Philosophy.

tenberg, Hermbstädt[1], Schweigger[2], the literary historical labours of Rau, Wenk, Erxleben, and Beckmann supply us with extensive surveys over the whole province of physics.

The greatest attention has been paid to the study of the science of optics in Germany. To us was given to cast a deep and profound look into the boundless realm of physics, as well as into that of the mind. Telescopes were invented in Holland; they were improved first by Huygens, afterwards by Reichenbach and Tiedemann, and of late by Frauenhofer; the microscope has been improved by the Dutchmen Löwenhoek and Hartsoeker, and later by Lieberkühn. During the seventeenth century Snell discovered refraction; during the eighteenth Tschirnhausen the burning mirror; the Alsatian Lambert photometry. Optics were systematically treated by Euler, Herschel, Fuss, Kästner, Langsdorf, Karsten, Spengler, Ruhland, Brandes, &c., and by Goethe in his celebrated Theory of Colours.

Acoustics were also brought to perfection in Germany. Athanasius Kircher[3] invented the

[1] G. Friedrich Hermbstädt, born at Erfurt, April 14th, 1760; died October 22nd, 1833: Systematic Sketch of German Experimental Chemistry; Sketch of Colours.

[2] J. S. C. Schweigger: Annals of Chemistry; Journal of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, 1811–20; co-editor of the Königsberg Archives for Natural Science and Mathematics.

[3] Athanasius Kircher, born at Geiss Fulda, May 2nd, 1631; died 1680: Ars Magna Lucis et Umbræ, &c.

speaking-trumpet; Euler, Lambert[4], and above all Chladni[5], the inventor of the celebrated vibrating or acoustic plates, were the acknowledged great writers on acoustics.

The principal investigations into heat were made by Lambert, Langsdorf, Böckmann. Muschenbroek invented the pyrometer; Fahrenheit the thermometer, which is named after him.

Electricity is much indebted to the German spirit for investigation. Hausen, in 1734, invented the electrical machine; Cunäus and Muschenbroek the Leyden jar; Kleist the electrical batteries; Wilke the electroscope. Electricity was systematically treated by Euler, Winkler, Aepinus, Kratzenstein, Bohnenberger, Ritter, Singer, also by the poet Arnim, Schmidt, Weber, Schöffer, the Dutchman van Marum. Kühn has written a history of electricity.

Humboldt, Ritter, Gmelin, Kielmayer, Pfaff, Reinhold, Tromsdorf, &c. have made investigations regarding galvanism.

Kircher and Euler distinguished themselves at an earlier period by their knowledge of terrestrial magnetism. In 1776, Mesmer discovered animal magnetism, which was once expected to play so important a part in medicine and psychology; its most noted adherents have been Gmelin, Eschen-

[4] Johann Heinrich Lambert, born at Mühlhausen, August 26th, 1728; died at Berlin, September 25th, 1777: New Organon, or Thoughts on Truth; and other works.

[5] Ernest Florenz Friedrich Chladni, born at Wittenberg, November 30th, 1756; died at Breslau, April, 1827: On Meteors; On Acoustics.

mayer, Kieser[6], Justinus Kerner, Hensler, Zimmermann, &c.

The Germans have also made very important discoveries in chemistry. A German monk, Bazilius Valentinus, was the first independent chemist and experimenter in Europe; and the celebrated Theophrastus Paracelsus, the founder of a new system of chemistry, which, rejecting the old Grecian theory of the four elements, supposed only three, sal, mercurius, sulfur, which were by the modern chemistry again reduced to two, oxygen and hydrogen; they have not, however, been yet reduced to *one*. One of the greatest chemical discoveries was that of gunpowder, by the monk Berthold Schwarz. At a later period of the seventeenth century Glauber[7] became known as a celebrated chemist, principally by the discovery of the salt named after him; Homberg became noted as a profound inquirer; Becher[8], by his application of chemistry to mineralogy; and Stahl[9] by his celebrated phlogistic system, which was supplanted about the end of last century by the anti-phlogistic system of the Frenchman La-

[6] Dietrich Georg Kieser, born at Hamburg, in Lüneburg, August 24th, 1779; alive; prof. medicine in Jena: System of Medicine; General Pathology and Therapeutics; System of Magnetism; Archives for Animal Magnetism; System of Tellurism.

[7] Joh. Rud. Glauber, died at Amsterdam, 1668.

[8] Johann Joachin Becher, born at Spires, 1625; died at London, 1682: Physica Subterranea; Med. Miscell.

[9] Georg Ernst Stahl, born at Anspach, October 21st, 1660; died May 14th, 1734: Theoria Medica Vera; Experiments and Observations on the Phlogistic Treatment.

voisier. Chemistry, having since that time become more comprehensive, has penetrated deeper and deeper into the mysteries of nature. The Germans have sometimes preceded, sometimes followed other nations in the path of discovery. The names of Kielmayer, Gmelin[1], Winterl[2], Hermbstädt, Göttling[3], Döbereiner[4], Prechtl[5], Pfaff[6], Klaproth, &c., are here distinguished. The ideas of Richter had considerable influence upon the great theory of his successor Berzelius. Gmelin, Bergmann[7], Tromsdorf[8], wrote profound

[1] J. F. Gmelin, born at Tübingen, August 8th, 1748; died 18--: Introduction to Chemistry; History of Chemistry; History of Poisons—animal, vegetable, and mineral.

[2] Jacob Joseph Winterl, born 17--; died November 24th, 1809: Analytical Chemistry; Annals of Literature and Art.

[3] Johann Friedrich August Göttling, died at Derenberg, near Halberstadt, January 5th, 1755: Cabinet of Chemical Tests; Principles of Chemistry; Almanac for Apothecaries, 1780–96.

[4] Johann Wolfgang Döbereiner, born at Hof, December 13th, 1780: professor of chemistry in Jena; On Pneumatic Chemistry; Sketch of Chemistry; Manual of Universal Chemistry.

[5] Johann Joseph Prechtl, born at Brünn, near Wurzburg, November 16th, 1778: Principles of Chemistry; On the Steam Engine; History of the Steam Boat; Alphabetical Manual of Technology, (A—G); On Galvanic Phenomena.

[6] Pfaff, born at Stuttgart, March 8th, 1773; alive; professor of chemistry and medicine, in Kiel: On Animal Electricity and Sensibility; Manual of Analytical Chemistry; System of Medicine on Chemical Principles; On Animal Magnetism.

[7] Torbern Olof Bergmann, born in West Gothland, March 9th, 1735; died at Medivi, 1784: Opuscula Physica Chemica et Mineralogica; Physical Description of the Earth.

[8] Johann Barthold Tromsdorf, born May 8th, 1770; alive in

histories of chemistry; Klaproth wrote a chemical dictionary, Wiegleb a favourite popular manual for those fond of natural magic; Crell, Gehler, Scherer, wrote journals.

The ancient alchymy ceased as soon as the blessings of enlightenment were diffused. The countless number of ancient writings devoted to it are now almost entirely forgotten. Jugel, in Berlin, was, about 1785, the last who believed in this ancient art. Von Murr and Fuchs have written on the history of alchymy; and Schmieder has lately published a very interesting work on the same subject.

The Germans have taken no little share in the promotion of the *mathematical* sciences, though it must be confessed that they have been surpassed by the French in their practical application, and by the English in mechanics. Byrge, a Swiss, invented logarithms, in 1610. The great philosopher Leibnitz not long after invented the differential calculus. Prätorius invented the surveyor's table, (*Messtisch*,) in 1616. Wolf, (the philosopher,) Euler, Bernoulli[9], Klügel[1], Hindenburg[2],

Erfurt, (Director of the Academy of Useful Sciences there:) Systematic Manual of Pharmacy; editor of the Journal of Pharmacy; Manual of Chemistry; Principles of Chemistry.

[9] Jacob Bernoulli, born at Basel, 1664; died ibid, 1705: Mathematical Works.

[1] Georg Simon Klügel, born at Hamburg, August 19th, 1739; died August 4th, 1812: Connected Sketch of Mathematics; Mathematical Dictionary; Principles of Astronomy.

[2] Carl Friedrich Hindenburg, born at Dresden, 1739; died at Leipzig, March 17th, 1796: Magazine for Pure Mathematics; Archives for Pure and Applied Mathematics.

Vega[3], Langsdorf[4], Abel Bürja, Gilbert, Mönnich, Schweins, Busse, Meier Hirsch, Grüson, and many others, distinguished themselves in the most various ways in the different departments of mathematics. A general survey is afforded by the Mathematical Dictionary of Klügel, the History of Mathematics, by Kästner, the Journals of Bernoulli, Funk, Hindenburg, Breithaupt. Pestalozzi, and his disciple Schmidt, were deservedly distinguished for their dissemination and simplification of mathematical instruction in schools.

The Flemish Stevin first distinguished himself in *mechanics*. Bilfinger wrote an interesting book on gravitation. The theory of mechanics was at a later period systematically treated by Gerstner[5], Bernoulli, Kästner, Brandes; but their merit consisted rather in collecting and arranging materials, than in making original discoveries.

The theory of natural phenomena or natural history has been almost more profoundly treated by us than that of the powers of nature, because the collecting industry peculiar to the Germans, and their scientific curiosity, here met with the richest field for satisfying their longings.

[3] Georg, Freiherr von Vega, born at Cracow, 1754; murdered September 26th, 1802: Lectures on Mathematics; Tables of Logarithms; Thesaurus Logarithmorum Completus.

[4] Karl Christian Langsdorf, born at Mannheim, May 18th, 1757: On Mechanics and Hydronamics; On Hydraulics; On the Working of Mines.

[5] Franz Joseph, Ritter von Gerstner, born 1756; died 1832: Manual of Mechanics. His son Anton Gerstner, born 1795, is one of the most celebrated railway engineers in Germany.

At the period of the Reformation, and in connection with the general enlightenment which was then beginning to be diffused, Conrad Gessner, of Zurich, created the first system of a true collection and arrangement of observations of natural phenomena, without miraculous interposition, herein excelling not only his predecessors Paracelsus and Albertus Magnus, but even Aristotle and Pliny. He was the founder of that modern observation of nature, which is free from all superstition and everything fabulous. His scholars, entering more into detail, investigated the separate branches of natural history. Experience having been followed by systematizing, the Germans in this point remained behind their neighbours. In the former half of last century, Klein could not maintain his system in opposition to that of Linnæus; and Blumenbach, Bechstein, Forster, and Link, were, without entertaining any jealousy towards Buffon and other great foreigners, rather collectors than systematizers. It is not until very lately that we have seen an astonishing arrangement (which, however, is as yet far from being perfect) introduced, by means of natural philosophy, into the superabundance and confusion of the classifications which have hitherto prevailed, so that the natural histories of Oken and Schubert excel all others, in consistency and internal unity. Gmelin, Martini, Remnich, have written universal dictionaries of natural history; the literature of natural history has been collected by Beseke, Heyne, Schneider, Scheuchzer, Bohmer, Fibig, Naü, &c.

Astronomy was treated of in the fifteenth century by Peurbach and Regiomontanus; in the sixteenth, by the Nürnbergers, Werner, Schoner, and Apianus, and also by Stöffler. In the seventeenth appeared the great Keppler[6], with his laws; Scheiner with the discovery of the spots in the sun; Hevel and Dörfel, with their observations on the moon and the comets. A series of the most important discoveries and of the most assiduous collections commenced in the eighteenth with Herschel[7], who, a German, living in England, examined with his giant telescope the whole extent of the heavens; and with Tobias Mayer[8], who projected the first chart of the moon. Olbers[9] discovered the planet Pallas in 1802, and Vesta in 1807; Harding[1], Juno, in 1804; and Encke and

[6] Johann Keppler, born at Magstatt, in Wurtemburg, December 27th, 1571; died November 15th, 1631: De Motu Stellarum; Astronomia Nova seu Physica Celestis; De Motibus Stellæ Martis.

[7] Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel, born at Hannover, November 15th, 1728; died August 25th, 1822: Papers on the Philosophical Transactions.

[8] Johann Tobias Mayer, born at Marbach, February 17th, 1723; died at Göttingen, February 20th, 1762, (received from the English Parliament the reward of 3000*l.* for the discovery of the best method of finding the longitude at sea.) Theoria Lunæ Justa Systema Newtonianum; Tabula Motuum Solis et Lunæ.

[9] Heinrich Wilhelm Matthæus Olbers, born October 11th, 1758; physician, in Bremen: astronomical contributions to various periodicals, especially Zack's Monthly Journal, and Schumacher's Astronomical Journal.

[1] C. L. Harding: Ephemerides, 1830–5; On the Rings of Saturn; On the Comet of 1807; On Juno.

Biela have lately discovered that the comets called by their names are companions of the planets, having a short period of revolution, and reappearing regularly. Lastly, Struve[2], of Dorpat, has, with the best instrument ever erected, the giant refractor prepared by Fraunhofer, in München, extended the discoveries of Herschel among the fixed stars, especially in relation to the nebulæ and double stars.

Tobias Mayer, von Zach[3], Wurm[4], Bohnenberger[5], and Littrow[6], were most distinguished by astronomical calculations. Theodor von Schubert[7], in Petersburg, wrote general, and at the

[2] F. G. W. Struve, born at Holstein: On Double Stars; On the place of Mars Ursæ Minoris.

[3] Franz Freiherr von Zach, born at Presburg, January 4th, 1754; died at Paris, September 2nd, 1832: Geographical Ephemerides; Correspondence on Astronomy; Astronomical Tables; On the Motion of the Sun; On Aberration; On Nutation, &c.

[4] Johann Friedrich Wurm, born at Nurtingen, January 19th, 1760; died at Stuttgart, April 23rd, 1833: History of the Planet Uranus; Introduction to the Calculation of the Paral-lax; Articles on Astronomy; Periodicals.

[5] Johann Gottlieb Friedrich Bohnenberger, born at Würtemberg, June 5th, 1765; died at Tübingen, April 19th, 1831: (inventor of a machine for explaining the law of the revolution of the earth on its axis, or the change of the axis); Geography and Topography; Astronomy; Elements of the Higher Analysis.

[6] J. J. Littrow, born at Wien: Algebra and Geometry; Popular Astronomy; Theoretical and Practical Astronomy; Lectures on Astronomy; Wonders of Astronomy; On the Eclipse of September 7th, 1830.

[7] Friedrich Theodore von Schubert, born October 30th, 1758; died October 22nd, 1825: Manual of Theoretical Astronomy; Popular Astronomy.

same time popular reviews of the whole science: Bode[8], Littrow, and Brandes, have written the best manuals on the subject. Very many others have been more recently published. One of the most favourite manuals was that of Gelpke[9], though (or because?) it consisted almost entirely of pious exclamations on the greatness of God and of the world. The manual of the philosopher Fries is remarkable, inasmuch as in it the boundless external world is represented as small in comparison with the moral and mental greatness of man. G. H. Schubert applied the principles of natural philosophy in the most genial and comprehensive way to astronomy. Many histories of astronomy have been written. Pfaff, of Erlangen, devoted much attention to the history of astrology; Schaubach, Ideler, Scheibel, Stuhr, have written on astronomy among the Greeks, in the East, on the ancient astronomical names, &c. Bode, von Zach, Gruithuisen, edited astronomical journals. The best charts of the heavens are those of von Bode, Struve, and Harding.

In entering into details we must make a distinction between the heaven of the fixed stars, with its milky way, nebulæ, clusters, double stars, and stars of all magnitudes, and the solar system in which we live, consisting of sun, primary and secondary planets, and comets. People generally

[8] Johann Bode, born at Hamburg, January 19th, 1747; died November 27th, 1826: Charts of the Sky; Compendium of Astronomy; Jarhrbücher Ephemerides, 1819–28.

[9] H. C. Gelpke: Posture of the Surface of the Earth; On Comets; Manual of Popular Astronomy.

begin with what is nearest them, they therefore had devoted a good deal of attention to the solar system, before any inquiries were instituted regarding the boundless heaven of the fixed stars. The earth was at first considered as the centre of the universe, then the sun; and Herschel was really the first, who, withdrawing the attention of the age from the little sun, which appears great to us, because we are near it, directed it to the infinity of that space which is filled with other suns and with great starry systems, thus showing the falsity of the notions which have hitherto been commonly entertained, that this boundless extent of stars was a mere background, a mere decoration to our little world. Herschel, von Zach, Bessel [3], and within these few years, above all, Struve, have investigated the remotest fixed stars; and G. H. Schubert has written a general work, which, however, is at the same time empirical and philosophical, on The Primitive World and the Fixed Stars. I have already spoken in my Tour to Austria, and in my Spirit of History [4], of the influence which these discoveries in infinity have upon the views of our diminutive earth, and in particular upon the be-

[2] Friedrich Bessel, born at Minden, Westphalia, 1784; alive since 1810; royal astronomer and professor of astronomy, in Königsberg: Essay on the Power with which the Earth attracts Bodies; Tabular Regromontania; Theory of the Aberration of Comets; Astronomical Observations in Königsberg.

[3] See an article on this work in Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1840.

lief in historical disclosures. I therefore add nothing here except that it is well worth the trouble to bring the Divine visible in that boundless space into unison with the Divine manifested in our little planetary history, and thus to oppose the Rationalism which is now forcing its way in on this side.

The sun has been specially treated of by Tobias Mayer von Zach, Schröter, and Hell; the Moon by Lambert, Boskowich, von Zach, and Burckhardt. The chart of the moon, by Tobias Mayer, was far excelled by the complete atlas of the moon, in the celebrated Seleno-Topographical Fragments, by Schröter[4]; yet the more powerful telescopes of Fraunhofer have rendered it possible that even Schröter may be excelled in the precision of his delineations. The chart of the moon commenced in Dresden, promised well, but it was never finished; on the other hand, Wilhelm Beer[5], of Berlin (the brother of the poet Michael, and of the musical composer Meyer Beer), has, in conjunction with Mädler, projected another, which is very accurate, and has gone on very well. Gruithuisen[6], in München, showed the

[4] Johann Hieronymus Schröter, born at Erfurt, 1745; died at Libenthal, in Bremen, August 29th, 1816; Contributions to Modern Astronomy; Seleno-Topography; Essay on the Planet Venus; On Stars.

[5] Wilhelm Beer, born at Berlin, February 4th, 1797; alive, banker there: Astronomical Observations; Observations on the Moon (with Mädler); Mars in Perigee.

[6] Franz von Paula Gruithuisen, born at Haltenberg on the Lech, March 19th, 1774; alive; professor of Astronomy in München: Anthropology; Organo-zoonomy; On the Nature of

greatest predilection for the study of the surface of the moon; but as he sometimes wished to see much on it, he attracted Börne's ridicule; whose humorous description of the inhabitants of the moon, however, cannot throw into the shade Gruithuisen's merits. The best work on the planet Venus was written by the indefatigable observer Schröter, whose eye was as quick in detecting the minutest irregularities and shades of the planets, as that as Swammerdam was in the anatomy of insects. Von Lindenau also carried on a series of observations on Venus. Beer and Mädler shared in more accurate observations on Mars; Schröter and Späth, on Jupiter; Herschel, Bode, and Wurm, on Uranus; Bode and Schröter, besides their discoverers, on the Asteroids; in fine, Bessel, Bode, Olbers, Lambert, Encke, Voight, Littrow, &c., on comets.

Let us now descend from the heaven to the earth, and see what has been done for, and written about, our own planet. The general astronomical and physical relations of the earth have been explained by the philosopher Kant, Bergmann, Kästner; more lately by the calculations and comparisons of the celebrated Alexander von

Comets; Natural History of the Stars; Critical Examination of the Latest Systems of Geology; Extracts on Geology and Astronomy (1828–36); Astronomical Annual (1838–40), three volumes.

The work to which Menzel alludes above, is an article in Kästner's Archives, entitled, Discovery of many Undoubted Traces of Inhabitants, and especially of a Colossal Building, in the Moon.

Humboldt, and the all-comprehensive assiduity of Ritter. Among the numerous systematic teachers we may mention Julius Fröbel[7], Zeune[8], Karl von Raumer[9], Vollrath Hoffmann, &c. The phenomena of the atmosphere of the earth have given rise to an entirely new science, meteorology, for promotion of the study of which Lampadius, von Buch, Humboldt, Brandes, Kastner, Kämptz[1], have done the most; the first by investigations, the last by copious manuals; though it must be confessed that this part of nature is among the most enigmatical. The comparative observations on the barometer may be considered as one of the most interesting accomplishments of modern times; and one of the strangest and rarest has been the attempt of Brandes to calculate the laws of the meteoric bodies; a proof, if nothing more, of the persevering zeal with which natural investigations can be pursued in Germany. Since the invention of the airpump, by Otto von Guerike, the following have paid much attention to meteorology,—

[7] J. Fröbel: Communications from the Department of Theoretical Geognosy.

[8] August Zeune, born at Berlin, May 12th, 1778; alive there; professor of geography and director of the Asylum for the Blind, founded by himself: On Basaltic Polarization; Attempt to Describe the Earth in a Scientific Manner; Lecture on the Niebenlungen bed; Beleser on the Instruction of the Blind.

[9] Karl von Raumer, born at Worlitz, April 9th, 1783; alive; professor of natural history at Erlangen: Manual of Geography; Description of Palestine; On the Mountains of Silesia.

[1] Friedrich Kämptz: Manual of Meteorology; On the Expansive Force of Steam.

Hindenburg, Herbert, Tromsdorf, Scherer, Wolf, Humboldt; the following to hydrology,—Leidenfrost, Busse, Zimmermann, Scherer, Kastner, Otto, Langsdorf, Silberschlag.

Our great Werner[2], of Freiberg, in Saxony, has been honoured by the whole world as the patriarch of geognosy and mineralogy. The celebrated traveller Pallas, Silberschlag, Kessler von Sprengseisen, and von Trebra, gained great merit by their investigations on oryktognosy; von Beroldingen, Nose, Walther, Prezystanowsky, &c., by their investigations regarding volcanoes. Steffens applied the principles of natural philosophy to this science in the ablest manner. Mineralogy has, in general, been cultivated with much assiduity, on account of its immense importance in national economy. The riches which are found in the bosom of the earth were well worth this assiduity. Even so early as the period of the Reformation, Georg Agricola was the first who placed mineralogy on the footing of a science; after him, Jung, Becher, and Wallerius, principally distinguished themselves, until Werner surpassed them all, both in performances and fame. The men who did most after Werner were, von Buch, Hacquet, Leonhardt, Karsten, Voigt, Hebenstreit, Succow, Lenz, Bartels, Charpentier, Nose, Titius, Klipstein, Ferber, Batsch, Ludwig,

[2] Abraham Gottlob Werner, born at Wahren, in Saxony, September 25th, 1750; died at Dresden, June 20th, 1817: The Neptunian System; articles in periodicals; External Marks of Fossils; Essay on Mineralogy.

Breithaupt, Weiss, &c. Mineralogical journals were published by Schröter, Lenz, and Schwabe; dictionaries by Reuss and Zappe.

Organic nature in its primitive fundamental character was investigated first by Kielmayer[3] (who has had great influence upon the system of natural philosophy), by Reubel, and, above all, by Oken. By far the greatest attention was paid to the two organic kingdoms, those of plants and animals in particular, and then again to their separate subdivisions.

The science of botany commenced at the period of the Reformation with Conrad Gessner of Zurich. Among the many botanical works of that age, that of Tabernämontanus is the most noted. The science of botany was, in the course of centuries, quietly advanced by Bauhin in Basel, by Jung[4], Paul Herrmann, Ruysch, Rivinus, Scheuchzer, Volckamer in Nürnberg, Muntink, and Dillenius, till the time of Albrecht von Haller[5], who, about the beginning of last century, was greatly distinguished both as a naturalist and as a poet. Soon afterwards the Swede, Linnæus, deprived all other

[3] Karl Friedrich Kielmayer, born at Bebenhausen, 1765, died 18—: Mutual Relation of the Organic Powers; On Animal Electricity.

[4] Joachim Jung, born 1587, died 1657: Isagoge Phytoscopia.

[5] Albrecht von Haller, called the Great for his various acquirements in anatomy, physiology, botany, poetry, &c., born October 16th, 1708, died December 12th, 1777: Elementa Physiologia Humani Corporis; Library of Anatomy—of Botany—of Chemistry, &c.; poems; Thoughts on Reason, Superstition, and Unbelief.

nations of the honour of arranging the boundless world of plants by fixed rules. All botanists immediately directed their attention to the system of Linnæus, some to oppose it, others, and as was generally the case, to defend and confirm it. Kölreuter[6], Treviranus[7], Senebier, Frenzel, Meyer, were our principal investigators into the internal organizism of plants. Goethe likewise took a share in these inquiries. Pallas, Jacquin[8], Link[9], Ludwig, Batsch, Nees von Esenbeck[1], Wildenow[2], Hedwig, &c., distinguished themselves chiefly as collectors and arrangers; Borkhausen, Gmelin, Dietrich, &c., by their diction-

[6] Johann Gottlieb Kölreuter, born at Neckar, 1733; died November 11th, 1806: Essays on Botany; Collection of Plants.

[7] G. R. Treviranus, alive; professor of mathematics at Bremen: Biology; On the Philosophy of the Laws of Nature; Explanation of the Laws of Organic Life; Physiology of Plants.

[8] Nicolas Joseph Freiherr von Jacquin, born 1727; died at Leyden, 1817: Account of the Aboriginal Tribes of America; publisher of various collections of plants.

[9] Heinrich Friedrich Link, born at Hildesheim, February 2nd; alive; privy medical councillor, and professor of botany, Berlin: Manual of Physical Geography; Manual of Useful Plants; contributions to natural history; Plants in the Royal Garden of Berlin; Tour in France, Spain, and Portugal.

[1] Christian Gottfried Nees von Esenbeck, born February 18th, 1776; alive; professor of botany, Breslau: Manual of Botany; Brialogia Germanica; Lectures on Magnetic Sleep and Dreams.

[2] Karl Ludwig Wildenow, born at Berlin, August 27th, 1768, died 18—: Hortus Berolinensus; Introduction to the Study of Botany.

aries; Römer, Usteri, and Schrader by their journals; Römer, Hoffmannsegg, Link, Roth, Sturm, Schrader, &c., by their Floras. The geography and physiognomy of plants was introduced into the science by Humboldt.

Zoology was first treated in a scientific manner by Conrad Gessner. The following are particularly distinguished for their general zoological and physiological investigations; Reimarus, Froriep[3], Treviranus, Oken, Wiedmann, Succow, &c.: the following by their collections and classifications in branches of natural history; Pallas, Reinhold Forster, Blumenbach[4], Zimmermann[5], Schinz[6], Fischer, &c. Bechstein[7], Schäffer, Borkhausen, Neumann, &c., devoted themselves chiefly to the birds; Meyer and Rösel von Rosenhof[8], to am-

[3] Ludwig Friedrich von Froriep, born at Erfurt, 1779; alive in Weimar: translated with notes Dumesniel's Analytical Zoology; edited a journal; Facts from the Province of Nature and Medicine, 1822—1839, many vols.

[4] Johann Friedrich Blumenbach, born at Gotha, May 11th, 1752; died at Göttingen, January 22nd, 1840: Manual of Natural History; Institutiones Physiologicæ; Manual of Comparative Anatomy.

[5] Eberhard August Wilhelm von Zimmermann, born at Adga, Hanover, August 17th, 1743; died June 4th, 1815: Political Survey of Present State of Europe, (London, 1788); Geographical Manual; The Earth and its Inhabitants.

[6] H. R. Schinz: Descriptions of the Nests and Eggs of Birds which breed; Germany and Switzerland; Natural History, for Schools; Natural History of Reptiles.

[7] Johann Matthias Bechstein, born at Gotha, July 11th, 1757, died at Dreissig-acher, 1822: Popular Natural History of the Germans; Forest Botany; Entomology.

[8] August Johann Rösel von Rosenhof, born at Darmstadt,

phibious animals; Schneider to snakes; Schneider, Klein, Erlach, Schönwald, &c., to fishes; first, the celebrated anatomist Swammerdam, at a later period, the systematic Rösel, Panzer, Römer, &c., to insects; not to mention the numerous investigators of individual species.

Anthropology is connected partly with zoology and medicine, partly with philosophy, according as we give the preponderance to the body or the mind. But we have lately begun to be conscious that man must be taken as a whole, and that one peculiar science, anthropology, must be devoted to his study. On the one side, philosophy, assisted by empirical psychology, and Kant, descended from its absolute heights deeper and deeper into the mysteries of man. People having given up revelation, sought the source of all knowledge in the human power of cognition alone. On the other side, the very accurate anatomical and physiological investigations of Sömmering[9], Reil, Autenrieth, Weber, &c., which rendered the human body, even to the most minute vessels, transparent as a crystal, soon led to the examination of the mysterious boundaries which separate the body from the mind. Thus the psychology which descended from philosophy to the corporeal, met

March 30th, 1705; died March 27th, 1759: Natural History of the Frogs of Middle Germany; On Insects, (monthly 1746—1761).

[9] Samuel Thomas von Sömmering, born at Thorn, in Prussia, January 30th, 1755, died at Frankfort on the Maine, March 2nd, 1830: On the Marrow of the Brain and Spine; On the Organs of the Soul; Plates of the Organs of Sense.

the psychology which ascended from zoology and physiology into the mental; both, however, remained for some time separate.

Kant, whose Anthropology has shortly since been edited by Herbart, is the leader of the psychology of the first kind. This Anthropology and the Physical Geography form the transition to the Criticism of Reason of the great Kant, and bear the same relation to it as the Physics of Aristotle do to his metaphysical works. They point out experience as the foundation of philosophy. Kant's Anthropology, however, is, even without this relation, of peculiar importance as an independent and popularly written work. It teaches how to discriminate, in a simple manner, between the powers of the soul, and it is calculated only for sound common sense, and not at all for arousing or satisfying speculative inquiries; it is, therefore, peculiarly fitted for beginners. Herbart, in the preface, softly reproaches it with shallowness. It is true, Kant in it satisfies the mind, which is longing for higher things, as little as in his other writings; he goes only to that spot, whence others fancy they must proceed; but he is, on this very account, an Aristotelian and no Platonist; and when we have looked long enough at the break-neck leaps of our *par force* thinkers, it is very pleasant to look down again into the valley of quiet walkers. Philosophy is, at present fluctuating between the pedantry of precaution, and the hair-brained craving for originality. Kant has not exhausted the depths of the human soul, yet his Anthropology affords a distinct and in-

structive survey of the, I may say, geographical distribution of the manifestations of the soul upon the superficies of life, in the individual and in the whole species. This knowledge, which is necessary to every one who wishes to understand the progress of society and history, is here taught as plainly as possible; that deeper knowledge which relates to the mysterious connection of the soul with nature, or with the world of spirits, must not be sought in Kant; it is suited only for the initiated, and must be handled with greater caution. Had I to recommend a work on psychology to a young man, or a lady, I would put Kant's work, in preference to any other, into their hands.

Since the time of Kant there have been many tiresome psychologies, in which the powers of the soul are anatomized and classified, like bones, muscles, and vessels. The work of Biunde is the most comprehensive of this kind. Carus[1] published polite superficial lectures, which, however, are valuable from the abundance of their quotations and examples. Scheidler[2] wrote the best survey of the literature of psychology.

Schubert stands at the head of the psychology of the second kind, that which is founded upon nature. He belongs, not to the Aristotelian school of Kant, but to the Platonic one of Schelling. He did not confine himself to the surface

[1] Karl Gustuf Carus, born at Leipzig, June 3rd, 1789; alive in Dresden: System of Zootomy; Lectures on Psychology; Illustration of Comparative Anatomy; Letters on Landscape Painting; Letters on Faust; On the Nervous System.

[2] C. H. Scheidler: Manual of Psychology.

of psychical phenomena, but endeavoured to penetrate into the depths of the soul; he does not therefore give a mere classification and description of the powers of the soul, (as even Carus, notwithstanding his slight tinge of the ideal-realism of the system of Schelling, has not given,) but he conceives the life of the soul, which is analogous to organism, in its internal connection, in a manner which is really consistent with the true philosophy of nature. His work is by far the most systematic, as well as the most comprehensive of its kind. It must not be confounded with those works on natural philosophy which are akin to it, such as, Steffens' Anthropology, or, Eschenmayer's Psychology, because these do not confine themselves exclusively to the soul, but treat of the whole compass of nature, even of inorganic nature, and of astronomy; and because these, advancing with philosophical consistency, allot but little space to experience, to example, or to detailed discussions, whilst Schubert has, with the greatest industry, enriched with facts drawn from experience every page of his comprehensive work. There are now several collections of this kind, some of them very extensive, like those already mentioned, of Kant, Carus, and Scheidler, and the older ones of Muratori, Henning, Mauchart, &c., but the latter class have no system, no profound philosophical proofs drawn from nature.

He discriminates between body, soul, and mind. Dreams prove that the soul can live independent of the body, as well as that the soul is independent of the body: "The activity and nature of

the soul, will, consequently, as soon as it is enabled in a greater or less degree to manifest itself independently of the body, become of a nature so peculiar, and so different from that to which we are accustomed, that we shall be able to draw from it, what the soul may be in itself alone—in a state of complete separation from the body. In some cases, it may be added, such circumstances allow us to see and know (*erkennen*) the soul in its separation and difference from the mind; and it is among other things striking to observe, how the language of the soul consists so completely of similies and impulses of feelings in place of words, whilst the language of the mind is the proper cogitative language of words and men. When, therefore, in sleep, or in the delirium of fever, the mind has retired to its last recesses, only rays of the activity of the soul descend into bodily life, and therefore only the soul speaks; then the words in which we, when awake and in sound health, think, are exchanged for a series of images. When, on the other hand, the mind awakening reassumes its proper dominion, it again gives to language the impress of its nature; which originally sees and represents (*erkennt und darstellt*) by means of signs, numbers, and tones, not merely the appearance which things present to the external eye, but also their internal significance to a higher order of existence and life."

Something must here be said about magnetism. The author sees in its discoveries a glimpse of heaven. "As in the by-past century, a daring disposition to rebel against everything firmly

proved in a higher order had taken from the soul everything which it cherished and loved, nay, even really its own,—the belief in one God and in his merciful providence over men,—the belief in the offering of prayer, nay, even on the independent existence and continuance of the mind in man,—grief for its great loss drove the sick soul back into its innermost recesses. Here it was permitted to it, contrary to the common course of its nature when in health, (for unwonted diseases require unwonted remedies,) to resume in sleep what had been taken from it when awake; and though the dear boon was often, nay, almost always, as fleeting as and without any deeper impression than a lovely phantom of a dream, yet it had, during that miserable age, the comforting, supporting power of a beautiful and lovely dream.

The author, seeing in the mutual reaction of the soul upon the body and the external world a higher power (*Potenz*) of corporeal organism, institutes a comparison between the different so-called faculties of the soul, and breath, nourishment and motion, sleep and waking. The comparison of the feelings with nourishment is very evident and beautiful, because in this case the analogy of hunger and surfeit, of regimen and gluttony, is very close; the same may be said of his comparison of the muscular motion with the will. The comparison of breathing, to an inhalation of that mental element in which we live, appears to us less clear. "We see and know that the man, who is calmly sleeping, is breathing, from

the continued heaving of his breast; in all living souls, the breath of the living influence is known by something which we would rather call heaving than tension (τόνος). It is this heaving which causes the plants growing in dark spots to shoot directly out of a crevice of their prison to the light, which teaches the carolling larks their soaring flight, which incessantly rouses the human soul to an inquiry after, and longing to arrive at, the divine. If we observe the course of our feelings, (by pauses, or, as it were, by pulsations, according to § 31,) and of our thoughts, we shall always see a new crisis of comprehension, and of a renewed internal tension, succeeding a moment of relaxation or of dissipation. These are the respirations and pulsations of the inner life, which are most perceptible where this life attains its highest and noblest elevation. The artificial magnet, in order that its internal living efficacy may remain, inhales an invisible magnetic stream, which pervades everything terrestial; the power which the living soul inhales, that it may retain life, that is, the co-operation of that band which the mind has woven round everything, both visible and invisible; the power by which it upholds and sustains all things, visible and invisible." Though this thought is very beautiful, yet it seems to be a pleonasm, inasmuch as that which the author has compared to sleeping and waking is, in reality, the same which he here compares to expiration and inspiration; namely, the tension and relaxation, the polarization between labour and rest, or serious and cheerful activity. The remarks of Schubert on

the contrasts which occur in this last relation, are very interesting. He has endeavoured to bring the matter under a kind of rule, as it were, according to some optical laws. As green calls forth red, and blue yellow, and *vice versa*; he proves that philosophy and the drama, mathematics and music, philology and the natural sciences, compensate each other's deficiencies. Thus Molière was not only a zealous pupil of Descartes, but also an excellent comedy writer, a moral tragedy writer, and inclined to philosophy; while, on the contrary, philosophers and thinkers have commonly been great lovers of the stage, as, for example, Lessing and Aristotle; the golden periods of philosophy thus generally coinciding with those of the drama. Sophocles, Aristophanes, and Plato, are as closely related as Goethe, Schiller, Kant, and Schelling. The love which schoolmen and linguists show for gardens, flowers, and landscapes, is equally striking; and, at least now and then, that of naturalists, as, for example, Werner, to languages. In like manner, the great philological period of the Italians and Dutch synchronised with the first elevation of the natural sciences; and now, after theories have again left more room for experience, the study of languages and of nature are combined in some universities in a very striking way.

The difficult questions as to the origin, end, and destiny of the soul, as to its preexistence before this present life, as to its continuance, &c., are solved by the author as by a simple Christian, yet not without the introduction of views which deviate from Christianity. Yet he ought here to

have entered into the subject at somewhat greater length. The Hindoo, Mahommedan, and even the Rabbinical systems ought to have been subjected to a more searching examination, though the author has devoted a proportionally greater time to the last. I will not say that he ought to have received as true the tasteless tales of the Talmud, which are merely the fantasies of an imagination as terrible as afflicted; for example, the punishment of a Jew after death, which consisted in his being transformed into a pregnant hind, in which form he had to endure not only that union of two natures in one body, which is so repulsive and repugnant to the human soul, but also, like Actæon, to fly in terror before the teeth of the dogs. Independently, however, of this and similar Talmudic stories, the Rabbinical psychology possesses one peculiar feature which merits consideration. It explains the contradictions in the character of the sexes, and the sympathies and antipathies which often occur from the metempsychosis, on the ground that feminine souls in men are repulsive to women, and masculine souls in women repulsive to men, as being similar poles; but that, on the contrary, in spite of the similarity of bodily sex, they are attracted in consequence of the different sex of the soul. A fabulous, yet, it must be confessed, an acute and ingenious explanation of the many contrasts which we meet with in married life.

Ought we to condemn the doctrine of the metempsychosis without any further inquiry? The author advocates most decidedly a permanent

physiognomy of man, which admits of continuance, purification, ennobling, but no change in the sense of transmigration. Why this limitation? I will not make use of the close analogy of madness, of those who are possessed, of dreams, in which more than one soul appears to be active in the same body, to found thereupon a proof of the transmigration of souls; but in general when I observe the propensity of man to dress, to travelling, to history, to poetry, to the theatre, to change, I think I see shadowed forth an original and very innocent, nay, necessary tendency of the soul to go out of itself (*entaussern sich*), and to resign itself to something foreign, which it wishes to appropriate.

What is poetry but an imperfect attempt at magic and transmigration? From what other instinct proceeds the desire for travelling, the love of the theatre, and the noble life of the hero? This instinct is as strong in us as that of self-preservation. Change does not merely give pleasure, it is indispensable to us. The variety in nature and history is bestowed upon us, that we may at least find in others what we cannot otherwise find in ourselves. If we endure, our boundless craving after knowledge and life (which is, at the same time, a craving after change) must certainly raise itself; far distant worlds must, as many poetical minds have flattered themselves, be opened up to us, through which we shall be able to travel from star to star. But will the imagination be satisfied with such a modest journey? The craving for knowledge cannot be satisfied with mere super-

ficial external contemplation; it must, by means of metamorphosis, penetrate directly into the foreign body. We do not know a substance thoroughly until we ourselves have become it.

Though we suppose that the soul of man is condemned to eternal onesidedness, yet there must also be privileged higher spirits, which enjoy the happiness of being, by means of direct transformation, instructed in the true nature of foreign things, and of giving to the poetry of its life a many-sidedness, the want of which is a grievous deficiency to us confined mortals, and without which it is really not worth while living. If, however, we wish to complain of the restrictions, of onesidedness, of the caprice and severity of fate, which condemns us to pass through life with such a soul and such a physiognomy, and in such a state of restraint, we may comfort ourselves with a bold pantheistical representation. We have only to assume that there is only one mind,—the universal eternal mind, which is all, and in all; which, however, by self-confinement, has emanated into countless onesided souls, which, wandering through variety, again return to unity. If the love of the Deity to the world has always been manifested through the incarnation,—and in this really consists the highest poetry of all religions,—we ought not thus to contend against the doctrine of transmigration.

Gall[3] and Lavater maintained, with regard to psychology, a position which is altogether peculiar.

[3] Johann Joseph Gall, born in Würtemburg, March 9th, 1758; died August 22nd, 1828: Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System in General, and of the Brain in Particular.

The former discovered, that certain elevations and depressions on the skull denote the abundance or deficiency of certain mental properties. Every skull was now manipulated, every one wishing to learn his neighbour's character in the easiest way. Even criminals were examined, in order, for example, to learn from the size of the organ of acquisitiveness, whether the man had stolen. It was at last proposed to prepare a leaden cap for new-born children, the internal elevations and depressions of which should be calculated to depress, forcibly, all the bad bumps of the child, and, on the contrary, to elevate those of virtue, wisdom, &c.; thus hoping, by this simple process, to exterminate in the young and in all future generations, the organ of desire for innovations. The science of physiognomy promulgated by Lavater, the favourite of the women, was as interesting a toy. His accounts of the manifestations of the soul in the body having, especially by means of engravings, attracted great attention, were particularly serviceable in supporting religious weakness, a womanish belief in ghosts, &c.

Animal magnetism, which was first discovered by Mesmer[4], of Upper Swabia, about 1775, played a far greater part. This science was first scientifically treated by Gmelin; since his time, many hundred books have been written on the subject. Zimmermann has published a history of it. This discovery is certainly one of the most important

[4] Franz Anton Mesmer, born at Itzmang, Upper Swabia, May 23rd, 1733; died March 5th, 1815: Letters to a Foreign Physician, on Magnetism.

that has ever been made, and one which redounds to the glory of our country. The world was long surprised at the apparently wonderful phenomena of magnetism. The magnetisers became the fashion; but this hastened their destruction. In one place insufficiency, in another charlatanism and gross abuses, brought the whole affair into discredit with the public; whilst the rage for theory and the folly displayed in this most mysterious and most delicate of all anthropological problems, excited a certain uneasiness, even in the department of science. The frequent return of the terrible convulsions, and the quickly succeeding death, of the somnambulists, left room for doubt whether magnetising were a remedy, or whether it were not rather an abuse of nature. Hensler, therefore, has very lately acquired great merit, by proving that these painful and exhausting convulsions, &c., are not, as was for some time supposed, necessary, and the true, proper, and normal condition of the magnetised patient, but, on the contrary, were nothing but a symptom of the most frightful internal disturbances, in consequence of the influence of negative hostile powers; and that in magnetising, everything depends on the harmony of the original magnetic disposition in the magnetiser and the magnetised. He divided all men into four classes: those who have no magnetism, those who have a fiery one, those who have a cold moist one, and those who have a mixed one; proving, from examples, that when the magnetiser possesses the same magnetism as the somnambulist, the cure will follow, as certainly

as it will be prevented if the magnetism on both sides do not correspond.

Magnetism, having been gradually displaced from the science of medicine, acquired a proportional influence over philosophy and theology. It became the fundamental principle of a new belief in spirits; which was reverenced chiefly by Justinus, Kerner of Weinsberg, Eschenmayer, Franz Baader, Görres, von Meyer[5], &c. The greatest attention was attracted in the year 1829, by a book published by Kerner, called "The Seer of Prevorst," which contained a detailed account of the illness of a somnambulist, who saw the spirit of the dead, and freed them by her prayers from purgatory. I have, from the very first, opposed this belief in spirits, because it seemed to me nothing but a very diseased symptom of the age, and one which was very far from being fitted to strengthen our national feelings, already sufficiently relaxed.

This whole modern belief in spirits[6] may be explained, simply from the stagnation and tedium of the period which preceded the revolution of 1830, and still more from the grossness of the superstition, which that unbelief which was in vogue during the first revolution, necessarily called forth in the age of the restoration. The

[5] For the works of these authors see vol. i. pp. 205. 207.

[6] *Geisterwesen*. The whole systems connected with the theories regarding the "inner life of man," as the Germans call it. Those who wish to know *something* about the subject may go to the "Sehrnen von Prevorst." See Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. xxii; British and Foreign Medical Review, 1839.

matter possesses historical interest, only in so far as it is a sign of the times, and not a mere accidental toy. The want existed in man at this particular period; spirits, therefore, were found, which will vanish as soon as this want is no more.

The apparitions have always the courtesy to accommodate themselves to those who wish to see, or not to see them. Luther willed to see no more miracles of the saints, and behold, he saw no more; but he willed still to see the wondrous works of the devil, witchcraft and magic, and behold, he still saw them. Thomasius willed to see no more witches, and behold, there were no more. If the images and relics of the saints really performed miracles, if these pretended miracles of the priests, were not mere deceptions and illusions of the believers, why do they no longer happen? If there was any truth in witchcraft, why has it ceased since the age of Thomasius? Could an unbeliever have suppressed it, if the whole affair had not been a mere unreality. Is it possible that the saints, with their hundreds of thousands of beneficial miracles, would have suddenly and waywardly withdrawn merely because the evil Luther would no longer believe in them? and would not Satan, who is described as so powerful and importunate, have been able to have confounded the doubt of the good Thomasius, had he really possessed any direct power in the world? If any should happen to become sceptical about the existence of rain, would rain be offended and straightway remain away? Certainly not; it would continue to rain whether we believed in it or

not, and the sceptic would get a complete drenching if he did not make use of an umbrella. Why then have the relic-miracles, why has witchcraft ceased, so soon as people took it into their heads not to believe in their existence? Does it not appear a natural consequence from these facts, that rain is something real, and that relic-miracles and witchcraft are mere unrealities? A craving after wonders is of periodical occurrence. It is a product of priestly stupidity, or it is a reaction against the prose of reason. When reason eradicates superstition, it commonly in its zeal goes too far, and eradicates what is beautiful along with what is false and delusive, and which was accidentally connected with it, thus inevitably producing a poetical reaction, which again, going on its side too far, will again bring back what is foolish and stupid. In this manner a reaction of heathenism was produced in the middle ages; weary of the simple love for God shown in the hermit's cell, people again rushed into the enchanting idol-worship of antiquity. In like manner a reaction to the middle ages has occurred in our own age. Weary of the too prosaic enlightenment, people again sought to renew the miracles of past ages. These periodical reactions may be pursued still further back, nay, even into heathenism itself. In enlightened Greece we perceive an Asiatic reaction, a tendency to Indian clumsiness; and how many backslidings of such a nature, which, however, all happily ended well, does not the Old Testament relate of the people of God? Yet a principle of progress exists in the history of

the world. The wheel ever revolves round itself, yet ever advances. Ancient follies constantly returned, but they are every time decreasing, while human reason is each time increasing.

An equally certain historical fact is, that the craving after wonders always lays hold of new and important discoveries. How many fables were told of mineral magnetism, before its laws were more strictly determined; how much more, then, must animal magnetism, which is so much more inexplicable, tend to lead astray imaginative and credulous men!

Yet it is very hazardous to draw from the occurrences in the imagination of one man, conclusions on heaven and hell, on the kingdom of spirits, on the eternal harmony of the world, especially when these fancies are the results of disease, and when they contradict one another. Those demonstrations are totally inadmissible, which are founded upon the wonders of nature, and which attempt to deduce general rules, from irregularities, mutilations, and rare conflicts. It would not be less bold to attempt, from one strange case of disease, in which the imagination, it may be involuntarily, played a great part, to explain the general condition of millions of souls after death, than for a natural philosopher to attempt, from the Fata Morgana, and similar optical illusions, to prove the reality of these cloudy forms.

Many important works have lately been written on the kindred department of insanity. Fried-

reich[7], of Würzburg, has, with the greatest care, collected everything relating to the subject, its natural history, the history and statistics of madness, the methods of cure, &c. The results of his inquiries are of great value in anthropology. Wisdom has, in our days, become of rather doubtful character. Wise men dispute as to what constitutes wisdom. Under these circumstances, it seems the wisest plan, first, to inquire what is not wisdom? Folly is, fortunately, less ambiguous; from it we may probably discover what wisdom is. It bears the same relation to men that nothing does to God. Philosophers have lately been compelled to construct God out of nothing: why should they not also construct wisdom out of folly?

Folly is always the disease of some faculty of our soul or of our mind; diseases, therefore, have the peculiar property, first of separating the diseased organ from all the others; secondly, of marking the uttermost limits, to which the diseased and irritated powers of an organ can possibly be raised. In this way, diseases of the body afford us a more correct knowledge of the organs of the body, and diseases of the mind a more accurate knowledge of its organs. Disease is, in a certain sense, an aquafortis, which separates one definite power of organism from the others, and a microscope, which brings it nearer to the eye.

[7] J. B. Friedreich: Annals of Foreign Medicine; Literary History of Physical Diseases; System of Medical and Juridical Psychology; Manual of Pathological Symptoms.

Official annuals (*Jahrbücher*) of insanity, a chronicle of the insane, an inductive, yearly natural history of insanity, must, therefore, be of great advantage to the history of the human mind; of more advantage, perhaps, than many annuals, in which folly gives itself out for wisdom.

Medicine possesses an immense literature, in which, however, there is, as yet, unfortunately no Bible. It has plenty of creeds, and of sects; and as the theological ones are, in the end, united in belief, so are the medical ones generally united in unbelief. Nowhere do we find so much confusion and contradiction among the opposite parties,—nowhere is there so much unsteadiness in each party. As the laws of reason may be calculated, while those of folly never can, so in like manner we may decide regarding the laws of physiology, while we cannot do so with those of pathology. This is the rock on which the most consistent system, and the longest experience, are still always wrecked.

Man has overcome external nature in its infinite extent and size, but he cannot master that dark power which exists in himself; indeed, the more the wild external powers are tamed, the more wrathfully do they seem to move within their inner lurking-places. We can scarcely mistake that irony of nature, which has sent to us,—along with the spoils of the plundered tropics, and with that restless toil which gropes and digs, binds and looses above and below the earth, which dares every element and every species of poison and

death, to force the hidden treasure[8] from reluctant nature,—that army of diseases, which, like the olden curse which pursues the treasure of the Niebelungen, threatens to destroy the possessor of all riches by means of the possession itself. The Europeans were much more healthy when they were poorer, and were confined to the enjoyment of those products which nature spontaneously produced in their own country. Whatever be the causes of the diseases now so prevalent, however much the sedentary life of so many millions, however much immorality may have contributed to this state of things, it is enough, the fact cannot be denied. There are now far more diseases than formerly. The physician is, in our days, become as indispensable as the priest was in the middle ages.

Men have, at last, risen in opposition to this victorious enemy, and have formed long lines of battle against it; yet as there is no union among the leaders, weapons are wanting, or the enemy can, by rendering himself invisible, deceive them. The Proteus-like disease always again slips from among our very fingers. We know that we can vanquish nature only by her own assistance. She has benificently given an antidote for every poison. But it is difficult to discover in the boundless infinity of organic matter the true cause, seat, and

[8] *Hort*, Hoard or treasure. I may refer any one who wishes to get a knowledge of this volume to Mr. Carlyle's Review of it in the Westminster Review for 1831, or his collected Essays: See also Edinburgh Review, vol. xxvi. p. 180; or Mrs. Jamieson's Sketches, vol. i. p. 288.

essential nature of a disease; and it is still more difficult to find its only remedy in the boundless circuit of nature. The good old household remedies, which have been handed down from generation to generation, are now no longer sufficient. Then, after having tried every method, they were, in the end, led by acute combinations or by good fortune, to the discovery of new remedies. We are indebted to accident for our most important medical discoveries. At last, theories and systems became fashionable, which were based partly upon the combination of subjective experience, partly upon mere philosophical speculation. An onesided system commonly produced one the very opposite; when, therefore, these two systems had become exhausted by conflict, there was introduced a so-called eclectic method; that is, physicians took from each system what pleased them, and seemed best suited for their daily practice, until an onesided theory again obtained the upper hand.

The History of Medicine, which has been written in a very profound manner by Curt Sprengel[9], gives a melancholy proof of the error and confusion which have always been general on this most important subject. It is only necessary to compare the systems of the most celebrated and noted physicians, to discover everywhere contradictions of the grossest nature. What the one deduces from fluids, the other explains from

[9] Curt Sprengel, born near Anklam, March 15th, 1833: Attempt at a Systematic History of Medicine; Manual of Pathology; History of Botany; Institutiones Medicæ.

solids; what one cures by heat, another does by cold; one uses allopathic, another homöopathic remedies; one offers to cure the body by means of the mind, another to heal the mind by means of the body, &c. If we ask how all these strange, contradictory systems could arise, we shall find that the answer will commonly be in the prevailing fashions of the age; which originally had nothing whatever to do with medicine.

When the old simple method of curing ordinary wounds and common diseases, which was transmitted by tradition, and was carried on chiefly by females, was, in the middle ages, compelled to give way to theories, the new scientific medicine, taught in the universities, and pursued as a branch of literature, adopted the mystico-theological and alchymical fashions of the period. Even the greatest practical physician of the age, one who possessed great opportunies for experience, Theophrastus Paracelsus[1], expressly deduced his medical theory from his mystical system of the world, from the correspondence between the microcosm and the macrocosm, the little world in man and the great external world. This theory was of service, inasmuch as it led him to many correct cures; but his scholars fell into the grossest extremes. One party, for example, Crollius, looking only to the similarity between the disease and the remedy, cured jaundice by saffron, diseases of the

[1] Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus de Hohenheim, named Bombastes, born at Marien-Einsiedler-Schwytz, 1493; murdered at Salzburg, September 23rd, 1541.

brain, by the brain-like buds of the wild rose, &c. The others again, borrowing from alchymy the doctrine of the philosopher's stone, or of the "Elixir Vitæ" hoped that the same primitive substance, which is yet to be discovered, out of which men wished to make gold, would also heal all diseases.

Medicine could make but little progress in Germany, during the time that religious wars were raging. The Flemish alone, who, having obtained peace somewhat earlier, esteemed it an honour to promote the sciences, were the only people who did anything to promote the study of the science of medicine. Yet even now this science gave only external accidental suggestions which might lead to general internal principles. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were, as is well known, devoted to an incredible gluttony and excess in eating and drinking. When Helmont founded his new medical system, upon what principle was it based? upon that of deriving all diseases from the stomach!

The Dutchmen, Ruysch and Loewenhoek showed, by means of the most skilful anatomy, the wonderful texture of the vascular system in man,—the tree, with the hundred thousand living branches. The microscope was the universal instrument in this century of polyhistory and micrology. Swammerdam found above a thousand muscles and nerves in a caterpillar; theologians dissected the scriptures; philologists the classics; a new word introduced into the lexicon was of as much consequence as a new tulip, which could be dignified

with a new name and added to the long catalogue. Historians described the genealogies of the imperial house, down to that of the lowest patrician family of a petty imperial town, without omitting even the still-born children. It was, of course, in this century that the celebrated Dutch physician, Boerhaave, deduced all diseases from the aberrations of the finest juices in the minute branches of the vessels; for example, inflammations from aberrations of the particles of blood into too narrow vessels, &c.

Friedrich Hoffmann[2] carried this strange theory still further, by assuming as the primary cause of all diseases, not the accidental obstructions caused by an *error loci* of the particles of the blood, like Boerhaave, but a great excess of the moving power itself,—in one word, convulsions.

As these systems denoted one extreme of materialism, by deriving even the affections of the mind from a mere stoppage of the vessels or from convulsions, the other extreme soon after became prominent in the system of the celebrated Stahl. His theory, however, was composed of things which were only external, and bore no relation to medicine. He based it upon the pietism introduced by Spener and Franke, inasmuch as he pointed out the soul as the plastic power of the body, as the former of the body, and considered all diseases were struggles in which the soul is engaged with a strange and hostile power, which it attempts

[2] Friedrich Hoffmann, born at Halle, February 19th, 1660; died 17—: Systema Medicinæ Rationalis.

to overcome and expel from the body. He said that this enemy was exclusively the blood, therefore blood-letting was the principal feature in his new system of cures. It was in reality a medical preparation for quietism, for a completely passionless rest in God.

Materialism and empiricism soon reassumed their sway. Christoph Ludwig Hoffmann[3] founding his system upon the nature of the fibres of the muscles, derived all diseases from their foul and diseased condition. Diseases were, in his opinion, literally the commencement of decay.

Stoll[4] was the first historical and geographical physician, that is, he was the first who showed the great varieties of, and changes in, the same disease, when modified by time and place; but as to explain these mutable influences he required an irritable organ in man, which should be highly susceptible of every diseased influence, the gall appeared to him most fitted for this; and as it naturally occurred to him to expel the foreign infectious matter, he chose for the purpose emetics as his universal remedy.

It was now probable that some other physician would effect these expulsions in some more agreeable form; Kämpf[4], therefore, made himself really

[3] Christoph Ludwig Hoffmann, born in Westphalia, 1721; died July 28th, 1807: On the Sensibility and Irritability of the Parts of the Body.

[4] Maximilian Stoll, born at Erynger in Swabia, 1742; died May 23rd, 1787: Lectures on Chronic Diseases; Ratio Medendi in Nosocomio, &c. &c.

[5] Johann Kämpf, born at Zweibrücken (Deux-ponts,) May

of use to the world, which was then tortured with emetics, by inscribing on his standard, then waving gloriously over Germany, the—syringe.

Practical men were unfortunately at that time, even more disposed than theorists to take everything in hand at the same time. The human race became unnaturally effeminate. Men wore muffs; the women laced so tight that they almost broke their ribs; wigs and curls, powder and pomatum, checked the natural perspiration, &c. To such an extent were the customs depraved! Yet, physicians derived still more advantage from a certain longing which people felt to appear ill. This was the age of vapours, of pretended faints, of interesting paleness, &c. In short, it was the golden age for the doctors and apothecaries, men being compelled to bleed according to Stahl, to vomit according to Hoffmann, to purge according to Kämpf, and to swallow large draughts, made according to yard-long prescriptions, and filled with all the stench of the old and new worlds, in order again to come back to the theory of Helmont, that the true seat of the disease lay in the stomach, injured by—medicine.

The practice which was then in vogue required above all things purification and moderation, in which respect Reil[6] set the first good example.

14th, 1726; died at Hanau, October 29th, 1787: On Diseases of the Abdomen; On Hydrophobia; New Method of Treating the Sick.

[6] Johann Christian Reil, born in East Friesland, February 20th, 1758; died at Halle, November 2nd, 1813: On the Cure of Fevers; Sketch of a General Threapeutic Pathology.

After him a great number of German physicians distinguished themselves by their numerous lucky cures, in which, however, they were more assisted by an extensive experience than by an obstinate systematising. Physiology was almost the only branch of literature to which they paid any attention, of this class were Autenrieth[7], Mayer, Biel, Blumenbach, &c. Sömmering distinguished himself most as an anatomist, Heister[8] and Richter as surgeons, Stein as an accoucher, Hufeland[9] was universally respected as a popular physician, who endeavoured to prevent diseases by instructing men how to invigorate and prolong life. I cannot here name all the great physicians; all that I intend to do is to notice the most interesting phenomena of medical literature, a course of proceeding which leads us away from the great merits of practical men, back to the works of the theorist, which, though probably not so useful are certainly more celebrated. An immense deal has been done for the description of individual diseases, of individual organs or remedies, so that in a

[7] Johann Heinrich Ferdinand Autenreith, born at Tübingen, 1772; alive; chancellor of the university of Tübingen: Essay on Practical Medicine; On Man and his Hopes of Immortality.

[8] Lorenz Heister, born at Frankfort on the Maine, September 19th, 1683; died April 18th, 1758: Treatise on Cataract; Compendium of Anatomy; Surgery; Compendium of Practical Medicine.

[9] Christoph Wilhelm Hufeland, born August 12th, 1762; died at Berlin, August 25th, 1836; founder of a medico-chirurgical society, called after his name: System of Practical Medicine; Art of Prolonging Human Life.

hundred years it will be impossible for any man to read all that has been written in Germany on medical subjects. Yet I here pass over this abundance, since, though inclined to mention some individual works on account of their importance or peculiar merits, I should, in doing so, act unjustly to the others; and besides, I am far from being sufficiently acquainted with the subject; I must therefore allude only to those general theories which are interesting to the public.

The discovery of animal magnetism by Mesmer was of the greatest importance to medicine, inasmuch as he, by introducing magnetic cures, cast, as has been already shown, a surprising light on the whole subject of physio-psychology. Yet this spiritualism of the science of medicine, did not prevent materialism from becoming grosser and grosser. Practice was overloaded with remedies of every kind. There was daily discovered some new one; or some old forgotten one was again unearthed by the study of history. The greatest caprice prevailed as to their use; the anxious thought that they could never do enough, the clever or careless ventured on summary modes of proceeding, on trials of simple remedies. To escape from the confusion, people instinctively sought the simple, and willingly adopted the first chance remedy which had ever helped them, as the only one. Thus we had cold water, perspiration, certain mineral baths, &c., which were thought to cure all sorts of diseases.

The struggle to attain simplification led at last, in opposition to the immense piles of methods and

prescriptions, to *homöopathy*. The celebrated physician Hahnemann, having returned to a purified Paracelsism, taught, that men must be cured not by anything different, unlike, or opposite (*allopathic*), but by something akin, similar (*homöopathic*); that the disease must be expelled by a remedy which would have produced the same disease in the healthy body; and that medicines must be administered in a simple form, and in small quantities, because the efficacy increases as the quantity decreases. He brought about an immense revolution in medicine. We are placed in the same relation to the physicians, as men were at the time of the Reformation to the priest. Then, the innovators in religion stood in opposition to the hierarchy of the priests, and were compelled to appeal to the sound common sense, as well as to the interest, of the people, in order to be supported by them, and to gain the victory by their assistance. Now, the innovators in medicine are opposed to the hierarchy of the doctors, and they invoke both the intellect and the interest of the people to support and protect the good cause. Perhaps our intellect is less able to examine the medical contest, than it formerly was to test that of theology. We shall see. Are we less interested in the result? Certainly not! Every false blow struck by the medical parties, falls in the end upon the patients; every good thought which they evolve, turns in the end to our good. Methinks, then, we have a very good right to make ourselves acquainted with the principles on which physicians treat us; and it might

be sometimes advantageous to remind them, that they exist for the use of the sick, and not the sick for their use; though it certainly often looks as if they imagined the latter to be the true state of matters. If the people have fought for their interests against the domination of the priests, if they have presented a firm front to despotism by means of constitutions and the liberty of the press, what privilege can physicians claim of slaying without telling us the reason why? The homöopathians step forward as reformers, and tell us, that the physicians have, by the allopathic methods hitherto adopted, cheated us as much, and benefitted us as little, as the priests formerly did by their indulgences; they propose an exceedingly simple and universally intelligible medical system;—they are enraged at and deplore the blind fury of the prevailing medical caste, which brands them as heretics;—and they now turn to us, the people, for protection against their attacks. At the same time a multitude of unprofessional men come forward, who stand up as knights of homöopathy, as formerly Hutton and Sickingen did for Lutheranism, because they consider themselves blessed in having been quickly cured of diseases under which they had laboured for years, by the help of homöopathy, and esteem it their holiest duty to make all their suffering fellow-men participators in a similar blessing. Such are the facts of the case. Ought not we, the public, to respond to such a call? What would have become of the Reformation, if the people had not interfered, if they had been afraid; if they had

said that theological writings were beyond their sphere, and that therefore they must leave everything to the theologians? Had they done so Luther would have been burnt.

The interference of the public is in this case not accidental, it is an essential element in the matter. The whole system of homöopathy is founded upon the principle, that the patient concurs with the physician; that definite remedies are presupposed, which, in consequence of the infallibility of Hahnemann's[1] Materia Medica, attained by experience, may be as well known to the patient as to the physician himself. No opportunity is granted for the exercise of caprice by the physician. The patient can himself see to what remedies the symptoms of his disease point.

Homöopathy long since played a part among the so-called domestic medicines. They healed for example, frostbitten limbs with snow, burned limbs with heat, &c. The plainest proof of the use made of homöopathic cures in former times, is in the inoculation of the cow-pox, where the same poison which produces the disease is used as a remedy. Yet in the whole history of medicine, before the age of Hahnemann, no traces of an homöopathic system are to be found. Only Theophrastus Paracelsus, and still more his disciple, the physician Crollius, a man of considerable repute in his own age, advance anything

[1] Samuel Friedrich Christian Hahnemann, born at Miessen, April 10th, 1755: On the Nature and Cure of Chronic Diseases; Organon of Medicine; Materia Medica Pura.

resembling the homöopathian system. As far as I know, none of the defenders of the homöopathic system had directed their attention to this consonance of opinions; I shall therefore do so here. Crollius entertained the foolish idea, that those remedies which most nearly resemble the symptoms of the disease in *external* appearance, colour, and smell, are the most certain. Nonsensical as this may appear, it is a step on the way to homöopathy. He ought to have called the external similarity an internal one. Yet it is strange that his physiognomical medicines are in fact often genuine homöopathical ones, were an external similarity is really often accompanied by an internal one. But it is most remarkable, that he contended for the efficacy of very small doses of medicine, finding fault with the large doses commonly given. He says in his work Basilica Chymica, in the German 4to ed., (Frankfurth, Gottfried Tampachen, without date,) p. 52, "The soul, or the proper form of each substance, has more numerous and more powerful effects, than the body and its matter can ever have; this is, because the nature of every thing depends upon its form. Many advantageous consequences follow this: as, firstly, because the sick can much more easily take and use a small quantity of medicine: seeing that many declare that they would rather die than swallow whole cups full of coarse and dark-coloured draughts. In the second place, because by the repeated use of such medicines the stomach is not injured, seeing that in consequence of their efficacy they meet with no

obstacle." It is only a pity that he has confounded the soul, the mind, the effect, too much with the external form. In other respects, what he here says, agrees word for word with the principles of the modern homöopathians.

The conditions under which that mean which produces disease in the healthy body, heals the same disease in the body already diseased, are the following:—first, the patient must be kept upon the strictest regimen, to prevent the pernicious effects of any articles of food which might destroy the medicine; second, the medicine itself must be administered in a simple form, or mixed with some totally indifferent substance, such as water, milk, sugar, &c.; third, the medicine must be taken in the most minute microscopic particles, because its effect increases in proportion as its quantity decreases.

Here we have expressed in a few words the whole magic of homöopathy. There is nothing in it unintelligible or indecorous, nothing mysterious and nothing extraordinary. Every one understands the whole matter; every one must be struck by its simplicity and probability. We have now only to do with the *proof*. Well, it is already completed. There are many grateful men, who have hastened to write in praise of homöopathy, to which they were indebted for the cure of diseases which had for years been treated in vain by the adherents of allopathy; and there are still more, who, without having said anything publicly on the subject, speak with like enthusiasm of the wonders visibly performed

by homöopathy on themselves, or on their relations.

Accusations of quackery have been made by the other party; the homöopathians have been ridiculed, and suspected; and it has been proved that they cannot cure every case, that their system is not yet sufficiently complete to be applied to practice, therefore all prudent physicians, who can value the worth of new methods, should retain the old ones, where they have been proved by experience.

As the contest is not yet settled, but is every now and then bitterly renewed, we cannot take a survey of the literature devoted to it. It is very extensive; it already amounts to upwards of a hundred pamphlets, some very learned and very much in earnest; others very vulgar and very witty.

The cholera caused a diversion among both parties. Neither homöopathy nor allopathy were of any use against it. So much the more, however, was written about it; within these two years there have appeared several hundred publications, the only value of which consists in the description and history of the disease, and perhaps also, in their proving how little man knows.

Let us now pass over from medicine, which is entirely occupied with combats against an hostile nature, to the sciences and arts by which a friendly nature is fostered, by which its richest treasures are won. The literature of economy and industry is very extensive. The Germans lived so long in the region of the feelings that the theocratical

system prevailed during the middle ages, and even until the Reformation. After the intellect assumed the mastery, the physiocratical system assumed the place of the former. *Then* men lived in God, and the renunciation of the world was the highest object for which they strove. *Now* they cling firmly to nature, while worldly enjoyment has become their highest aim. The intellect has proposed to itself the most urgent task, that of promoting the enjoyment of the senses, and, therefore, also physical well-being. We employ all our acuteness and all our powers of combination to make nature useful to us, to force from her those treasures and enjoyments which we expect will give us pleasure. This endeavour is natural and praiseworthy, if the higher blessings of the mind are not totally neglected in our struggles to acquire those of the earth.

The aim of the physiocratists is amelioration. They wish to strengthen and ennoble the productive powers of nature, to multiply and ameliorate its products. The intellect has done wonders in both. The cultivation of the earth has produced richer fruits than that of men. The soil, the vegetable and animal world, have willingly and thankfully accepted the benefits of improvement. The exertions and art of man endeavour to transform the rough earth, which Adam first tilled, again into a paradise. Upon the spots formerly covered with morasses and deserts, blooming gardens arise filled with foreign and noble fruits and animals. Agriculture and cattle-breeding have been cultivated and promoted;

they have unfolded the powers of nature to their highest degree, and have, by the inoculation, imparted foreign blessings even where she appeared weak and poor. By transplanting, grafting, and crossing, both the vegetable and animal worlds have, in our rude country, been enriched and improved; in the same way as man was, at the same time, cultivated by the adoption of foreign productions of the mind. But as the creations and operations of our own minds are more comprehensive and of more importance than that foreign instruction, so also in a material respect is fabrication, the artificial manufacture of the products of nature, in a material point of view, of the utmost importance. The products of nature acquire a higher value only by the use which man makes of them. A second nature is here artificially produced, which devotes itself to a nearer, more refined, and more spiritual service of man. By means of manufactures we obtain not only the enjoyments which nature cannot directly afford, but the human powers and knowledge are thereby immensely strengthened, so that the perfection of the race is in this way hastened. Were it not for those manufactures, which afford to the mind instruments for the exercise of its activity in all directions, nature would ever remain imperfect. Without them, the noblest production of science and art would be utterly unattainable. We use for our knowledge and our works of art, partly instruments, partly artfully prepared material, without which we can effect nothing. Not only the enjoyments of life, but even the culture and im-

provement of the mind depend upon this material culture. That exalted, all-encompassing care which fosters it in our days, is, therefore, our greatest glory and gain.

Trade is directly connected with this material culture, inasmuch as it aims at the circulation and interchange of the acquired products of nature and art. As everything is at present described and discussed, trade has also succeeded in obtaining a literature. It has been reduced to a scientific system, and the events in its history have been attended to. Most, however, has been written on its deficiencies, restraints, and necessary improvements.

Trade is originally based upon a mere interchange of the products which one country producing in superabundance, imparts to other countries which are suffering from a want of them. To this the craving after gain was soon added; partly in consequence of one country valuing its products higher than those for which it bartered them, partly in consequence of one nation acquiring by force a monopoly of their production and exportation, partly in consequence of its artificially producing in its customers a demand which always rose with the supply. The Phœnicians were formerly very expert in these politics of trade; now the English are so. The original end of commerce was at last totally overlooked, and mere gain was made the chief end in view, so that trade became mere gambling. The conception of what constituted an article of trade, was now extended from the objects of which one land re-

quired, and of which another possessed a superabundance, to all possible objects. Everything became a superfluity, so soon as any profit could be derived by its sale; and everything became a want, the purchase of which produced the same profit. Art now consisted entirely in making all property moveable, in marking it as goods for sale, and in promoting their sale. Money, into which all other property could be changed, was the means employed for this purpose. By means of gold every possession became alienable, fitted for barter and moveable; at the same time, however, an artificial and fluctuating value took the place of a natural and fixed one, while upon this rise and fall of value the speculations of buying and selling were calculated. Only one step was then wanting to complete the system of trade; this step was won by extending credit to the longest possible date. After all imaginable physical and even mental goods had been turned into merchandise, and changed into disposable property, men were allowed to increase this property as much as they could by an artificial one, so as to give to trade the greatest possible extent and rapidity. People could make the most enormous speculations with borrowed property, and acquire gain in hundreds of ways by hundreds of increased means. There was originated by the system of giving interest to the lender of the money, a new and more secure article of trade, which, when carried on in a great scale, in the system of state-loans, soon cast into the shade every other trade. The triumph of modern

commerce was attained, when men could acquire gain by lending borrowed money, when they could make something out of nothing.

The original and natural interchange of products must of course suffer much under this money-trade, as the gains honestly acquired by means of the former will, in this second and higher one when turned into merchandise, be exposed to a new risk. The gains of the counting-house are hundreds of times lost in the exchange, and the latter constantly lives upon the former, as every artificial power does upon natural ones, every apparent value upon the true one. Whatever the stock-brokers gain in addition to the nothing with which they commenced, is withdrawn from the something of the original possessors. A rich money-dealer makes ten or a hundred poor merchants. Trade in general, however, lies under other restrictions in Germany. We Germans, partly from our own products, partly in consequence of our position in the centre of Europe, ought to have a very profitable trade in carrying goods. The comparatively little advantage which we derive in comparison with maritime countries, is made less by the restrictions which are placed upon trade in the interior of Germany. The great advantages of the people are sacrificed to the little ones of taxation.

The moral effect of the physiocratical system of industry and trade is immense; it characterizes this age more than any other. The fondest imaginings and longings of a countless majority of the human race, hinge upon physical enjoyment,

or upon the methods of acquiring means for such purposes. All wish to gain money by means of industry or trade, to enjoy it, or even merely to possess it, for common souls but too often confound the mere possession of riches with that enjoyment which they might obtain by their use. When riches are employed to forward the interests of everything noble or great, they serve merely as a means. When, however, they serve no other purpose but that of pandering to vulgar pleasures or desires, or are exalted to the dignity of an end, they are thoroughly injurious. The luxury which at present prevails, and the longing for enjoyment which has taken possession of all ranks, is a less evil than avarice. This latter vice, being altogether vulgar and disgraceful, totally ruins man. Men have always been extravagant and luxurious whenever they had anything, but they have never before been so greedy and avaricious as they are at present. Aquisition, not enjoyment, is at present the principal aim in view. Men, in their zeal to acquire possessions, quite forget to to enjoy them. Nothing, therefore, can be more ingenious than the contrivances at present employed to acquire, and nothing can be more foolish and worthless than the ways in which men use their property,—the pleasures of wealth. We cannot help admiring their exertions, their assiduity, their talent in acquiring; but, on the other hand, we cannot help smiling at the use which they make of what they have acquired. This is, in part, caused by the circumstance, that most men really acquire property more for the purpose of

escaping poverty, than for that of enjoying the happiness of wealth. Their struggle is rather negative against poverty, than positive for wealth. There are comparatively few who really enjoy; the majority wish only to screen themselves from want; the labour, therefore, is of more importance and more interesting than the consequences.

It is a very melancholy characteristic of our age, when compared with preceding ones, that all human actions now tend, and must necessarily tend, to the acquisition of property. We cannot live without money; we must seek to acquire, so as not to perish; we must endeavour to acquire much, because, if we have but little, we are liable to civil death. Our children, therefore, are told, from their earliest years, that they have been called into this world only to seek support; to look upon acquisition as the chief aim and end of life. Education impresses upon them the stamp of a beast of burden, which must earn its food. The worst feature in the matter is, that all means appear holy which serve the purpose of acquisition. The criminal law alone contains exceptions to this rule; exceptions which are made by morals are very little attended to. As the desire for gain eradicates the holiest feelings from the heart, the great majority of marriages are concluded merely as a matter of business. People ask after the fortune, not after the charms and virtue of the bride. Philanthropy and honesty suffer most from this hunting after money. One man ruins his neighbour, that he himself may gain; people cheat in a lawful way; and many murders, which

though not apparent, are not on that account the less wicked, are committed by cleverly supplanting our rivals. Even the feelings of honour, of patriotism, and of piety, are poisoned by the regard paid to gold. We do not here speak of the old and vulgar evil of bribery, but of a new, more dangerous, and more widely-spread evil. Almost all the servants of the state, priests as well as others, look upon their pay as their chief object. States, it is true, must themselves trade and traffick, because they cannot exist without money. By such means, both private and public life have been entirely transformed.

In former times, men valued men; now they value nothing but money. Power itself borrows its instruments from money; and even the most sacred authority is in an evil plight, when it has no money. All belief and superstition upon which might, dignity, and legitimacy, were wont to be based, are now amalgamated into gold alone. The richest state is the most legitimate, and the richest man is the noblest. Money tolerates no distinction, but that of its possessor. It disarms every other power, it outshines every other light. Therefore it has, as far as possible, introduced into practical life that phantom of the idealist, universal equality. Money is the key to everything, and every man can find it. The equality of wealth or of poverty has mingled all ranks. The rich jew is made a baron; the poor baron becomes a corn-merchant; nay, there are princes who live upon pensions, and jews who pay them.

I have already, in the chapter on politics, spoken

of national economy as a new science, which, it is expected, will bring order and connection into all the isolated branches of pursuit after gain. I do do not mean to enter here into the individual characteristics of the literatures of economy, industry, and trade. I shall only observe, that Thaer[2] is the most distinguished writer on agriculture; Elsner, on the breeding of cattle, especially of sheep; that an immense number of provincial journals, manuals, and directions, vie with one another in making the intelligence regarding produce as accurate and good as possible. No less has been done for industry and all the possible tendencies of trade and activity. Beckmann[3] founded among us the literature of industry. Dingler's Polytechnic Journal is the chief organ of these subjects in Germany; Krünitz[4], in his giant work, collected all the more ancient technological knowledge; countless compendiums, among which the many popular directions of Poppe are the most noted, are devoted to instruc-

[2] Albrecht Thaer, born May 14th, 1752; died October 2nd, 1828: Introduction to a Knowledge of English Husbandry; Annals of the Agriculture of Lower Saxony; Principles of National Agriculture.

[3] Johann Beckmann, born at Hoya, 1739; died at Göttingen, February 4th, 1811: Principles of German Agriculture; and other works on agriculture.

[4] Johann Georg Krünitz, born at Berlin, 1728; died, 1796: Aekonomisch-tecknologische Encyclopedia; superintended by Krünitz, till his death, at which time there were seventy-three volumes finished, reaching to L, alphabetically arranged. Since his death it has been continued by the brothers Florke, under whom it has now reached about the 170th vol. (A—S).

tion in particular trades and manufactures. Murhard's [5] Theory of the Science of Trade, is the most distinguished in that class. Fischer, Sartorius, and Gülich, have written histories of German trade.

I have already spoken of physical geography. Mathematical geography was first treated of in the age of Luther, by Apianus and Loritus. Sebastian Münster projected the first useful maps; and Mercator (who died 1594), invented the projection of charts in that form in which they are still delineated. Cluver was much distinguished by his Compendium of Ancient and Modern Geography; Merian [6] by his Topographies, adorned with countless plates; Homann by his charts, which as they long satisfied all the wants of the age, enjoyed a wide circulation. Modern encyclopedias commenced with Hübner [7], statistical detail with Büsching, strict and scientific treatment with Gatterer. Since that time, Gaspari[8], Hassel[9], Cannabich[1], Stein, Volger, &c.

[5] Karl Murhard, born December 7th, 1779; died, 18—: Theory and Policy of Trade.

[6] Merian, the name of a family in Basel, all distinguished painters. The father, who is probably the best known, was born there 1593; died, 1651.

[7] Johann Hübner, born at Hamburg, 1668; died, 1731: works on geography; Rhyming Dictionary; Gazette; Lexicon suited for the present state of culture.

[8] Adolf Christian Gaspari, born at Schleuzingen, November 18th, 1752; died, 18—: Statistical Tables of the principal Nations of Europe; Manual of Geography; Essays on Politics; On Geographical Instruction.

[9] Johann Georg Heinrich Hassel, born at Wolfenbuttel,

have distinguished themselves greatly as very assiduous collectors and arrangers of the materials of mathematico-political geography. Berghaus[2], Herder's Institution in Freiburg, in Bresgau, (for lithography,) Rühle von Lilienthal, the popular Stieler, &c., are at present the most celebrated delineators of maps. The surveys and military charts of individual German states, besides many special plans of single provinces, mountains, &c., far excel all the works of former times, though they are still far from perfect. The numerous topographies, or descriptions of single tracts of countries, beginning with Valvasor's excellent description of Krain, (an ancient province,) and ending with Ebel's[3] Switzerland, are equally meritorious.

Our literature is particularly rich in tours and travels. Though we have no share in the dominion of the ocean, though we have no colonies, yet educated Germans have always been great travellers. The first German tourists were those

December 30th, 1770; died at Weimer, January 18th, 1829: Geographical and Statistical Dictionary; Statistics of the Austrian Empire; Statistics of Russia, of Westphalia, &c.

[1] Johann Gottfried Cannabich, born at Sondershausen, 1786: Manual of Geography; Statistics of various Kingdoms of Europe.

[2] Heinrich Berghaus, born at Kleve, May 3rd, 1797; alive; professor in the Academy of Architects, at Berlin: Elements of Geography; edites the Annals of the Inhabitants of the Earth.

[3] Johann Gottfried Ebel, born at Frankfort on the Oder, October 6th, 1764; died at Zürich, 1830: Best and Easiest way of seeing Switzerland; Description of the Mountains of Switzerland.

who performed pilgrimages to Jerusalem. At a later period the stream of travellers disembogued itself through Holland into the new world. Some prisoners captured in the Turkish war, such as Schiltberger, and some ambassadors into the east, such as Olearius, likewise gave an account of their travels. The German Jesuists, however, were the most distinguished on this path; they travelled as missionaries to America and China, because the cunning order had learned by experience, that German learning, perseverance, and good nature, were best suited for the difficult business of missions. Dobrizhofer[4] gave us the first accurate information respecting the interior of South America, Kircher respecting China. Tieffenthaler was the first European, who, in travelling about the middle of last century from China to Hindostan, over the Himmalaya mountains, discovered the highest mountain on the earth, the Dhwalagiri.

Scientific voyages commenced soon after, and many German scholars, naturalists, and physicians, in the service of foreign maritime powers, succeeded in making very important observations. Kämpfer[5], travelled in the service of Holland to Japan, which he was the first who minutely de-

[4] Martin Dobrizhofer, for twenty-two years a missionary among the Abipones; History of the Abipones, an equestrian and warlike nation of Paraguay (1784).

[5] Engelbrecht Kämpfer, born at Lemgo, 1657; died in Japan, 1716; travelled through Arabia, Persia, Hindostan, Java, Sumatra, and Japan: History and Description of Japan.

scribed. In like manner Liechtenstein[6], travelled with the Dutch through Central Africa. Philipp, of Frankfort on the Maine, entered into the English service, and founded Botany Bay. Reinhold Forster[7], and his still more celebrated son Georg, having likewise entered the English service, performed, along with Cook, the first scientific voyage round the world; of which they published a description. Similar and not less celebrated voyages round the world were afterwards performed in the service of Russia, by Krusenstern[8], Langsdorf[9], Bellinghausen, and Otto Von Kotzebue[1], (the son of the poet). Many others entered the Russian service; among whom may

[6] Martin Heinrich Karl Liechtenstein, born January 10th, 1780; alive; professor in Breslau: Travels in South Africa; Description of some new or little known Mammalia.

[7] Johann Reinhold Forster, born near Danzig, October 22nd, 1729; died at Halle, December 9th, 1798: Observations made during a Voyage Round the World (with Cook); Zoologica Indica.

[8] Adolph Joseph Ritter von Krusenstern, born 1770; alive: vice-admiral in the Russian service: On Hydrography; Travels Round the World in 1803-6.

[9] Georg Heinrich Freiherr von Langsdorff, born at Laish in Swabia, in 1774; alive; Russian consul in Brazil: Travels in Brazil; Observations made during a Voyage Round the World in 1803-7.

[1] Otto von Kotzebue, born at Revel, December 19th, 1787: In Russian service, went in the expedition to discover the North-East passage; Discoveries and Observations during the Voyage, 1815-18; Discoveries in the South Sea; New Voyage Round the World.

be mentioned Pallas[2], Georgi[3], &c., who travelled through the interior of Russia; Gmelin[4], through Siberia; Ledebur[5], among the Altaian mountains; Parrot[6], in Ararat; Klaproth and Kupfer[7], through the provinces round the Caucasus; Eichwald[8], in the countries bordering on the Caspian sea; and Engelhardt[9], in Uralia. Carsten Niebuhr[1], performed in the service of Denmark his celebrated journey to Arabia and Persia.

One of the most remarkable travellers was

[2] Peter Simon Pallas, born at Berlin, 1741; died ibid, September 8th, 1811: Tour through various Provinces of the Russian Empire; Flora Russica; Historical Account of the Mongolian Tribes; Remarks during a Tour in South Russia.

[3] Johann Gottlieb Georgi, born at Colberg, in Pomerania, 1738; died, 18—: Tour in Russia, in 1772; Description of Petersburgh, in 1790; Description of the Nations which compose the Russian Empire, with Account of their Religion, Customs, &c.

[4] J. G. Gmelin, born at Tübingen, 1709; died 1755: Travels in Siberia; Flora Siberica.

[5] C. F. Ledebur; professor of natural history at Dorpat: Flora Altaica; Travels among the Altaian Mountains.

[6] F. Parrot: Travels on Ararat; Tour among the Pyrenees; Views on General Pathology.

[7] A. F. Kupfer: Tour in the Environs of the Caucasus; Manual of Crystallography.

[8] Edward Eichwald; alive: Travels in the Caspian and Caucasus, in 1825-6; Plants there.

[9] Max. von Engelhardt: Travels among the Uralian Mountains; Travels in the Crimea.

[1] Carsten Niebuhr, born at Ludenywith, in Hanover, March 17th, 1733; died at Copenhagen, April 26th, 1815: performed with Michaelis and von Bernsberg a voyage to Arabia; Description of Arabia; Tour in Arabia and the surrounding Countries.

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Burckhardt[2], a native of Basle, who, in the English service travelled through Arabia, Syria, and Persia, preached as a Mahommedan divine at the grave of the prophet, and at last died of the plague in Egypt. The works of all these travellers are masterpieces of the first rank.

Germans began by degrees to travel at their own expense, and to attain their own purposes. At the head of this new class of celebrated travellers stands Alexander von Humboldt[3], who obtained the greatest fame, and takes indisputably the first place, not only among German, but even among all European travellers; a rank which neither English nor French dispute. He is the Napoleon among the naturalists. He comprehended and surveyed everything with his proud look; he has stood upon the Cordilleran and upon the Altaian mountains; all the departments and realms of nature, from the minutest and most delicate barometrical measurements, to the boldest and most extensive general views, lay before him like a boundless conquest.

A taste for travelling was spread by him, and his noble connections, among the higher ranks in

[2] Johann Ludwig Burckhardt, born at Basle, November 24th, 1784; died at Cairo, June 16th, 1816, when about to start for Fezzan: Travels in Nubia, (English); Travels in Arabia, Sinai, &c.

[3] Friedrich Heinrich Alexander Freiherr von Humboldt, born at Berlin, September 14th, 1709: Travels of Humboldt and Bonpland, to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent (French); other travels; Views of Nature.

Germany. Prince Maximilian von Neuwied[4], undertook and described a very interesting tour into the forests of Brazil. Two other princes, Bernhard von Weimar and Paul Wilhelm von Würtemburg, made tours through North America. At the present moment (1836), the talented prince Pückler-Muskau is travelling in Africa.

Among the German literati who have travelled at the expense of German governments, the most distinguished are, Pohl and Natterer, who went, in the service of Austria, to Brazil; Spix[5] and Martius[6], in that of Bavaria, to Brazil; Ehrenberg[7] and Hemprich, in that of Prussia, and von Prokesch, in that of Austria, to Egypt. There

[4] Maximilian Fürst von Neuwied; alive: Travels in Brazil in 1815-17; Contributions to Natural History of Brazil; Delineation of some of the Natural Objects of Brazil; Travels in North America.

[5] Johann Baptist von Spix, born in Hochstadt, in Bavaria, February 9th, 1781; died at München, May 13th, 1826: Tour to Brazil; Zoology of Brazil; Historical and Critical Account of all the Systems of Comparative Anatomy, from Aristotle till the present day.

[6] Karl Friedrich von Martius, born at Erlanger, 1794; alive; professor of natural history at München: Tour to Brazil; Botany of the Brazils (18 vols.); Botany of Erlanger; Botany of München.

[7] Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg, born at Deltizsch, April 19th, 1795; alive, at Berlin; sent, in 1820, along with Hemprich, by the Academy of Sciences and Arts in Berlin, to Egypt, where he remained six years, and where Hemprich died, 1824, at Massana: Description of a Tour in North Africa and West Asia, by Ehrenberg and Hemprich; Description of the Animals of Africa; Works on the Infusoria.

was no want of private travellers who undertook long voyages at their own expense. Of these I may mention, Leopold von Buch[8], who travelled in Norway, Langstedt[9], in Brazil, Seezen[1], in the East; Sieber[2], of Prague, who made a voyage round the world; the naturalist Rüppell[3], of Frankfort, who ascended the Nile as far as Cordofan and Darfour; Pöppig[4], of Leipzig, who has very lately published the account of his interesting tour among the Andes, on the banks of the Amazon; the Swiss, Rengger[5], who was long detained a prisoner in Paraguay; von Weech, who

[8] Leopold von Buch, born 1777; alive, at Berlin: Observations during a Tour in Denmark; Travels in Italy, Canary Islands, Norway, and Lapland.

[1] Friedrich Ludwig Langstedt: Travels in South America; Universal History of the Earth.

[9] Ulrich Jasper Seezen, born June 30th, 1767; travelled in Nubia, Abyssinia, where, according to Mr. Buckingham, he was poisoned on the way from Mochda to visit the Iman of Sana, who had taken possession of all his property; he sent home many valuable MSS.

[2] Franz Wilhelm Sieber, born at Prague, 1785; alive; insane in an asylum: Tour to Crete; travelled round the world in less than two years; "Francais Sieber le plus grand sot du monde, &c."

[3] Wilhelm Edward Simer Rüppell, born at Frankfort on the Maine, November 20th, 1794; alive: Travels in Nubia and Arabia Petræa; Travels in Abyssinia; Fishes of the Nile.

[4] E. Pöppig, born at Leipzig: Travels in Chili and Peru, in 1827-32.

[5] J. R. Rengger: Tour to Paraguay, in 1818-26; Natural History of the Mammalia of Paraguay.

visited the Brazils; Gutzlaff[6], and the Prussian navigator Meyer, who were in China, &c. I cannot mention the innumerable tourists through European countries.

[6] Karl Gützlaff, born at Pyritz, in Pomerania, July 8th, 1803; alive in China: Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China, in 1831-2 and 3. (Edited by W. Ellis.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

THE POETICAL PECULIARITY OF THE GERMANS.

IN our age, which seems to have given up all characteristic traits, and which imitates the strangest things in the most disorderly manner, and in a way which always contradicts itself; in this age, we say, we cannot help thinking of by-gone age, in which the German mind was distinguished from, and excelled all others by its decided individuality, its self-creative power.

Romanticism is the distinguishing characteristic of the Germans. Though the name remind of the Romans, yet the thing itself is of purely German origin. This is true historically as well as psychologically.

Without the intervention and assistance of the ancient Germans, neither the Romans nor the Greeks, neither Christianity nor the East, would have produced what we call Romanticism. It

must be confessed that all these elements have been intermingled in the poetry of the middle ages, but the Teutonic element is the predominating one. Christianity did not, simply by its connection with the oriential spirit, produce true romanticism, which, indisputably, did not make its appearance until after the migrations of the German tribes.

The Germans having come forward as the enemies of that ancient world which they destroyed, their contempt of it was still more increased by Christianity. This was the reason that the classic poetry exercised no influence over them. On the contrary, after their conversion, they adopted a Christian element into their ancient heathen heroic poetry, and after the crusades an oriental one. The old heroic poetry remained the groundwork of romanticism; the constant subject of romanticism was the German knights who performed such heroic deeds. But these deeds were no longer confined, as in the old Norse heroic poetry, and partly, even in the oldest German chivalrous legends, to savage displays of physical power; they found a higher object in faith. The old unweakened power having become serviceable to the higher ideas of Christianity, was softened down by the restraints which it imposed upon its own mind. Romantic honour and love had, however, been cultivated by the Germans, even in their state of heathenism. If we find further, that, after the crusades, German poetry manifested an inclination for ingenious mystical allegories, for apothegms, similes, and

fables, and, in fine, for a fantastic heaping up of adventures, we may ascribe this to the influence of the oriental spirit, with which the Germans became well acquainted during the times of the Hohenstauffen; yet the old Edda[7] proves that this orientialism was a primitive element of the German mind.

The predominating Teutonic principle, which is found in the romanticism of the middle ages, may also be seen in the disuse of the old rhythms, and the introduction of the true German *rime*. Rime and German measures were adopted by many nations, such as the Italians, Spanish, and French, whose languages were principally derived from the Latin.

The purely German origin and character of the Gothic architecture is no less decided; for those points in which it differs from the Byzantine, Moorish, and antique art, are those which are really German; and this is all I am arguing for. This, too, is generally acknowledged.

[7] Edda, the mother of poetry; the name given to two collections of Icelandic poetry, which are the principal sources of all the information we possess regarding the mythology of the North.

The first, called the Sæmundic Edda, was probably put into its present form between 1056 and 1133. It consists of songs of the Skalds. It lay forgotten until 1663, when being discovered by Bishop Brynjolf, it was by him edited and translated. (See von der Hagen, the Grimms, &c.)

The second or younger Edda is probably a century younger, and is acribed to Snorro Sturleson. It is likewise composed of songs. (See Grimm's Deutsche Heldensage.)

If we inquire further into the psychological components of romanticism, we shall soon find that its real centre is the German heart; deep-seated feelings, that many-formed love, which, having been introduced by the Germans into life, as well as art, repressed the antique unsentimental method of thinking and living, which, being merely sensuous and intellectual, fluctuates between passion and philosophy.

We shall see this more plainly when we come to anatomise the elements of romanticism.

The devotion shown to women, and even to love itself, in the adoration of the earthly object of our love, is of purely Teutonic origin: so that I feel inclined to call this the characteristic feature of romanticism.

Gladness felt when gazing at the beauties of nature,—admiration of beautiful landscapes and views,—the poetical desire for roaming, the propensity caused, not by want, but by love, to settle in a distant and beautiful land, especially in the south,—and also the sense, not for the idea of their country or state, but for that paternal country, the home-sickness,—all these symptoms, which show the relation between the human heart and nature and landscape, and which form so essential a part of romanticism, are originally German.

The prominence given to personal qualities, and the unbridled freedom, which, breaking through all laws, forms, and regulations, reveals the innermost nature of the individual, from the holiest mystery of honour and love to the most humorous whims, or to the most ridiculous self-treason of

vanity and weakness, these rich fountains of the romantic poetry have likewise welled forth from the German character. They were as unknown to the loyal ancients as to the slavish orientals.

I will not carry out the analysis further. That romantic warm life, which exists within us, can never be altogether comprehended; and its inexhaustible depth is precisely its principal attraction.

During the earliest ages, the German mind did not manifest itself in art, but only in the poetical heroic spirit of the people, in the pleasure felt in travelling and adventures, and in the love of the fair sex. The most beautiful expression used by Tacitus[8], when speaking of our ancestors, is, that they honoured something sacred in their women. We Germans are the children of love; other nations, whose ancestors used their wives as slaves, are nothing but the children of sensuality.

The German element (*Wesen*) did not acquire a knowledge of its own powers, it did not become objective, and go out into an external world of art, until, in the middle ages, the Roman, Christian, and Oriental elements had come into conflict in many various ways, until those features which were akin had been equalised and intermingled, until its peculiar characteristics had, by intercourse with foreigners, been brought more prominently forward. Or we may take another view

[8] Inesse quin etiam sanctum aliquid et providum putant feminis.—Tacitus de Mor. Germ. See also Germania, c. viii. and xviii.—xx.

of the question. The German having vanquished, heired the Romans. He became the master of Europe. His narrow domestic sphere of vision was extended; life unfolded itself before him, in many wonderful forms, rich in ecclesiastical, as well as political and moral respects. Being, however, still in the bloom of youth, he transferred his spirit and sentiments to that world, which he had formed for his own honour and pleasure out of the ruins of the old one. He erected his churches, his castles, his rich towns, in accordance with the dictates of his own imagination, though he borrowed the first directions how to proceed from the Greeks and Romans. He also followed his own imagination in creating, almost totally independent of ancient models, his domestic life, his pursuits, his social customs, his songs, and his poetry.

Life, therefore, was then completely interpenetrated with the poetical spirit and feelings of the people, so that a perfectly original whole was soon produced from it.

In later times, we see the very reverse taking place: we see art separating from life; an art which has been preserved merely in books, or in a few royal galleries, as dead treasure, and as an aristocratic privilege, opposing itself to a tasteless reality of all the rest of life. So soon as art and life were separated, all originality ceased, and we became mere slavish imitators of the ancients and of foreigners.

Such is, in a few words, the history of our art and poetry. A decline so great must be closely

examined, and may perhaps admit of some excuse.

The unprejudiced German feelings had devoted themselves totally and without reserve to their romantic tendency. But the narrow policy of the Romish see abused this beautiful, poetical, and enthusiastic dreaming. Political passions, and vices of every kind, poisoned the church, threw the kingdom into confusion from above and from without, while the opposition from below and from within, from the power and feeling of the people, was too weak, because the people still lay in raptures, were still dazzled as by a heavenly apparition, and did not see the distorted visage of the devil behind the mask of the Holy Father. The nation perished in its honest belief, in its noble enthusiasm; it was too honest; it was not yet acquainted with knavery and hypocrisy. It allowed itself, notwithstanding its noble energies, to be stabbed from behind, like a hero praying, or to be poisoned in the cup of the holy communion.

When the German nation, maddened by a terrible sorrow, became at length suddenly aware of the thousand years' treachery, they fell into a kind of raving, rejecting with loathing, as the mad bride did the hated jewels, the adornment of ancient roses and myrtles, or as Hercules did the venomed tunic of Dejanira. The old objects of fervent devotion, of the most ardent love, were rejected as talismans of hell, as instruments of the devil; and the place of the most unbounded confidence was supplied by as deep a mistrust; that of the old contentment of fancied love by the blunted

feeling of repentance, at having sold itself to an unworthy object of love; by inanity, by a dissatisfied resignation, by a peevish slighting of consolation. This wound of the age at length healed; the old love did not return; its place was occupied by a craving for dissipation, by trifling immorality, and a love for change; just like an unfortunate lover, whose time will hang heavy upon his hands unless he occupy himself with some new object.

This was the reason that the arts of design and form ceased, after the Reformation, to adorn life. Churches, monasteries, castles, towns, were destroyed; those cathedrals which were unfinished, remained so. The poor and unbelieving age possessed neither money nor heart to complete what the rich and pious age had commenced. The old magic of love, beauty, and cheerfulness, fell into disuse. Everything good being fortunately German, the bad could be brought only from foreign countries; therefore, though everything was now bad, still it was bad not in a German, but in a foreign way.

The Gothic style of architecture being now despised and ridiculed, there was nothing more grand than a tasteless Jesuit's college in the modern Roman style, or a royal pleasure-seat in the style of the bombastic architecture of Versailles.

The old devout painting became no less despised; the affected devotions of St. Francis, of St. Ignatius, &c., which had been learned from the Italians, and the allegorical enthronizations and

apotheoses of noble potentates and heroes in full-bottomed wigs, as well as the licentious Arcadian scenes, which had been borrowed from the French, were alone esteemed of any value. The characteristic spirit of the nation was generally found in by nooks, into which it had crept, as if impelled by fear and shame. Thence proceeded the pictures of animals, and intoxicated peasants, the cows of Potter, and the beards of Denner, the tooth-drawer and herring-heads, the broomsticks and citron-peels,—paintings which, notwithstanding the baseness of the object, plainly showed the greatness of the talent which had degraded itself by executing them.

The ancient and beautiful dress, which heightened every energy of man, every charm of woman, was, in the same manner, compelled to give way to foreign fashions, which became more odious every year. The noble human form was completely caricatured. As they despised their own mind within their head and adopted another, so, in like manner, despising their own hair, they subjected themselves for a century to the tyranny of wigs and queues, which, alternating from the full-bottomed wigs down to the pretty little rat-tail, copied the whole series of the inferior animals. The hat went along with all these transformations. Handsome and comfortable clothes were by degrees changed into those tasteless, unmanly, and senseless garments which we now wear. The changes which took place in the fashions of dressing the hair, in hats and caps, in boddices, in hoop-petticoats and gowns, of the other sex, were

still more various; in every change, however, fashion held by three laws: the dress must be unnatural, must be ugly, must be un-German.

Poetry fell as much into decay, and under foreign sway. Soon after the wars which accompanied the Reformation, this went so far, that our poets themselves unlearned their mother tongue; scholars wrote only in Latin; the general public interlarded their mother-tongue with foreign words out of modern languages, to such an extent, that the mixture of languages, allowed in English[9], very nearly became so in German.

The total decay of the ancient German art was immediately followed by a warlike and savage period, which was totally without any feeling for the arts. Soon, however, favoured minds began to fetch again from foreign lands some traces of art. Some princes collected foreign statues and

[9] "Whereas our tongue is mixed it is no disgrace. The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still fleeting water. The French delicate, but even nice as a woman scarce daring to open her lippes for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majesticall, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the divell in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withall very harsh, as one ready at every word to picke a quarrell. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian; the full sound of words to the French; the variety of terminations to the Spanish; and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees we gather the honey of their good properties and leave the dregs to themselves. And thus when substantialnesse combineth with delightfulnesse, fulnesse with finenesse, seemlinesse with portlinesse, and currentnesse with staydnesse, how can the language which consisteth of all these sound other than full of all sweetnesse."—*Camden ap. Edin. Rev.* No. 141, p. 241.

paintings, and sent for Italian and French architects. Some learned poets having translated French, classic, or English works, slavishly imitated them, in order that they might, in this point, be like their more polished neighbours. But these æsthetical partialities were shown only by the higher classes; they could not be relished by the common people, who still remained in their rude barbarism.

People having at last felt that the separation of art from life was improper, wished to renew the relation which they bore to each other. Architecture began to accommodate itself more to the actual wants of men; poets and painters chose scenes of real life as the subjects of their delineation. Architecture, however, did not by those means become more graceful; and even the cabinet-pictures of the modern world, which were widely disseminated under the names of novels, and dramas and comedies of domestic life, contained nothing beautiful. That alone which was evil, was sought to be blazoned abroad. Wishing to return to nature, men forgot that the whole condition of the age was unnatural.

A romantic reaction succeeded. These commendations of the false nature of modern times being very properly rejected, men sought again to bring into notice the true Germanism of ancient times. In doing so many errors were committed. The old, which has once perished, cannot be artificially charmed back into existence. The result of the whole attempt was the more miserable, the more exalted and majestic was the

type which they strove to attain. Want of money was the chief cause why they did not complete, or even imitate, the cathedrals of former times. The so-called *Nazarenes*, could in painting alone, and the so-called *Germanists*[1], in the still cheaper literature, conjure up the ancient romantic forms, garbs, and ballads. But this dream of the middle ages remained a dream; and it was ridiculed by all who wished to spend this life merrily, or who waited for a natural regeneration of life, and not merely an artificial one of unreality.

The greater poets of modern times have exalted themselves above the pitiful condition of the *pecus imitatorum*, only by truth and by a proper conception of that mournful discord which exists between our art and our life, yet all the while breathing forth sentiments of tragic dignity, of philosophical irony, or of that cheerful humour which never deserts the sound and healthy man.

Thence arises that great power which the intellect has over the feelings, which as a whole is so prejudicial to our art, but which in detail is so very admirable. Since this cannot now be changed,—since the nation has not yet completely recovered from its decline, and is not yet returned to the full feeling of its ancient power,—since individual departments have in vain endeavoured to imbue him with these feelings,—it must be permitted to this

[1] *Deutschthümler.* The name given to those who, about 1815, dressed themselves in the way in which the old Germans had done, banished all words which had been newly brought into use, and were always talking about *German-ness* (frankness, honesty).

particular to free itself privately as soon as it can; the more lonely therefore he feels himself, the more abundantly will he fill his internal world with visions and thoughts, which must compensate him for what reality does not afford. It is, however, an abundance of reflection, not one more immediately of the feelings. Men do not find them without trouble; they must search for them, and collect them together.

We do not communicate them unreservedly as something common to all; on the contrary we are chary of them, we coquet withthem. Even the greatest men are not, under such circumstances, devoid of waywardness, and of that onesidedness natural to an idiosyncrasy formed in solitude. Here, the pride of the superior mind involuntarily breaks forth into the greatest flow of spirits; there, the frivolity of a self-ogling Narcissus, filled with effeminate weakness; because these talents have been presented to the notice of an indifferent public, which has neither will nor judgment, and which has long been accustomed to take everything as it finds it; and because no noble popular life protects it from the superciliousness and whims of solitude. It was impossible that a minstrel of ancient Greece, an ancient knight or citizen, could, in the midst of a people who lived properly, be seized with those high-bred whims, which are most plentiful among our most distinguished poets and thinkers, because they, sitting in their studies, far removed from practical life, and over their teas and fires, must necessarily pick up all sorts of strange materials.

ÆSTHETICS, AND THE LITERATURE OF ART.

It is but natural that,—situated upon the vantage-ground of ages, surveying the works of many centuries, and placed in the very centre of the present, which is insatiable in its desire for new inventions, and is spurred on by the changeful fashions as by a fury, in which all wish everything, the oldest and most recent, the furthest back as well as the furthest forward, and in which men really attempt to force into harmony the most heterogeneous things,—it is but natural that in such an age, the scientific spirit should be instinctively attracted to introduce some order into the poetical chaos, to seek for unity amidst the boundless variety, and to reduce everything to one supreme æsthetical principle.

But the practice of art required text-books. The more that beauty passed over from nature to art, from its own immediate existence and experience, into the forming of the dead matter without us, and, in fine, from the formative art to poetry, from the visible form to the mere word, and into imagination, so much the more were the æsthetical natural feelings lost; that inborn sense for the Beautiful, which, existing before all reflection, seems to be only blunted by it. The weak senses had now to be assisted with rules; the schools for art became always richer and richer in words and rules, the poorer they became in beauty.

Though there have been many theories and histories of art, and though these have contained much that is excellent, yet they have never completely satisfied the want, and a good system of æsthetics is still a desideratum. The reason why we are never thoroughly contented with what we possess, seems to me to consist chiefly in the circumstance that they are all too abstract, and too little calculated for the sphere of the imagination. They generally nourish the understanding with rules and principles, and fill the memory with technical and historical names, but they give no form, no perception of the Beautiful; they never address the imagination; so that we may peruse whole volumes of theories and histories of art, without ever arriving at a distinct representation of that beauty of which the authors are continually talking. Yet the imagination is the faculty upon which æsthetics, as well as practical art, must work, if it does not wish to fail in its aim. What do we care for those long philosophical and technological speeches, if we do not, at their conclusion, obtain a proper and distinct representation of the Beautiful?

The history of the science of æsthetics, as it has been developed in Germany, will most plainly prove where its faults and deficiencies lie.

Our literature of scientific æsthetics commenced with manuals for artists, in which the master taught his pupils the mechanical means of art. The venerable Albrecht Dürer, whose Instruction in Surveying may, with justice, be ranked with the works of Vitruvius and Leonardo da Vinci, stood at the

head of these masters. Since that time, numerous works, all of them more or less excellent, have been published on every branch of art., Yet however necessary these may be, we cannot say that they alone found a system of æsthetics; for they examine the beautiful not for itself, but merely in reference to the means by which it may be artificially produced. These systems are, of course, indispensable to the practical artist, since every particular art presupposes a peculiar technology, by which the master communicates to the pupils the rules, the manipulation, and the secrets of the practice of art. As all the means of art are subordinated to their object,—beauty,—we cannot say how we should make it until we know what we have to make.

A mistake, however, has been committed here. A technological method, united with one of a philologico-archæological nature, to found an aristocracy of learned connoisseurs, who endeavoured, by bringing prominently forward all the external accompaniments of art, to throw everything beautiful into oblivion. Men long talked of nothing but lines and pigments, of chisels and brushes, and of the application of countless artificial rules. Venus, however, was not explained by the chisel, nor the Madonna by the pencil; neither was much light thrown upon the poems of Virgil and Pindar by the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, or Hermann's system of metrichs, nor upon Mozart's Don Juan by Türk's thorough-bass. Art is something entirely different from the selecting of the marble, from the handling of the chisel, from the mixing of the

colours, from the preparing of the instruments, and the taking them into the hand; and the beauty itself, which is attained by these mechanical means, is something quite different. The instrument, with which the work is performed, must never be confounded with the work itself. We must never imagine that beauty exists only in works of art, and that works of art serve no other purpose but that of affording the connoisseur an opportunity of analyzing every stroke of the pencil, and showing how the thing has been made. That may be called begetting children to anatomize them as soon as they are born. There are, however, an immense number of Banausian friends of art, who, oppressed by the spirit of trade, are constantly mistaking the foot for the last; so that they never ask, Is it beautiful? but always, How is it made? If they have a Raphael before them, they speak only of the canvass, its texture, and the pigments, precisely as the philologists, when reading Plato and Sophocles, think of nothing but the application of the rules of grammar. If they have all the Greek, Latin, Italian, and French technical words at their fingers' ends, they fancy that they thoroughly understand the whole matter; and if they happen to see at the first glance whether or not a defect in an old painting has been retouched, they are far better pleased than if they had, at the first look, comprehended all the beauty and meaning of the picture. In their compendiums and criticisms, they speak only of these mere externals; so that in perusing their long descriptions, the heart

neither acquires a new feeling, the understanding a new conception, nor the imagination a new image. However much it may be the endeavour of the artist to work, so that the labour is not perceived, and that no one thinks of him and his toil, still these technological pedants eat like wood-worms into his work, preying on the oil and fat of the beautiful colours, the mere glimmer of which should delight our very eyes. This is the reason that there are artists, who, paying homage to this species of criticism, degrade their works to mere technological feats, in which we see at the first glance, the merely mechanical assiduity; and wondering at this, we never think of the strange question, What is the real meaning of this artificialness, in which its beauty is intended to consist?

These technological compendiums were, as soon as the study of classic models began to be general, joined by a second class of the same kind. These consisted of archæological investigations.

The history of taste and of art, however, cannot compensate for the loss of real æsthetics, though it was generally hoped that this would be the readiest way of attaining the object in view. History did not search after the Beautiful, but *in* the Beautiful only the Historical; the characteristics of different ages, the connection of art with religion, customs, and nationality, costumes, the æsthetical path of culture, everything academical, the fate of artists and their works, &c., were mere secondary matters, the consideration of which withdraws men from what is really beautiful.

Every one knows what a disproportioned preponderance Winkelmann and his century have attributed to this archæological auxiliary science of æsthetics. This was very natural in that learned age; yet these connoisseurs, led astray by the glory of their office, allowed themselves to be taken in by all that pedantry, which is generally the result of a culture and learning which is one-sided. Thence arose that load of quotations, antiquarian notices, acute remarks on costume, biographical notices, &c., by which the science of æsthetics was almost entirely suppressed. Was it possible that any one could point out beauty, when all that we were told was, where the artist was born, what was his name, what were his domestic virtues and vices, what cardinal or duke paid him, what was the occasion which called forth his work of art, what sum this or that Jew paid for it; indeed, even Lessing and Winkelmann have filled many pages of their works with such-like trash. We may be pretty certain that very much of this sort of information is totally useless, and that the remainder is but partially the property of æsthetics. The historical interest which these notices possess is not purely æsthetical; so that though they are compelled to pronounce opinions upon costume, upon symbolical representations, upon accidental, occasional, and individual singularities, as they occur in so many works of art, yet they have as little to do with the science of æsthetics, as those objects to which they refer have to the beauty of excellent works of art. The more unintelligible a work of art is, it is conse-

quently the less beautiful; at least we are less able to enjoy it, in consequence of the attention being distracted from the beautiful to the enigmatical.

If the interest of a work of art consist merely in its obscurity, in the difficulty of understanding it, in its rarity or strangeness, the antiquary may devote his attention to it; but the student of æsthetics should leave it alone. Both mother and child are in a bad way, when the antiquary has to be called in, like an accoucheur, without whom the æsthetical birth cannot see the light of understanding. There are, however, among artists, many such accoucheurs, who, taking a sort of medical pleasure in all sorts of strange freaks of nature, and abortions of antiquity, value the ugly and monstrous works of the obscure ages, in which art took its origin, higher than the ideals of later times, just as there are some physicians who would rather possess dead children preserved in spirits than living ones.

The history of the beauties of art but too often throw into the shade the beauties of nature, which lie beyond all history. There are fools, who think nothing beautiful that is not chiselled or painted, which has not been chiselled or painted at this or that particular time. People wonder, for example, how truly the Greeks, the old German painters, and Shakspere, understood nature, yet they despise nature itself. They praise the beauty of Raphael's pictures, yet pass indifferently over their reality. It would be all very well, if they admired only what is truly natural and beau-

tiful in ancient art; but they often admire what is remarkable merely from its historical connections, or is ancient or affected.

A third sort of æsthetical compendiums began about the same time as the new interest taken in philosophy during last century. Men began to classify the arts, and to reduce them to a system; and as the experimental psychology had, during the whole period which preceded Kant, been the hobby of German philosophy, a state of affairs brought about principally by the example of the English, we saw those favourite psychological regulations take their rise, which are still all-powerful in the province of æsthetics. Men having begun to discriminate between those powers of the soul by which we create the Beautiful,—genius, talent, wit, &c.,—and those by which we feel the beautiful, charms, exaltation, emotion, laughing, terror, &c., transferred these inward operations as external qualities to the Beautiful, and consequently distinguished between the charming, the exalted, the moving, the laughable, the terrible, the sentimental, the naïve, grace and dignity, &c. These differences are really correct and necessary, but they do not by any means exhaust the science of æsthetics; they do not nearly answer all æsthetical questions. They are conceptions of the understanding; abstractions, in which precisely that which is of most importance in æsthetics, the definite representation of one particular beauty, vanishes from our sight. We think, but we neither see nor feel, because the imagination cannot begin anything with such abstractions. We get

the mere empty names and shells in which beauty is to be set, but beauty itself is not to be found. A few sorry examples, which travel like ghosts through the dreary building of logic, remind our imagination more of what it wants than of what it has acquired.

I am very far indeed from wishing to deny the theoretical and practical importance of the investigations on the power of the feelings, on the faculty of the imagination, &c.; but I am of opinion, that these inquiries do not properly belong to the province of æsthetics, but to that of psychology. It is something totally different, whether I look upon the beautiful object itself, analyze its qualities, and imprint its stamp upon my memory,—or whether I wander away from the object into myself, and inquire what operations and dispositions follow that look,—or whether, wandering still farther away, I transport myself into the soul of the artist, and examine his genius and talent. The science of æsthetics must employ itself with the first alone, with the object, the others belong to the province of psychology.

The critical philosophers of the school of Kant were the principal agents in diffusing a love for this psychological course of proceeding, which was upheld even by the later philosophers of the absolute, who had exalted only to the rank of an idea, what the former had assumed as a mere critical distinction of a notion. Thence comes it that we everywhere hear of the idea of the beautiful, the exalted, grace, dignity, the comical, the tragical, the naïve, the sentimental, &c.

In thinking of these things, men have quite forgotten, that the beautiful has also objective marks and signs of distinction, which are more immediate and of far greater importance than those former merely subjective ones, which are derived from the latter. The psychological method can be only excused by its convenience; it cannot be justified. The classification of our sensations is simpler than that of the objects. We comprehend many objects under one principal feeling which they produce. But this summary course of procedure does not do away with that immense difference which obtains in a subjective division of collected objects; so that if we wish to discriminate more accurately, these divisions will give us but little assistance. We are sensible that every individual object produces in us a peculiar sensation, which is akin, it is true, to similar ones, yet is always different. As neither these divisions, nor this scanty psychological terminology, suffice to point out such particular sensation, we must name the object itself, if we wish to point out its corresponding sensation. We must name the rose, to denote its smell, as we cannot do this by means of general definitions of smell. If the psychological student of æsthetics wishes to be at all understood, he must bring forward examples which illustrate the rule. No analyses of sensation, no general definitions of those objects which call forth sensation, will be of any use, unless we see the definite individual object.

Within the last forty years these psychological compendiums were succeeded by others of a

purely metaphysical character. The science of æsthetics was, in the great philosophical systems, classed along with those of physics, logic, and ethics; beauty with truth and goodness; thus degrading æsthetics from the rank of an independent science, to that of a sect of the great philosophical church, a wing of the philosophical building. Who could doubt that philosophy possesses, unconditionally and necessarily, the right of drawing everything, even including the Beautiful, within the circle of its universal view? When we consider, however, that philosophy, in observing beauty, bases its conclusions entirely upon truth, we must confess that this aim is not one which æsthetics can pursue for itself: and as there must always be an independent science of nature and of historical life, in addition to natural philosophy and a philosophical system of ethics, so in like manner there must always be, in addition to the philosophical system of æsthetics, one purely empirical and practical, which must never be confounded with the former. They have, however, been too often confounded. Some have imagined that they were pointing out the Beautiful, while they were all the time merely integrating and differentiating, polarizing and depolarizing, subjectivitating and objectivitating, realizing and idealizing, &c., in the most empty abstractions. In heaven's name, what has the artist or amateur to do with this terminology, which must always continue barbarous in æsthetics, however correct and indispensable it may be in philosophy? How can our imagination be so enriched by such

empty words, that it shall become capable of applying rules to experience, and of actually improving the taste produced by the compendium?

Yet this philosophical method of procedure predominates in our own age to such an extent, that, having forced itself into the daily journals, it seems prepared to attack and to annihilate experience in its own province, and, for the future, to look upon everything in an *a priori* philosophical manner. Philosophy is not confined to its school; it wishes to tyrannise over life itself, so that by letting itself down, as it were, from heaven to earth, there arise out of this union, monsters and changelings of literature, which by their monstrous nonsense perplex the language, though they cannot do it much harm.

The æsthetical sense, and the decisions which are based upon taste, exist in us before and independent of all philosophy. We know what is beautiful, and what is not so, immediately upon perceiving the object. Neither the amateur in enjoying, nor the artist in producing the beautiful, ever think of philosophy. The Beautiful is given to him, without requiring the slightest co-operation from the unfolding of a philosophical notion, so that when he at length attempts to bring philosophy into some relation with beauty, he will deduce the philosophical idea from the given experience alone; while, on the other side, he will never absolutely misconstrue experience until it corresponds to what a preconceived philosophical dogma may perhaps require of it. All mistaken inferences from distant principles, which contra-

dict experience, will be dispelled like thin clouds before the immediate reality of the Beautiful.

Philosophy is wont to begin with a negation of the Beautiful, to consider it for a time as non-existent, and then, at last, to demonstrate its existence out of nothing, as something possible, necessary, and real. It at length arrives at that point whence we set out, thus coming by the most circuitous route to the presence of that beauty which is so close to us. Beauty does not gain in the slightest degree by this minuteness, with which it is intentionally treated, and with which it is, as it were, secretly sported; neither, however, does it lose anything, for it remains always the same, no matter in how many different ways philosophers may choose to conduct it.

As philosophy has to do only with truth, it seeks in the Beautiful only the True, whilst the science of æsthetics, on the contrary, seeks in the True only the Beautiful. Two ideas commonly prevail in the minds of philosophers, that of necessity in all things, and that of goodness, between which the idea of the Beautiful falls as between two stools. The philosopher proves that it is so, and must be so! He further proves, it is good as it is! but he never troubles himself whether or not it is beautiful as it is. The majority of philosophers look upon the beauty of the world in comparison with its reality, necessity, and suitableness to the end in view, as nothing but a kind addition of the Creator, and, in a certain sense, as something merely accidental; indeed many, very many philosophers would, had they created

the world, have altogether forgotten to make it beautiful. They seldom know what they should do with beauty; it has, therefore, in their systems, been pushed, like a useless piece of furniture, sometimes to one side, sometimes to another, and has been placed sometimes between, sometimes under, truth and goodness. On the other hand, some mystics have been bold enough to subordinate truth and goodness to beauty, and to consider everything in the world as beautiful, because they saw and felt the love of God in everything. What has been said may suffice to show that the philosophy of beauty, the investigations respecting the æsthetical powers of the mind, the history of art, and technological directions, can never form the science of æsthetics, though their rank as auxiliary sciences will always remain unshaken.

The science of æsthetics itself is merely the doctrine of objective beauty, that is, of beauty as it appears directly in external objects. What is the nature of the beautiful object? That is the only question which æsthetics are called upon to answer. What are the general relations which this beauty bears to the essence of things? what divine intention or necessity lies at its foundation? when, and under what circumstances, did it take its origin? who brought it forward? by what powers and means was it enabled to arise? what effects has it manifested upon us? &c.; all these are questions, the answers to which are beyond the bounds of pure æsthetics. If these questions are intermingled, an inextricable confusion must arise, a confusion like that which now prevails.

The office of pure æsthetics is to exhibit the facts of beauty, as that of natural history is to exhibit those of nature. It must be a mirror, a comprehensive monument of beauty, as natural history is a mirror and a monument of nature. It reduces the Beautiful to a system in the same way as natural history reduces nature to a system; for it collects and compares everything beautiful, arranging them according to the laws of their affinities in genera and species, which unite of themselves in a natural system. Extensive experience and collection, correct comparison and arrangement of beautiful phenomena, is the only task of æsthetics.

This task, however, is, like those of natural history, difficult to perform, notwithstanding its simplicity, because it requires an immense experience, an immense knowledge of detail; and it is the more difficult, as the students of æsthetics, having hitherto directed their attention exclusively to those matters of minor importance, conduct which has been already found fault with, have done scarcely anything for their chief business, the natural history of beauty. Æsthetics have still a double aim in view; partly to distinguish between truly Beautiful, and what has hitherto been considered as such, partly to discover that beauty with which we are still unacquainted. The former is necessary, because men, continually disputing about beauty, consider much as beautiful which is really not so, or much as not beautiful, which is so; the latter is necessary, because men are far from observing everything beautiful, of which they ought to take notice.

There is only one means,—comparison of beautiful objects,—by which we can attain this double end. He who wishes to discriminate, must first be able to compare. Taste cannot pronounce a certain opinion, unless it have an opportunity of comparing the truly beautiful with the less beautiful, the perfectly beautiful with the partly beautiful, the most beautiful with the less beautiful. In like manner, he who wishes to discover new beauties, must first institute comparisons among those which already exist, as, in accordance with the laws of analogy and association, he will most surely be led from two already given beauties to the discovery of a third yet unknown.

We must, however, have had an extensive experience, and a great acquaintance with the Beautiful, before we can be able to institute comparisons. Where this was wanting, the mere philosophical reasonings and the so-called fantasies on art have almost always proved abortive, serving rather to perplex than to enlighten taste. Experience, however, is not to be sought where men have hitherto boasted so much about it, that is, not in the province of works of art alone, but also, and principally, in nature and life itself.

The school of Schlegel and Solger have, in accordance with the principles of Goethe, contributed most to the deification of art. Goethe himself looked upon beauty as nothing but the result of a fortunate treatment[1]. Nature ought, according to the arguments of Solger, to be beau-

[1] Kunst und Alterthum (Art and Antiquity), vol. ii. p. 182.

tiful only in so far as it may be conceived by the mind of the true artist. This may be called putting the bridle on the horse's tail. Art exists, and, as Aristotle long since said, remains an imitation of nature; so that though this be within the limits of beauty, yet beauty existed in nature before it did in art.

Carl Seidel[2], whom I look upon as the warmest friend and best connoisseur of the Beautiful, was only half right, in expressing, in his valuable work Charinomos, his wish to see æsthetics treated in an historical manner. This may and ought to hold good of that portion of art which is beautiful, and which is always changing with the age, but not of the beauties of nature, nor of that portion of the beauties of art which always remain the same. He lays it down as a rule based upon experience, that æsthetical culture has been always determined by the spirit of the age, and that every art has experienced its full blow only once during a definite period of the history of the world. He shows, that what has once disappeared, never returns as it was, and that the endeavours to raise anew the spirit of ancient art, whether in its antique and plastic, or in its romantic form, as referring to architecture and painting, must necessarily remain ineffectual, or must lead only to false results. He therefore also thinks, that all art must be conceived in an historical manner, and that the science of æsthetics has nothing more pressing in hand, than to

[2] Alive, in Magdeburg.

represent the Beautiful in its various successive appearances, or unfoldings, at sundry times and in various countries. This historical division appears to him far more suited to the end in view, and far more natural, than any of a technical or philosophical kind; and he is decidedly in the right. Who is not aware that, for example, the architecture of the ancients is more closely connected with the antique plastic arts, than with the Gothic architecture? and again, that the great symbolical chivalrous poems of the middle ages are more akin to the Gothic cathedrals, than to Virgil or Homer? The similarity of the material in which the mind of two totally different ages is represented, is not of so much importance as the similarity of the mind which manifests itself in all the arts at once, in one and the same age in different materials. Whenever, therefore, we speak of art, Seidel's theory must without doubt be employed.

This meritorious writer on æsthetics, however, seems to have been sufficiently aware, that even beauty is by no means confined to art, that it existed in nature before the origin of art, and that, even when we have attained the summit of perfection in art, we should never neglect nature, the mother of everything beautiful. Were æsthetics, for example, to express itself about the beauty of a landscape in terms corresponding to the confined conditions of landscape painting, it would be worse than pitiful, it would be wrong; for we cannot speak of the beauty of landscape painting, unless we have the original in our mind's

eye. Much, everything in nature, is, like the landscape, independent of historical conditions, in so far as it is not the work of our culture. The student of æsthetics may, therefore, venture to apply the standard of history to the beauties of art; only, however, to those, for he must ever look upon the beauties of nature as in themselves free from all changeableness. But he must do still more; he must point out the eternal and inexhaustible fountain of new displays in art, in addition to that which is merely the perishable production of a never-returning age. He must, consequently, make a threefold distinction between the beauty of nature, which admits of no higher unfolding; the beauty of art, in so far as it has been onesidedly completed in different ages by definite steps; and again, the beauty of art, in so far as it is capable of a boundless development in futurity, in so far as life can never die in it, but must make new displays in an ever-young metamorphosis.

Solger maintained that the Beautiful was an interpenetration of the Idea, and of Appearance or Form; that the Idea originates only in the human mind, whence the artist transfers it to reality or appearance, interpenetrating the form with it; and that works of art are thus produced.

I maintain, on the contrary; The Idea lies not in the mind of the artist but in external objects, or in the mind of the artist, only in so far as it lies in external objects. Every species of external things, whether in nature or in life, bear their own idea within themselves. The artist cannot

beget this idea within himself; he can cognize only what is without himself, and can copy nature from the idea which lies in it. The whole series of æsthetical ideas, which are supposed to take their origin in the mind of man, are not of any use; they are a mere dry system of abstractions. This series must be opposed by the vivid succession of ideas which lies in the very nature of external things. The Sublime, the Charming, the Dignified, the Graceful, the Tragical, the Comical, &c., are mere dead conceptions, abstracted from a mass of heterogeneous objects; living ideas, on the contrary, which are all something real, independent and peculiar, are, for example, the ideas of male, of female, of spring, of death, of love, of war, of honour, &c. These are centres of fixed and peculiar æsthetical circles. The artists of ancient times were evidently more conversant with this natural series of ideas, than with the philosophical series of conceptions of our modern æstheticizers. The ideas of male and of female were more vividly pictured in their eye, than those of the Noble and Charming. Man is noble, but nobleness does not constitute the man. Woman is charming, but the charms do not constitute the woman. It is easy for the philosopher to abstract the conceptions of the Noble and Charming from man and woman, but it would be utterly impossible for the artist to form a man and a woman from the mere conceptions of the Noble and Charming, did they not already exist in nature. The ancient artists never philosophized. They saw in the mass of the male world the idea of manhood,

and in the mass of women the idea of womanhood. They studied all the marks of manhood and womanhood, representing in their Apollo the perfect image of the former, and in their Venus that of the latter. Precisely in those cases in which they really laboured to portray abstract conceptions, for example, grace in the Graces, they were guilty of producing something allegorical, cold, and modern; and only in those cases in which they followed the idea presented to their view in nature, are their delineations perfect, warm, living, and eternal as nature itself. Their Venus is the eternal model of a woman; their Diana, Juno, Pallas, Hebe, are mere shades of women; their Horæ, however, their Muses, &c., are nothing but embodied conceptions, beautiful merely by accident, and only accidentally what they are. These allegories might be differently expressed, which the idea of a woman cannot be; that is the difference.

All artists, even without being themselves aware of it, hold, in principle, by these eternal ideas which lie in nature itself. All artists, from Phidias, who represented the ideas of man and woman in the noblest situations and shades of character, down to the animal painter, who endeavoured to frame an ideal model for horses, base their systems upon natural ideas, if they be not led astray by the prevailing opinions. Architects do the same. It is not true that they endeavour to realize abstract mathematical conceptions; that they proceed merely upon the idea of a circle or a triangle. No: they proceed upon the idea of a building, of

a temple, of a palace, of a theatre, employing mathematics merely as a useful assistant. Poets always proceed upon the same principles. They represent the ideas of a passion or of a virtue, of a natural situation (for example, of domestic life), of war, of the church, of the state, &c., which are, in themselves, sublime or attractive, tragical or comical, and not merely dead conceptions of the Tragical or Comical, from which a tragic hero or a real act or event could never be produced.

These natural ideas, which exist in the peculiar nature of things, must always be present to the mind of the critic. What work of art that ever existed could be criticised by our philosophical handbooks of æsthetics? I cannot, for example, review the most trivial novel, without asking,—Do the actions of the hero correspond with the idea of manhood, of love, of honour, &c., or do they not? do the situations correspond with the ideas of domestic life, of patriotism, of state, &c., or do they not? We can judge on each point only according to the idea which lies in it; the knight by the idea of chivalry, the priest by that of the priesthood, the German, Frenchman, or Englishman, each by the idea of his own nationality. As each reviewer involuntarily criticises in this manner, it never occurs to him, when doing so, to think of the useless formulæ of the æsthetical compendiums. Criticism of the arts of form and design (*bildende Künste*) cannot be carried on in any other way. The critic must first see whether a building, a statue, a picture, corresponds with the idea which lies in objects which

each is intended to represent. Criticism cannot judge correctly, unless it know these ideas correctly; and it is only when this is the case that we can be sensible of all the beauties which the artist has imparted to his work. To hunt in a picture-gallery only for conceptions of sublimity and grace, is not a whit better than hunting after red or blue colours. What is composed of abstractions from several paintings is merely the means,—the unimportant; the essential is that which is peculiar to every statue or picture,—its definite object.

I must not be reproached with here confounding beauty with truth. I am very far from wishing that a work of art should be nothing but a true copy of the original. No: it ought to be true, but it should also be beautiful, not by copying objects as they really are, but by bringing to light the idea which is in them. A faithful likeness of a man is true, but not on that account beautiful; the ideal of manhood is both true and beautiful. Beauty, however, does not here consist in anything abstract or general which can be separated from manhood, but entirely in the truth with which not an individual, but manhood, is here conceived. There is no general æsthetical standard by which every possible beauty may be measured. Every species of objects has its own æsthetical standard; one peculiar Type, which, remaining the same even in the perfect ideal, differs in some prominent characteristics from the type of every other species. There are various æsthetical degrees, according as the individuals

of one species are more or less removed from their own ideal; but the ideal of a species itself must, in consequence of the peculiar and unchangeable type within it, never be placed in one and the same class with other ideals. The difference of objects renders completely impracticable the traditionary æsthetical formulæ, which are derived from subjective distinctions. Nature stamps artists with her eternal type; thus preventing those types from being ever obliterated by the rude attempts at forming smooth systems.

A system of æsthetics, founded upon such principles, does not yet exist, is probably impracticable, and will, at least, remain always a fragment. I cannot, however, think that one of a different nature would fulfil the purpose for which it is intended.

Should coming centuries be more successful than those which are past, in bringing about The Æsthetical Education of the Human Race[3], a system of æsthetics may then be found. It depends upon the will and the co-operation of all. The St. Simonians have already dreamed of an amelioration of the whole earth; of a union of æsthetics with national economy.

I cannot easily tear myself away from this subject, because I think it really practical, and of great importance, and because I am very fond of it. The cognition of the Beautiful, in nature and in life, and the tendency to ameliorate that which

[3] This is the title of one of Schiller's most valuable philosophical essays.

is susceptible of improvement, is, indeed, a duty which we owe to society. It is a monstrous contradiction in mankind, that they so often debase themselves, in an æsthetical point of view, below the beasts, by paying so little attention to the beauty of their own appearance; that they so often desecrate "the temple of the body;" that they afford so little assistance to external nature, to landscapes; nay, that they often prevent it from spontaneously producing a paradise.

We now believe that it has always been so, but that is not true. Our habits and dress, our labours and pleasures, are a mere deviation to want of beauty, or to absolute ugliness, which, being new in the history of the world, merits a careful attention. We believe that when anything is pernicious, it must also be ugly; but this is not the case. But is not familiarity with ugliness a moral evil, and therefore also a physical one? I am convinced that the absence of all romanticism, the removal of all noble emotion, the utilitarian hunting and longing of our age, in consequence of which the so-called money-marriages are become so common even among the lower ranks, has had a very injurious influence upon the young of future generations. What kind of a race can parents produce, who marry merely for money or for an establishment? On the other hand, the educated public are inflamed with written novels and feigned passions; but is not this hunting after a dreamy love, really worse than these prosaic marriages?

Our aspirations, our stiff amusements, the tastelessness displayed in the manufacture of even the

pettiest articles of household furniture, have produced a familiarity with what is ugly, which has, like a second nature, repressed the primitive and correctly-judging instinct of nature. Ah! that is beautiful! we hear every day; and should we be terrified when we see why the clear eyes of the daughter, and even the dim ones of the father, who is oppressed with the cares of office, are lightened up with a new fire? And what produces this effect? a sleeve as thick as a waterspout, a tobacco-pipe, and such-like things. Such are the objects which the mass of the people call *beautiful.* Everything intended to appear beautiful in the eyes of the people, must be *made.* This is a very characteristic feature. The most tasteless copper-plate hangs alongside of that of the beautiful girl, yet it never occurs to any one to pull down the daub from the wall.

Artists themselves are not thoroughly acquainted with nature. In Rome, all, leaving other beauties unpainted, run after that model which happens to be the fashion of the day, and whose portrait is sought after by purchasers. The reigning king of Bavaria was the first who hit upon the happy and palpable idea of getting the prettiest girls of München painted during the bloom of their beauty. A Walhalla[4] of this kind would really be worth something. How noble

[4] *Walhalla-Norse Walhll,* the Hall of the Dead. A palace in which was the paradise of the ancient northern nations. It is also the name of a palace which Ludwig the present king of Bavaria has built. For some account of it, and also of the gallery mentioned above, see Mrs. Jamieson's Sketches, vol. ii. p. 54.

would it be, could we, after the lapse of centuries, see the faithful portraits of the fairest maidens of our beautiful fatherland collected in a gallery? And in like manner, those of the most beautiful; not merely of the most celebrated men, the most beautiful landscapes, &c.

Art, the free, the fantastic, which must never be checked in its godlike caprice, will, like the giant Antæus, perish in the air, if it do not receive fresh strength from the firm earth of nature.

I must, however, return to the literature of æsthetics. I will mention only the Coryphæi of these different kinds. The old compendiums are now almost completely forgotten. So is the first attempt of Baumgarten[5] the follower of Wolf to draw up a mathematical scheme of æsthetics, or to reduce it to a scientific system. The influence of Bernini, of the modern Roman and French, or really Versailles' bombast of art, which prevailed in Germany, as everywhere else, was of far more consequence, yet it left no traces of any importance in the literature. As soon as the English, returning to a noble simplicity, opposed themselves to the French, the latter as usual appropriated to themselves the merits of others, thus giving rise to a rivalry as to who was best able to interpret the old law of Aristotle "Art should imitate nature," a

[5] Alexander Gottlieb Baumgarten, born at Berlin, July 17th, 1714; died at Frankfort, May 26th, 1762: De Nonnullis ad Poema pertinentibus; Ethica Philosophica; Jus Naturæ; Æsthetica (he was the first who used, or at least who brought into general use, this word.

rivalry, into which the Germans enthusiastically entered. Berlin then depended upon the French Batteux, who saw nature and nothing but nature; only, however, through the medium of the vitiated taste of the French court, and who looked upon the courtezan's . . . as Rabelais called it, in the pastoral poetry, with as much naïveté as if the courtezans of Paris had been really shepherdesses. In short, Batteux was the first who propagated that affectation of nature, which is at present such a favourite; Ramler was his apostle in Berlin, perhaps because the king loved everything French, perhaps only out of servilism. Sulzer, a Swiss, who was connected with Bodmer, Breitinger, and the new Swiss school, (which followed the principles of the English, in opposing a real nature to one merely affected,) achieved no æsthetical reform in Berlin; yet he introduced a certain general knowledge by means of his Lexicon of Art, which contains some old technical rules, some historical notices, and some directions for the formation of a good taste in accordance with the dictates of nature.

People still spoke about colours as if they were blind. The great majority of the educated public employed themselves principally with poetry, that is, with the classics, or the French imitations of the classics; which were then all the rage. No attention was paid to other arts; the architect was allowed to devote himself to architecture, the painter to painting, without it ever occurring to him to put into practice his opinions on these arts,

or to seek for enjoyment in their observing them. The noble cathedrals of the middle ages were, in the ancient cities, constantly before their eyes, but their eyes being shut to the art with which they are built, it never occurred to any one to think them beautiful. It was far more fashionable to despise them as something tasteless, Frankish, and extravagant, because the honest Germans had allowed themselves to be convinced of this by the modern jesuits and French. Paintings were scarcely ever seen. Those of a by-gone age had been almost all destroyed during the wars of the Reformation; and new galleries were erected, and were shut up in the pleasure-seats, in the miniature Versailles of the less luxurious princes; for example, in that of Augustus of Saxony.

A love for art, having been once excited, it was compelled to seek for satisfation in the East. This of course could be done only by the rich. A wealthy nobleman, Herr von Hagedorn, was the first who, as patron of painters and a great judge of pictures, gave, in his interesting Observations on Painting, a kind of survey of the province of the plastic arts, thus endeavouring to disseminate knowledge of their history, as well as a correct standard of taste. Hagedorn being one of the upper classes, had nourished his love for art in courts and by travelling. Nothing was done by the scholars, the university pedants. They carried on archæological studies, but without the least taste; though the utter barbarism into which learning had then fallen, did not mani-

fest itself fully until Klotz[6] began to interfere in the criticisms passed upon the antiquities of the fine arts.

These men were all mere precursors. The real hero of the new enthusiasm for art was Winkelmann, a very remarkable man, and one who has exercised a considerable influence upon the culture of the German nation. To compare great things with little, Winkelmann[7] seems to be placed in a position like that of Luther. The hero of Wittenberg emancipated sound reason, when unreason and falsehood had taken possession of the church. Winkelmann emancipated sound taste, when tastelessness and ugliness were in their fullest and most poisonous bloom. Both were men of the people, ascended from below; both were placed in positions the restraints of which their spirits broke through. Luther cast off the monk's cowl; Winkelmann the pedantry of the school. It is true that the emancipation of æsthetics was neither so important nor so complete as that of religion. Winkelmann fled from the soil of Germany; nay, he was compelled to flee from

[6] Christian Adolf Klotz, born at Bischofswerda in Lausitz, November 13th, 1738; died December 31st, 1771: co-editor in the Allegemeine Deutsche Bibliothek; antiquarian works.

[7] Johann Joachim Winkelmann, born at Stendel, in the Altmark, (the son of a shoemaker,) December 9th, 1717; murdered at Trieste, June 8th, 1768: Monum. Antiq. inedit.; On the Feeling of the Beautiful; History of Art among the Ancients. Goethe says his works are: "Ein Lebendiges, für die Lebendigin geschrieben, ein Liben selbst."

it, for only the bright sunny Italian sky could give him, what the learned atmosphere of a German study could never have bestowed.

It is truly lamentable to think of the man, whose vocation it was to portray the kingdom of the Beautiful, condemned to live in the far North, amidst the driving snow, in a miserably flat and poor country, and confined to a dusty schoolroom. While a poor schoolmaster, he read and re-read the ancient classics; he learned them by heart; he lived only in thoughts of Greece and Rome; he sought patrons in Dresden, became a Catholic, and hastened to Italy, as to his true home. When here he showed to the world, in the models of the ancient plastic art and the painting of the middle ages, that simple beauty which had been forgotten in consequence of the turgid and ingenious feats of the age; men wondering at the blindness in which they had hitherto lived, and ascribed all the praise to the critic, whose clear eye had everywhere discovered that beauty which men possessed, as soon as they began to understand it.

A contest immediately commenced, some assisting, some emulating him. Whilst his friend Mengs[8] not only painted, but also wrote on painting and the many-sided Lessing proved in his Laocoon, that those who wished to see as clearly as Winkelmann needed not to go to Italy, the

[8] Andrew Rafael Mengs, born at Aussig in Bohemia, March 12th, 1728; died at Madrid, June 29th, 1779; Inquiries on Beauty.

Swiss Füszli[9] published his celebrated and excellent Artists' Lexicon. These critics were joined by a younger generation. Fernow[1], who expressed in his Romish Studies views very free from prejudice, was the first who dared to blame the want of taste shown in the construction of St. Peter's. There was likewise Bötticher, a man whose merit has always been unjustly lessened. This Dresden antiquarian was ridiculed first by Tieck, (in his Puss in Boots,) and afterwards by others, for treating the most petty things, the most trifling matters of dress and of costume, with as great an air of importance and respect, as if the eternal truth of the Bible, or at least the weal of the state, had been at stake. It cannot be denied that there is much pedantry both in his style and in his investigations; but this tendency to give importance to trifles, this pride about insignificant discoveries, this anxiety to detect the slightest shades, this scrupulous delicacy shown to the most ungrateful objects, this almost chivalrous gallantry of an assiduity which is not rewarded by the object, but which is itself its own reward, are not all these the marks of a true antiquary? Yes, indeed: it requires a rare devotion to give one's self up to such

[9] Johann Rudolf Füszli, born 1709; died 1793: (the whole family were great painters, Füszli was the nephew of Johann Rud:) Allgemeine Kunstler Lexicon (the work of thirty years); it was continued, and a supplement added, by his son, Hans Heinrich Füszli.

[1] Karl Ludwig Fernow, born in the Uekermark in Prussia, November, 19th, 1763; died at Weimar, December 4th, 1808: Life of Ariosto; Canova and his Works.

trifles as Böttticher did; but these trifles must be known, were it but to know that there are trifles. It is true, that the illustrations of Iffland's play, and the explanations of the plates in the annuals, are written but to be forgotten. But what Böttticher has written on art, and in particular on the domestic life of the ancients, will ever form a rich frame to the works of Winkelmann and others. Many other scholars and virtuosi have performed great services to the history and criticism of art; I may name Hirt[2], Zoega[3], Ramdohr, von Quandt[4], von Murr[5], Wendt[6], Schorn[7], Waagen[8], Johanna Schopenhauer, &c. Fiorillo's[9] History of Art is not the best possible.

[2] Aloys Hirt, born at Donau-Eschingen, June 27th, 1759; died at Berlin, 1837: Principles of Architecture; Architecture according to the Principles of the Ancients; History of the Plastic Arts among the Ancients; History of Architecture among the Ancients.

[3] Georg Zoega, (a Dane,) born at Dahler in Jutland, December 20th, 1755; died at Rome, February 10th, 1809: Origin and Use of Obelisks; Numi Egypt. Imperat.

[4] Johann Gottlob von Quandt, born at Leipzig, April 9th, 1787: Essays on Art; Letters from Italy on the Secrets of Beauty and Art; translated Lanzi's History Painting in Italy.

[5] Christoph Gottlieb von Murr, born at Nurnberg, August 6th, 1733; died April 8th, 1801: Journal of the History of Art and General Literature.

[6] Johann Amadeus Wendt, born at Leipzig, September 29th, 1783; died ibid. October 15th, 1836: edited Leipzig Kunstblatt; Principal Epoch of Art; essays.

[7] W. Schorn, alive; editor of Cotta's Kuntsblatt; History of Greece from the Rise of Ætolia and the Achaian League till the destruction of Corinth.

[8] Waagen: Arts and Artists in England.

[9] Johann Dominichino Fiorillo, born at Hamburg, 1748:

Von Rumohr and Schnaase may be considered as the junior members of this school, which may be called that of Winkelmann, or the historical school. Herr von Rumohr has a capital taste in art as well as in cookery, yet his attacks upon the old Hirt savour too much of his high connections. It is very disagreeable when two critics contend bitterly respecting the genuineness and value of pictures; if, however, one of them has recourse to high and supreme decision, what becomes of unbiassed opinions and of the dignity of the critic.

Personalities, anxieties, jealousies, sarcastic insinuations, and friendly puffs, are the soul,—a learned and arrogant language is the outward garment,—of the modern polemics within the sphere of art.

Schnaase has lately, in his Letters from the Netherlands, taken an altogether independent position; introducing with as much love as historical spirit, new arrangements and views into the world of art; a pleasing proof that love for art will be always produced by itself, no matter how disagreeable it may have been made to us by the prating and squabbling about it carried on by the academies.

The psychological student of æsthetics, who totally abstracted everything from the object to maintain those powers of the soul, by which the Beautiful is felt or produced in art, where of course neither painters nor sculptors (*bildende*

History of the Arts till our Own Times; On the Grotesque, a fragment; History of the Arts in Germany and Belgium.

Künstler), nor patrons of these arts, but poets and philosophers, who were accustomed, not to see the Beautiful immediately, but merely to muse upon it. Of this kind were Schiller, Jean Paul, Bouterweck. Though the æsthetical systems of these excellent men do not belie their noble minds, yet they are far from being their noblest and most distinguished works.

They were soon succeeded by the metaphysical æsthetikers, (principally of the school of Schelling,) as the former had proceeded from the school of Kant. It is remarkable, that those who went over from the most sensuous reality to the most spiritual idea, where the very men who had revelled in all the pleasures of art and nature. Heinse marks the transition to Friedrich Schlegel and Tieck. These three men led gradually from the classic enthusiasm of Winkelmann, through the philosophy of Schelling, to the Nazarene repentance and renunciation. Novalis, who was the real æsthetical philosopher of this period, unfortunately died too young. Solger but ill supplied his place.

It cannot be denied that this school possesses a great and luxuriant richness of ideas. The longing after noble deeds, the craving to restore the Beautiful to life, and not to worship it as a corse in art, gave the first impulse to modern aesthetics. But as men could not hope to calm the craving, or to attain the end, they erred from the very beginning. Heinse, instead of perfecting the æsthetical education of man; instead of improving the life of the great mass of the people, could only

attempt to form in an æsthetical manner private life, as an exception in the original artist, an one-sidedness, a vain privilege, which soon avenged itself by the excesses therewith inevitably connected. Tieck for some time joined in those excesses, but he soon passed over to the other extreme, from the sin to the repentance of the Magdalene, giving to æsthetics a new tendency, which awakened great hopes, by making it acquainted with the ancient church-painting and church-music, and in general with the church and with heaven. This was the tendency of the celebrated Fantasies of an Art-loving Monk; a work, the idea of which had been adopted and completed from Wackenroder, who died but too young. Friedrich Schlegel travelled by the same path from the wildest revelry to the halls of the monastery. In his Lucinda he taught Heinse's art of life, that is, the refinement of a pleasure made still more piquant by mental charms. * * *

With this school was connected the romanticism in poetry, the modern mysticism in theology and philosophy, the restoration, and the historical principles in politics, of all of which I have already given a detailed account. This new tendency manifested itself in painting, as Nazarenism; as a return to the old Italian and old German pious art. If we look upon these phenomena as reactions against the frivolous French spirit, and consider that they must soon lose their onesideedness, and accommodate themselves to the wants and conditions of the age, we must do them justice, and pardon them both the luxury from

which they sprung, and the meagreness into which they have fallen.

Novalis gave us to expect, by his excellent aphorisms, the most perfect system of æsthetics in the views of romanticism and a metaphysico-mystical tendency, which referred everything to God and supreme things. Ast published a profound, though, perhaps, too systematical, system of æsthetics, in accordance with the fundamental idea of Schelling's dualism. Solger attempted, in a fawning and delicate manner, to mediate between the enormous quantity of art possessed by the south, and the modern arrogance of mind which is the characteristic of the north, by declaring, that there was nothing beautiful except in art, that all art originated in the philosophical ideas of art, and that philosophy was, consequently, not only the lawgiver, but even the real creator of art. In this respect he anticipated his successor Hegel, in so far as the latter was pleased to attend to æsthetics; and the various crazy æsthetical systems of the Hegelians,—as, for example, that of Trahndorf,—all flowed from this fountain of mental arrogance, which, desiring to possess everything, says of everything which it wishes to possess, that it made it,—or, still worse,—it is itself.

The art-loving monks, romanticism, and Nazarenism, have, though always in a onesided way, evidently promoted the interests of art; but these musty Berliners, who found art upon thinking, Solger, Hegel, and their scholars, have, like a fog from the north, had only a cold and depressing effect.

Poetical artists, unable to commence with these philosophical positions, are offended if they are criticised according to the rules of a system which they do not understand. The friend of beautiful nature is completely disgusted with such conduct.

These philosophical praters about art, of whom there are, unfortunately, a great number, have, in so far as they have become aware that they must descend to reality, and criticise art as it is, done great harm to art itself. Nothing can be more disheartening to the artist, nothing can contribute more to render art unpopular, than the self-sufficient assumption with which philosophers arrogate to themselves the lead in matters of art, in a language which is becoming every day more unintelligible.

We must not pass over, without notice, the services which individuals have done to single arts. Those writers upon architecture, who make us acquainted with this art in an historical manner, will always be of most importance to the general public. Stieglitz[1] has written the most comprehensive history of the architecture of all nations and ages; Hirt has written principally on the architecture of the ancients; Boisserée has most profoundly analyzed the Gothic style; Weinbrenner strained every nerve to make beautiful archi-

[1] Christian Ludwig Stieglitz, born at Leipzig, December 12th, 1756; died July 17th, 1836: History of the Architecture of the Ancients; Encyclopedia of Architecture; War Songs; Legends of Faust; On German Architecture.

tecture more general in modern times. Hirschfeld, Grohmann, &c., have written upon the allied art of gardening; but they have all been excelled by the talented Prince Pückler Muskau, whose excellent work on gardening has been dictated by the richest imagination, by a most enthusiastic perception of the beauties of nature, and by the finest taste.

The best works on sculpture and painting have been written by the above-mentioned historians of art, von Hagedron, Winkelmann, Füszli, Fernow, &c. Koch[2], Geszner, and Semler, have written upon landscape-painting in particular. Heinecken wrote a History of Copperplate Printing, Unger one of Wood-engraving. Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, wrote a work on the subject.

Much has been said of the external relation which the arts of form bear to life. On the one side, the enthusiasm of the academies has attempted to reproduce, in the North, the golden age of Leo and the Medici; on the other, Koch has, while in Rome, proved by nervous prose, in Rumford's Soup, the inconveniences of this enthusiasm for art. I have expressed my opinion on these subjects, to my own satisfaction, in my Tour to Italy.

It is very natural that an universal partiality, an intermingling of all tastes, should become preva-

[2] Johann Koch, born near Bach, July 27th, 1701; went to Rome in 1729: Modern Chronicles of Art; The Argonauts, according to Pindar, Orpheus, and Apollonius Rhodius.

lent in the arts of form as well as in poetry. People not only build a Byzantine church alongside of a Gothic one, or a Gothic one alongside of an ancient public building, they even intermingle all styles in one and the same building. The same takes place in painting. Thus we have plastic forms and wet garments in pictures, which, in other respects, remind us of Raphael, Dürer, Eyk, or Perugino, antique heads of Mercury, or old German pages, or the citizen's daughter of Lucas Kranach, playing the part of a heroine.

In one respect, however, painting has preceded poetry,—in cabinet painting. While painters already seek in nature and life for new ideas and a new means of popularity, (in which the plastic arts are unfortunately sadly deficient,) our poets either range around in the land of dreams, or of the past, or represent modern life in a sentimental or humorous way, in accordance with ancient rules. The true delineators of reality, the poetical painters, are still very rare, yet poetry is compelled to follow this path. The exaggerated minuteness of the English moralists, and the caricatures of the French, who, in nature search for unnaturalness, in life for vice, plague, death, and everything hateful, have already received us among their members; so that we follow these hard-hearted leaders, without even reflecting that it is now our duty, and will one day be our glory, to excel them; to strip them of their onesidedness and degeneration, and to comprehend only the beautiful sides of nature and life.

Music is to such an extent a practical art, that

the literature which treats of it is looked upon as of secondary importance. It would be a digression were I here to enlarge upon music. I only remark, that there is even in music an intermingling of tastes, (for instance, we have sacred music, and the wildest diabolical music in the same opera,) and a decided preponderance of studied artifice and of laboured affectation, over the simple and natural feelings and their expressions, thus producing a preponderance of harmony over melody, of instrumental music over singing; a state of things which accords with the same mingling of tastes, hunting after effect, and over-refinement, which we find in poetry.

It is well known that it was the Germans, especially those of the Low Countries, who having, during the middle ages, first excited a taste for music in Italy, led the way to the full-blow of the Italian sacred music. Out of this was formed the opera music, which uniting Italy with France, favoured the progressive assumptions of that foreign (*welsch*) taste, which was side by side with politics. This foreign and secular music was, during last century, after the time of Sebastian Bach, nobly opposed by the German sacred music, from which there was again formed, by Mozart, Weber, and others, a German opera, music, which now pays homage to all possible tastes, so that a double opposition has again made its appearance, to wit, the attempt made by Thibaut to reinstate the old Italian sacred music, and the old popular melodies, and re-animating

of the popular singing, by means of singing-clubs, as was done principally by Kocher. This latter class of attempts are in some degree connected with the school of Pestalozzi, who, as is well known, aimed at teaching his pupils music, which he looked upon as one of the best and noblest means of culture.

Kiesewetter has, by his masterly work on the history of music, surpassed all that had been done by Marpurg, Forkel, and Gruber. An immense deal has been written about theory, taste, &c.; the best works are those of Callot, Hoffmann, Weber[3], Rochlitz[4], Rellstab, &c. I understand nothing about thorough bass and other compendiums. Neither do I know what I ought to say about the countless arguments about, and fantasies on music, about the comparisons of the beauties of Mozart, &c., of musical critics and anti-critics. Yet I believe that I am not far wrong in presuming, that the false enthusiasm of the romanticists, the love of consistency, and the condescending dogmatism of philosophers, and even the frivolity of ironical and frivolous writers, have prevailed to excess, even in this department of æsthetical criticism. There is commonly too much said about music. Men, instead

[3] Carl Maria von Weber, born in Holstein, December 18th, 1786, died June 5th, 1826: many operas; The Wood Nymph (when fourteen); Oberon; Der Freischütz; Posthumous Works, edited by Theodore Hell.

[4] Friedrich Rochlitz, born at Leipzig, February 12th, 1770: Remembrances of Happy Hours; Travels and Tales; Universal Musical Gazette, 1798-1818.

of listening to it, speak during its performance; behaviour, which must of course disturb the performers and put them wrong.

I shall here say only a very few words about the theatre, as I cannot now speak of the dramatic poets till an after part of the work. Though we may have boasted, and still boast of great works, which have now and then appeared, still the theatre, as a whole, has never attained a rich and full-blow in Germany. That requires a great metropolis; great, general, and national interest; and great freedom. Our theatre after giving up themy steries, (*Geistliche Festspiele,*) adopted the domestic carnival plays. Both contained a large proportion of blunt popular humour, in addition to much antiquated tastelessness; they both fell into disuse. All poetry became court poetry; every theatre became a court theatre, in which the courtly plays of Versailles, consisting principally of operas and ballets, were copied. Starched and formal tragedies began by degrees to become fashionable, when the German court poets translated them from the French, as the latter had done from Seneca. Godsched, decked out with a huge full-bottomed wig, looked upon this period as the golden age of the stage; yet he really merits praise from the German theatre for his collection of, and commentaries upon, the old carnival plays. The Silesian Stranitzki was the first who introduced cheerful life and a joyous popular tone upon the boards, by transplanting from Italy to Vienna the comedies of the inventive Gozzi, and there founding the pleasant Leopoldstadt

theatre, which has, for now more than a hundred years, remained faithful to its national character; this, however, it has done, solely by remaining in a lower sphere.

A new epoch began with Lessing. The Gallomania, having been banished, the muse descended from her tragic cothurnus to the sock of domestic life. Taste, leaving the court theatres, wandered about with strolling players, who performed the best plays and comedies of the English and modern German poets. The hero of these birds of passage was Eckhof, the first great German actor. Midway between the strolling and the stationary actors, stood Schroeder, who alternated between Hamburg, Braunschweig (Brunswick), and Hanover. Fleck remained constantly in Berlin. These talented and memorable men, acting in accordance with the views of Lessing, caused such a revolution in the German stage, that gradually leaving the French, and assimilating itself to the English, it presented to the public, with patriotic enthusiasm, all the first hopeful productions of the German dramatic poets. At that time Engel proposed a Theory of Acting, and Flögel[5] collected much valuable regarding the history of comic literature.

The courts, which were at that time making a great parade about enlightenment, adopted the

[5] Carl Friedrich Flögel, born in Silesia, December 3rd, 1729; died December 9th, 1788: History of the Literature of the Comic; History of the Human Understanding; History of the Present State of the Belles Lettres in Germany (1771); History of the Grotesque; History of Court Fools.

innovations, and favoured the German drama, when Iffland attempted to maintain the popular tone in Berlin, whilst Goethe and Schiller, in Weimar, ventured to elevate it to the ideal height of the Grecian tragedy. But its dependence both upon the courts and upon the learned dramaturgists, was not favourable to the further development of the beauties of the stage. Kotzebue and his band of petty imitators, deserting the honesty of Iffland, paid court to the social demoralization, which again prevailed in Germany in consequence of the sway of the French. The attempts to imitate the Greeks had no permanent result. On the contrary, some pieces of Goethe and Schiller awakened a great enthusiasm for that romanticism, which was afterwards nourished in the patriotic, Anti-Gallican feelings. August Wilhelm Schlegel and Tieck proved, in their dramaturgical works, the high value which should be placed upon the romantic drama, and particularly upon the divine Shakspere, as well as upon the old German plays; but as there was a great deficiency of corresponding modern dramatic poets to introduce this taste on the stage, and as Schiller was too classical for them, they were compelled to relinquish the field to their indefatigable and energetic opponent, Kotzebue, whose modern frivolity still possesses some influence. The poets were, of course, spurred on by the want felt for romantic dramatic poetry, and many have striven in this department for the garland of fame.

Yet the poets were never sufficiently acquainted with what was necessary for stage effect; those

who were, were never sufficiently poetical. The best creations were only printed; they never came upon the stage, or, if they did, they could not maintain their position; thus, at present, the romanticist, Raupach, the dramatist who is best acquainted with stage effect, but certainly not the most poetical, maintains an undisputed sway on the boards. The best actor, after the time of Iffland, was Devrient, who flourished during the epoch of Kotzebue; at present, in the epoch of Raupach, Seydelmann is the most distinguished.

What was thirty years ago all the rage, is now quite antiquated; for example, many, and perhaps the best, of the comedies of Kotzebue. Since that time no new school of poets has cultivated the poetical conceptions of real life: indeed, it was impossible, in consequence of the strict censorship under which the stage lay. Nothing therefore is acted but the old pieces, or those silly imitations of them, by modern comedy writers, or French dialogue pieces, of which the very silliest are, for political reasons, always selected. Real life, and everything in it which is noble, important, or which attracts the attention, has been expelled from the stage. The past alone is allowed to be represented to us in romantic poems; yet even that is subjected to a censorship which, being without control, takes care that scarcely one of those countless iambic tragedies is performed, which is not stuffed full of lectures upon loyalty. This direct and indirect interference of the politics of the restoration with the theatre, is, however,

perhaps, a step in advance made by the age; for it proves that the boards, which represent the world, and the world itself, stand in a certain relation to each other, whilst formerly the stage was nothing but a sort of fairy world, totally unconnected with real life.

Of theatrical criticism, little can be said but that there is such a thing. Tieck, Börne, the late Schreivogel[6] (West), and lastly Lewald, have not, by their exertions, been able to introduce a pure taste or a dignified tone into this department. On the contrary, the great majority of the theatrical criticisms contained in our journals, and partly, too, in pamphlets, are dictated by feelings of favour, bribery, rivalship, envy, wickedness, or revenge; so that, in addition to that boundless pride which stamps the most insignificant actor by the old phrase of 'Europe's first artist,' we find the most vulgar gossip, which often seeks to blame even the best actors. The best feature connected with the whole affair is, that this kind of scribbling, though still persisted in, is far from being respected by the public. The misfortune is, that far-seeing theatrical connoisseurs become daily less inclined to raise their purer voices amidst this brutal clamour.

[6] Johann Schreivogel, co-editor of the Austrian Monthly Magazine: Life a Dream, from Calderon.

POETRY [1].

CHARACTER OF MODERN POETRY.

We now pass on to poetry; an art which is, of all others, the most important to this, and, probably, to every other age. Poetry opens up the deepest recesses of, and has the greatest influence over, the human heart. Poetry alone, of all the arts, can lay bare the inmost recesses of man, the most secret thoughts and feelings of the human heart; a quality which gives it power over the human mind, to which all nations have paid homage. Poetry becomes, by means of this revelation of the human, the most efficient means, as well as the ultimate end of humanity. Poetry, however, is also the most enduring, the most imperishable, of all the arts; and this because its

[1] *Dichtkunst.* That is, all creations of the imagination. The following passage, from Wordsworth's Preface to the second edition of his Lyrical Ballads, will, perhaps, give a clearer idea of what the Germans mean by Dichtkunst.

When arguing that the language of prose differs in no respect from that of poetry, he says,—"I here use the word poetry (though against my own judgment), as opposed to the word prose, and synonymous with metrical composition. But much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of poetry and prose, instead of the more philosophical one of poetry and matter-of-fact science. The only strict antithesis to prose is metre; nor is this, in truth, a *strict* antithesis, because lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable."

monuments can be most easily multiplied and renewed. Nations change, states crumble to the ground, one faith supplants another, what was once supposed to be truth is discovered to be error, the works of art moulder into dust; poetical creations alone survive the storms of time, and shine in all the glow of youth even after the lapse of ages. Poetry weaves a garland round every age; it unites and reconciles them all. The calm and flowery islet of poetry, the 'Elysium on earth,' in which wearied souls are refreshed, in which all of every age participate in like raptures, maintains its position amidst eternal change. Even religion itself is not the abiding-place of peace, for one belief excludes all others; in poetry alone is that peace of God to be found which rude and savage minds acknowledge with holy awe, and which, taming them with the lyre of Orpheus, reconciles the most remote nations and men.

The Germans have an innate inclination for poetry; indeed, their national character may be denominated poetical, it is so enthusiastic, good-natured, fantastical, superstitious, warm, and fiery. The German possesses feelings which are extraordinarily tender and deep; a sparkling imagination, a decided propensity to the use of allegories and symbols, great dexterity in inventing the plot of a poem, an enthusiasm which carries everything before it, an acute sense for nature and the idyllic, for whatever pertains to domestic and family life, and, in almost a greater degree, for what is foreign and strange. Our poetical genius is most plainly shown by the abuses which we

commit with it, and which betray a superabundance of strength by the multitude of poems which characterize us, and by the poetical views of life, of nature, of history, and of all the sciences, which are so common among us, and for which we are despised by practical nations. We delight to intermingle the cordiality, inspiration, and oriental images, with even the driest sciences.

Those who are wont to praise the new development of German poetry, have an indisputable right to do so. Art, having become perfect in every respect, has produced immortal works, which will hand down the memory of our time to latest ages. The interests of humanity have been far more generally and successfully promoted by our poets than by any of our moralists or by our misfortunes. Literature itself has received a new impulse, in consequence of the poets having unfolded the whole charm of our language, and of the scholars having again begun to learn German, after they had fallen into the utmost barbarism of language.

The whole modern poetry of the Germans forms a particular cycle, which must be included in that of the whole modern poetry of Europe, and separated along with it, from all the earlier poetry of the middle ages, of the East, of the Greeks and Romans, and of mythical antiquity. Dante stands at the gate of the collected mass of the modern poetry; Jacob Böhme at that of the German; both alike alone. The last reflected rays of the middle ages became the radiance around the head of the new-born child: God-intoxicated seers

bathed it with holy fire. Dante appeared during the evening glow of the middle ages, Jacob Böhme in the morning dawn of the new world. But the solemn magical morning was soon succeeded by a serene, varied, bustling, and worldly day.

It is difficult, amidst the bustle of this day, amidst the glittering and sparkling of so many dazzling phenomena, amidst the change and fluctuation of names and fashions, to sketch a proper characteristic of the mass of our modern poetry. The present exercises a certain influence over us; it blinds us by the closeness of diminutive lights. We are apt, when examining one object, to forget the others; whether it be that it imperiously demands our exclusive admiration and worship, or that we hold fast by it, to keep from stumbling amidst the universal confusion, or at least to possess something and love it with our whole hearts, since our interests are, in other respects, far too general. Prejudiced opinions and judgments have thus been introduced in great numbers into modern poetry. In fact, we cannot escape them, except, by elevating ourselves above the confusion, we acquire a position in the heights of history, which may enable us to obtain an unprejudiced survey,—unless, getting rid of the present, and its pressing, angry, and opposing claims, we take refuge in the past, and measure the present by its standard.

We must pursue the history of poetry to this, its last stage of development. Poetry had already survived many great periods ere it arrived at this last one. In each of these periods it under-

went a transformation; it was unfolded in a peculiar way up to a certain height; it displayed to us its various phases in succession. Two principal periods have commonly been assumed, the Grecian or antique, and the mediæval or romantic. Schlegel has attempted to characterize them by calling the antique poetry, plastic; the romantic, picturesque. This is no idle comparison. Differences in the arts are generally repeated in each in particular. The law of their external affinity, is also that of their internal differences. Poetry varies according to its affinity with the other arts, and each of its stages of development and historical periods corresponds to one such affinity. We must not, however, be satisfied with sculpture and painting, with Schlegel's division. There are besides poetry, five leading arts, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and the drama. These in reality correspond to the various steps made by poetry. The most ancient religious poetry of the cosmogonies and myths was really architectural; the later Grecian and Roman poetry, and that called exclusively antique, were all plastic. The lyric poetry of the uncivilized nations, who flourished after the downfal of the ancient world, and before the epoch of the highest culture of the middle ages, was musical; the romantic middle ages were themselves picturesque. In fine, the modern learned poetry, which has studied the parts of all ages, may, with justice, be named theatrical, since there are contained in it as many of the ancient poetical systems, as there are arts adopted by the drama. Even our individual poets

attempt all kinds and forms of poetry, because they are parts which they are playing; formerly, each poet contented himself with attending to one single kind, after his own fashion.

The poetical inspiration of the first men appeared to unfold the last blossom of creation. The same spirit of nature, which had founded the edifice of the world, pictured itself in the cosmogonies of infant nations. Poetry was not yet separated from nature; it animated the muses; it was not yet become the exclusive property of any individual; it was divided into many deviating views, as men were into races; but it remained the property of generations; belonging to no poet, but to the people, it portrayed no hero, nothing individual, but the universe. All its forms were architectural. When the heroic age arose, the individual was separated from the mass, the heroic legend from the cosmogony, the statue from the cyclopean edifice; thus permitting history, poetry, and the plastic arts, to unfold the highest blossoms of this life, in Greece and Rome. Poetry, however, was here so closely connected with the present and its ruling characteristic, that those features of it which we call classical, were strictly the consequence of that plastic instinct of nature, which freed that generation from the obscure womb of the cosmical period, but at the same time gave it the definite form of a vegetation bounded within itself. Another great stem began to unfold itself in a new direction, as soon as that former one had withered in consequence of its onesided tendencies. As the sensuous

faculty had there freed itself from general life, the feelings here sought to comprehend themselves, so that the rising sun of love called forth the first notes from the rigid Memnon-like statue of the people. The feelings of the people were expressed in peculiar natural tones, which have now died away, as every tone dies away, of which a distant echo alone gives testimony. These are the 'voices of the nations,' as Herder named them, as old legends point them out, as they still sound in the popular ballads, and as they are still heard in their pure and primitive tones among the heathen tribes of remote parts of the world.

The nations were filled with this tendency when Christianity was introduced among them, a tendency which was unfolded to the highest pitch during the middle ages. National feelings became universal feelings; the voices intended for the national ear alone, became an image revealed to every eye. Poetry became again cosmical, and consequently architectural, in proportion as it is painting; as it, proceeding from universal cosmogony, was stiffened in the plastic forms of individuals, it again swelled forth from the various fountains of the nations into the resounding waves of a boundless sea. Christian romanticism, however, was immersed in the fickle element of the mind, in like manner as that older poetry was petrified in sensuous forms. It was therefore fettered to the same consistent form, so that even in it there prevailed a certain instinct, which could not overstep certain limits, within which, however, it moved with perfect security; the romantic

poetry thus resembling the ancient poetry in having some classic features.

This classicism, the involuntary security and harmony of the object and form, in which works of art perfectly resemble those of nature, being apparently formed by the same creative impulse which has created heaven, the mountains, plants, and animals in this particular way, as they ought to be, this is really the feature which distinguishes all ancient from our modern poetry. The poetical inspiration of these ancients was a creating natural impulse, which acted without selection and without hesitation. Ours is become an affair of reflection, and we select and hesitate.

The modern poetry is altogether theatrical. We read poetry for the same purpose that we go to the theatre, to amuse ourselves, and to be deceived in an agreeable way. Poetry is no longer connected with life; it is no longer its highest flower; it stands opposed to it, as dreams to waking. It is no longer anything involuntary or necessary; it is no longer the pouring forth of the spirit which wells forth from within; it is no longer the creation of a craving, unconscious, and involuntary impulse of nature; neither is it that free growth which arises man knows not how. It is rather become a knack, which can be employed at will, in any way, and which is a mere plaything to amuse us. It no longer arises, it is made; it no longer *is*, it only *seems to be;* it no longer believes in itself, it only wishes to deceive. To be a poet (*Dichter*) one no longer requires the inborn sacred inspiration, but only some little ac-

quaintance with what pleases the people, and some little talent; a clear and distinct consciousness of the powers of the intellect has usurped the place of the unconscious longing desire in the feelings. The poet does not create as an obscure impulse forces him to it. He sits down and reflects, what shall I do, how ought I to do this, so as to please the people? The same talents which were formerly present, when the mind of the poet, was filled with the inspiration of poetry, are now the property of the teasing commands of the intellect. Formerly, the poets had no aim in view, they only expressed themselves as the fountain pours out its waters, or as the bird sings[2]. They were greater than others as one mountain is higher than another. Now, however, they have an aim, that of pleasing people; in pursuance of this aim they strive after effect, and as they no longer aim at internal genius alone, but also at applause from without, they torture themselves about glory, and go upon stilts, so as to be higher than their neighbours.

Is it ever otherwise? yes; always with truly great and original poets. In them poetry is always, as with the old minstrels of past ages, life; and they poetize because they must, because they are impelled by an internal genius, and are careless about applause. But the great majority of poets is of that kind which I have just described,

[2] Goethe (already quoted)—

I sing e'en as the birdie sings,
That on the branches liveth.

The Harper—Wilhelm Meister.

and the very existence of this multitude characterizes our period. And even our best poets must pay their tribute to the age. They are children of this age, and the spirit of nature which dwells within them, proceeds from the nature of our age. Like the children of a player, they must themselves be players; the parts come as it were naturally to them.

Universality is the character of this age. We are all in everything. We transport ourselves into all ages and countries; we imitate everything. The pictures of the grey past, of natures the most foreign, are daily intermingled with those of the present. We journey in one day through all the zones, through every age, so that the chamber in which we remain quietly sitting, becomes the Mithra-cave on the walls of which we see pictured earth and heaven. The old poets never overstepped the bounds of their nationality; Shakspere, it is true, charmed the whole world by the spell of his creations, yet they always bore the stamp of an English and of his own individuality. Our modern poets, however, adopt along with the foreign object, foreign opinion of it; they do not only bring Greece amidst our northern woods, they even impart to their northern minds a Grecian way of thinking. The same German fidelity, with which our old painters copied nature, now distinguishes our poets, in as far as they turn to the past and the foreign. If they are impelled by a longing to the ancient Hellas, they wish to become wholly Greeks, so that they may stand before Plato, and may not be ridiculed by Aristo-

phanes. If they are charmed with the middle ages, they will not leave unnoticed a rivet on the armour of the old knight, or a cross upon the wayside. No nation equals the German in thinking itself into another. Our poets carry on a certain devotion with this certain change of parts. It is in fact a new polytheism. We make everything the object of poetical worship; we exactly resemble the old heathens in the toleration with which they adopted all foreign gods as their own, as soon as they crossed the limits of the country.

No conquest of the world was ever greater than that which our poets are now undertaking. Every corner of nature and history is minutely investigated by them, and incorporated with that immense kingdom of the imagination, of which literature projects countless plans. Yet in this universal tendency poetry follows only the intellect which had preceded it. This modern poetry is intimately connected with modern science. From it it receives its character, as the poetry of the middle ages received its character from religion. At that time the feelings held that prominent place which is now occupied by the intellect. The imagination, ever incapable of becoming independent, followed the impulse which it received there from feeling, here from the intellect. There it transformed tendencies and feelings, here it changes notions and thoughts, into images and words. The feelings turn more inwards, they draw the world in by mysterious cords; the intellect turns its attention outwards, and thoughts

become wings, which bear men through all space, through all ages. There all light and life is concentrated into one glowing sun. Here it breaks, beaming and sparkling, into countless stars, which pervade and populate the boundless regions of space.

That great empire of modern poetry which has no bounds, may yet be divided into certain systems. The principle of classification lies partly in the objects, partly in the forms, but above all in the spirit, in the manner of conception, in the views which our poetical creations give of the world. Certain schools have been formed in accordance with these principles, but it is difficult to give distinct characteristics of each. The styles of poetry have been as much intermingled in our poetical kingdom, as the nations were in the huge empire of Rome. Every one has got some qualities which belong to others, partly in consequence of individual poets passing through all parts in their struggles after universality,—partly in consequence of a whole poetical era being governed by a fashion, which impresses its characteristic stamp upon everything.

This intermixture is most striking in regard to the difference between antiquities of every kind, the memorials of which have been imparted to the poets by the learned investigations of philology and history, and the modern, which his own eyes, his own experience, customs, and disposition, impress on every poet. We therefore commonly discriminate between learned poets and natural poets, between those who borrow the

subject and the method of treating poetry from the study of the past, and those who borrow them only from the present. But this contrast is not strictly observed. Learned poets can never act contrary to their nature; let Voss, for example, struggle as much as he likes to become an ancient Greek, he will always remain an uncouth peasant of Lower Saxony. The thoughts and peculiarities of the present are, in like manner, involuntarily mixed up with every imitation of the old chivalrous poetry, and with every representation of the past. On the other side, however, the modern national poets, can never get altogether rid of the fetters which have been imposed by the influence of modern education, of the reminiscences of the past, stamped upon their minds in a thousand ways, even from their early youth. The images of another world hover around them whether they will or not; and, by means of education and literature, a countless number of conceptions, some from ancient Greece and Rome, some from the middle ages have been imparted to us, and have been so intermingled with our every method of thought and expression, that they have become a second nature.

The difference, then, is confined only to a greater or less infusion of what is ancient and foreign into our poetical literature. We must, consequently, distinguish between a class of learned poets, whom this suits better, and who, on that very account, are better relished by the more learned and polished portion of the public; and the unlearned, who are understood by the

whole public, because they adopt only those parts of what is foreign into their works, which are universally known and current.

No such difference was to be found among the ancients. They had religious mysteries, which introduced into poetry an obscurity which was cleared up only to the initiated; but their profane poetry was intelligible to every one. Learning, foreign conceptions, or foreign expressions, never prevailed in this branch of literature. This is a characteristic peculiar to our age; only with us is the public divided into two kinds—a learned and a vulgar. We possess a countless number of poems, which are all a mystery to him who is not acquainted with the whole range of mythological and historical knowledge, which is required to understand them.

Further, as we have imitated every nation under the sun, and as the greatest beauties of these imitations consist in the appropriation of the most national peculiarities, to enjoy them properly we require a more accurate acquaintance with these nations. In this the poets as well as the public differ. Situation has some influence. The best imitators of the easy and graceful French style, for example, Wieland, and, in a certain sense, also Goethe, were West Germans; the imitators of the English have all been to a man North Germans. The age too has an influence. We see the alternation of the Gallomania, the Anglomania, &c.

We have already, in the commencement of the work, spoken in general terms of the influence of

of school learning, as well as of that of foreign literature. Poetry, being also subject to this influence, borrows from them a multitude of distinctions. But the changing of parts, which proceeds from the religious and philosophical methods of thinking to the creations of, and the taste for poetry, are of even more importance than these. We Germans are so essentially various in our modes of feeling, thinking, and believing, as our separation into sects proves, that this must necessarily have an influence upon our poetry. Nature comes here, again, into play. The North German is more imaginative, more witty and humorous; the South German is more full of feeling, more serious and passionate. The natural disposition is always the fundamental principle. The very same conditions have been the cause of North Germany having made greater progress in Protestantism, the philosophy of the intellect, and imaginative-humorous poetry; while South Germany has maintained and promoted Catholicism, the philosophy of nature, and the poetry of feeling. For the same reason, the majority of the learned poets are to be found in North Germany; of the unlearned, in South Germany. The great variety in the leading views of the poet, which is based upon an innate difference of disposition, and is even more decidedly marked, in consequence of religious differences, distinguishes our poetical literature from that of all other nations. Nowhere do we find such a great and manifold variety in such decided contrasts. The general levelling has rubbed away from the sur-

face the characteristic differences, and an indifferent poetical mob spreads itself over all Germany; yet where there is any depth, there we may find those fundamental distinctions. The superficial rabble flee from it, hate it, or take compassion upon it; so that whenever a poet unites himself decidedly to one creed or one philosophy, he becomes obnoxious to the suspicion of its opponents. This often deceives us as to the worth of some of our most distinguished poets, and embitters our enjoyment in them. We need only mention Ludwig Tieck; many of whose best works are even yet contemned by a number of people, because they savour a little of Catholicism.

We shall now pass over to the single departments of poetry, and examine particularly lyric, epic, and dramatic poetry. Each of these kinds has borne rule among us; to-day the one, to-morrow another; all have been unfolded in every possible direction; nay, some poets have treated them all at once; the most universal and many-sided of whom was Goethe. Homer was only an epic poet; Anacreon and Pindar only were lyric poets; Æschylus and Sophocles only dramatists: our modern poets take pleasure in being all kinds at once. We have already investigated the reason of this.

We can see, in our modern poetry, a transition from lyric, through dramatic, to epic poetry, but we cannot strictly define the bounds of each. There can be no doubt that lyric poetry was, in the beginning, the most common. The Silesian

school, to which we must go back, was pre-eminently lyrical; as were, at an after period, the schools of Haller, Gleim, Utz, Hagedorn, &c.; and those of Klopstock, Voss, Stollberg, &c. The Germans were next seized with a theatrical mania; and Schiller, Goethe, Iffland, and Kotzebue, following the example of Lessing, founded the dramatic period, almost in the same way as in music operas succeeded arias, symphonies, and oratorios, and Mozart followed Bach and Handel. Now, however, we have become epical, in that flood of novels which threatens to overflow the whole realm of our polite literature.

This transition is very natural. Though we cannot argue that it is the original necessary course which the poetry of every nation, or of the human race in general, must pursue, yet it has become necessary for our people and our age, The poetry of the human race has begun with a system of symbols, which is purely epical; and subjective lyric poetry has been gradually evolved out of this objective world; poetry, as man himself, has always become more unfettered and more independent. That oldest poetry proceeded from a harmonious and believing view of the world; the modern poetry of the Germans, on the other hand, is based upon a rent, inharmonious, and sceptical view of things. In the ancient poetry, man passed from the whole to the part, from the external to the internal, from the objective all to the subjective personality. The old mythical epos fell into dramas, and these again into lyrical characters, in the same way as the heroic combats

proceeded from the aristocracy, and from these latter the freedom of the subject. Æschylus began to translate Homer into the drama; Anacreon extracted lyrical tirades from the plays of Euripides, like flowers from the tree, allowing them to fly about as lyrical leaves. The statue freed itself from the old walls of the temple, and stepped freely and proudly into the midst of the sacred halls, in the same way as man does into the middle of the creation, from the bosom of which he has freed himself. This was the primitive natural course of all human, consequently also of poetical development. Modern poetry, however, follows the opposite course. It is essentially a restoration and reorganization of anarchical elements, which have been completely dissolved. That old poetry, which was daily falling into a greater number of pieces, was, at last, completely dissolved during the Roman period, passing over into a state of foul corruption, until only dry bones remained, which at last mouldered into dust. Then the first great process of reorganization began in the middle ages, a new poetry opening its great flowery eye in the face of heaven. But these flowers again withered; they bore nothing but sour fruit, in the prosy, didactic, and satirical age which preceded and followed the Reformation; at last it shrivelled completely up, and fell into the mud and mire of the great military road which our neighbours made, during the thirty years' war, through Germany. The world, however, reorganized itself a second time; and in this period we now live. If we con-

sider that modern poetry had to be reorganized out of elements which had been altogether dissolved, it is easy to see that it, proceeding from a whole, cannot, like the primitive poetry of the race, disseminate itself in parts; but that, on the contrary, a whole must be sought from the concentrated parts. In individuals, a poetical feeling necessarily began to dawn, as in the putrid slime the new life begins to dawn in infusoria; and the first poetical schools had to pass through feeling, a dim foreboding, in short, through a certain poetical Mesmerism, before they could unfold that higher sympathy which we feel for everything beautiful; in like manner as nature, when engaged in forming organic matter, covers the surface of that fabulous sea, in which the germs of all future creations lie confusedly intermingled, with the green matter of Priestley, with pulpy water-plants, and troops of charming and phosphorescent water-animals, before the higher organism make their appearance in various forms. Thus we see the lyric poets, from Opitz to Voss, watery, yet feelingly alive, and shining in the old enchanted night; the poets, who are the commencement of the new development of poetry. They are soon followed by higher, freer, and nobler figures; so that a new sunlit paradise emerges from the night, and shines on the cold prosaic waters. What is thus felt, for the first time, in lyric poetry, becomes unfettered in the drama, and is harmoniously arranged, as a whole, in the epos.

If we begin with lyric poetry, we must, from what has been just said, allow a general signifi-

cance to the development of our poetry in general; and we must judge of it by this standard, and not merely by its particular, and as it were, specific value and importance. Were we to look only to the latter, we should cast aside the great majority of the ancient lyric poets as awkward beginners, and place them unconditionally below the most of our modern ones. If, however, we confine our attention to that universal significancy, even the bad poets of past times will take the precedence of the great majority of those of the present day; and the public is right enough in acknowledging this. It still values an Opitz, a Flemming, a Haller, as well as Gleim, Kleist, and Hölty, though modern lyric poetry far excels them in æsthetical contents. We always conceive that these men began what the poets of our day are continuing in a graceful and happy manner.

Lyric poetry has not only begun the new golden age, it also maintains a distinguished rank in it during its continuance. The greatest of our poets (Dichter) were lyric poets, above all Schiller and Goethe. It may be maintained that we Germans are by nature destined, above all other nations, to be a lyrical people. We always speak of German hearts. Our lyric poetry confirms the existence of this preponderating power of the sentiments and feelings. We are reminded by the songs of our bards of the oldest memorials of the Teutonic past; during the middle ages, the whole of Germany bloomed in one great lyric spring; while now every year produces many thousands of ballads. The thread of lyric poetry

has never been completely broken in Germany, though it has often been attenuated. We have always been men of feeling; and lyric poetry is the first and simplest language of the feelings. Our lyric poems are, as it were, the interest of an immense capital of good-nature and cordial feeling, which has remained faithful to us under every change of fortune.

Lyric poetry is the poetry of youth, and the youth of Germany have always been greater enthusiasts than those of any other country. Feeling gushes out superabundantly, and these young poets are probably more anxious to sing than to be listened to. Like birds in the spring of the year, they twitter on every branch, apparently all the while unconscious that their number is so great, and that they are singing nothing but the old song. They all feel a longing to make their voice be heard, yet the most of them become dumb as soon as the spring of life is past. This is the cause of the immense mass of lyrical poets, and of the similarity of their songs. Why should they not have the innocent enjoyment of blooming beside thousands of other flowers. No one ought to say anything against them in any way, unless they lay claim to immortality. This was the case even in the middle ages. Even then countless poets sung, and about the same objects too. We cannot look upon the love-minstrels (*Minne-sänger*[3]) as individuals, they were a people.

[3] *Minne-sänger*, or Swabian poets. Poets of the middle ages, whose principle subject was *minne* (love). Their works are mostly in the Swabian dialect, for about the twelfth century,

They were impelled to pour forth their feelings in song, by the same power of the mind and sentiments which now impels us, with this difference, however, that then, this power seems to have been more trusted by nature, and to have been more healthy, while no wit is more care-worn, and often diseased. Enthusiasm is often drawn from books instead of nature; it is often learned, artificial, and over-refined. Yet sound nature always again presents itself to our view.

Lyric poetry expresses universal dispositions of the feelings, or feelings in particular circumstances, which, however, may always be derived from a key-note, which prevails in the feelings. There are, in general, only four such prevailing dispositions of the feelings, which correspond to the principal styles of lyric poetry. They may be classed according to the temperaments. The sanguine disposition produces cheerful joyful songs; the choleric, fierce and warlike; the melancholic, sentimental, longing, complaining; the

the time in which they lived, this was one of the softest and most refined of the German varieties.

The *Minne-sänger* were almost all noblemen, who lived about the courts of the emperors of the Hohenstauffen family, such as Friedrich II., &c., &c., who were all great favourers of the fine arts. Their works bear a considerable resemblance to those of the Troubadours, being like them filled with the glory of devotion to the fair, of the honour of deeds of emprise done in their name, &c.

The following are a few of the most celebrated of them :— Heinrich von Veldek, Walther von der Vogelweide, Ulrick von Lichtenstein, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Hartman von der Aue, Gottfried von Strasburg.

phlegmatic, contented, idyllic songs. The object of the first is love, pleasure, and wine; of the second, country, honour, liberty, war; of the third, wailing love, virtue, religion; of the fourth, the country, a quiet life, the family. As far as regards form, the first is best fitted for the merry song, the second for the ode and dithyrambics, the third for the elegy and hymn, the fourth for the poetical tale,—the descriptive painting.

The sanguineous songs of pleasure and of cheerful enjoyment are exceedingly numerous, but, like comedies, they too often fall into sweet sentimentality, or into the vulgar and gluttonous, if I may so speak, or into silly sportiveness. One class of poets, especially those of the school of Gleim, Matthisson, Tiedge, &c., recall to their memory in the midst of pleasure some tiresome virtue, which, like a pedagogue, forces them to moderation; or, quoting Anacreon and Horace, they, enfolded in the arms of love, or busy with their wine, coquet with a classicism which is very pedantic. A second, particularly those of the school of Voss, Bürger, &c., endeavouring to hold fast by the popular tone, praise the coarse food and homely fare of the peasant. A third, in fine, especially of the school of Goethe, wishing to be delicate and refined, and yet moral withal to a trifle, like weak effeminate eunuchs. Yet we possess several very excellent songs of pleasure and mirth, which are too well known to be mentioned here. Among the latest poets of this kind Wilhelm Müller and Friedrich Rückert are honourably distinguished. The latter possesses

an immense talent for the structure and harmony of verse. By means of alliterations, assonances, and rhymes, he has brought into play the whole matter of the language, and has by the most artistical twistings given every word a musical significancy. But neither this artificial style nor the oriental luxuriance of his images are at all fitted for the expression of simple feelings. He addresses the sportive fancy rather than feeling, therefore the sanguineous style is that which is most natural to him.

We Germans are less successful than the Italians in love songs, in the cheerful sanguineous style. We are stronger in suffering and lamentation than in possession and enjoyment. Bashful and temperate we worship the loved one from a distance; we can fall into raptures when amusing ourselves with the veriest trifle; we can pleasantly comfort ourselves with her coyness, but we cannot season possession with poetry, it makes us prosaic. Love when despised, or hoping, inspires us; when fortunate, it cools us. We cannot, for prudery and a regard to decorum, arrive at any truly heartfelt pleasure. The popular songs, the *Ranz des Vaches,* the Schnaderhupferl [1], &c., of the cheerful Alpine mountaineer alone do this. The drinking-songs are certainly better in Germany than anywhere else, for we, notwithstand-

[1] *Schnaderhupferl,* a peculiar kind of songs, which are very common among the inhabitants of the Tyrol, especially of the Bavarian Tyrol. See Harro Harring's Poacher, or Flight into the Bavarian Mountains.

ing the boasts of some foreigners, are, and shall always be, the best drinkers; yet a false tone has crept in even among our drinking-songs, in consequence of the various aims of the companies which assemble round the festive board. They have become too much like spun-out toasts. The freemason drinks to mankind, the soldier to war, the liberal to his country and freedom, the student to his petty privileges. Mixed societies have a kind of songs which ought to be sung only over a glass of cold water. There we are told, that we are sitting together, that we are drinking merrily, that we have beer, wine, or punch before us, that they taste well and make us merry, and such-like things, which every one feels who has a glass before him, and is merry enough to join in any song.

Of this kind too are those songs, which in general either express, or are intended to produce, a joyful frame of mind. They point out with the utmost accuracy the vacant chair, in which the poet has wished to place poetry. They are like the superscriptions in music, allegro, andante, &c; but there are no notes. They cry out to joy, Come, appear, descend! Daughter of Jove be our guest! Or they say, She is here, beloved joy! now let us sit joyfully together, &c.

The choleric songs presuppose a noble and passionate flame; they, therefore, were seldom written where this flame did not really blaze in the bosom of the poet. They are suited only for a state of excitement, and as men do not take pecu-

liar pleasure in them in ordinary life, they are less artificial. Their object is passionate enthusiasm for honour, liberty, country, and a blazing anger at the enemy, at vices and weakness. This fire of passion is seldom purely personal, because personal passion is seldom poetical. It is commonly a social, national enthusiasm, which burns in these songs. Hölderlin is the most distinguished German among those fiery souls, for whose personal passions we are interested on account of their purity and depth. The godlike madness of this poet, is, in its way, the noblest of its kind that poetry has ever known.

The age of patriotic enthusiasm which is just past (1813), produced an immense number of songs on patriotism, freedom, and war. Schiller gave the key-note to this even at an earlier period. Körner, Arndt, Schenkendorf, singing in strict accordance with the feelings of their age, awakened a true enthusiasm. But the noblest songs were those of Ludwig Follen, the crashing trumpet-calls, joyous, noble, full of a wild and unrestrained love of battle.

The melancholic songs commonly express either the general disposition of the longing of suffering and mourning, or the feelings excited by peculiarly trying and mournful events. True melancholy, which wells forth from the soul without any external cause, seeks its own object. The young have their melancholy period, and as the young are commonly lyrical, the great majority of our lyrical poems are of a melancholy tendency. A sentimental method of looking upon nature, and

the lamentations of love form the chief subject of these poems. They are natural and moving if the feeling be true and do not o'erstep its limits. But there are very many songs which are filled partly with an artificial sentimentality, partly with an excessive, cowardly, womanly, silly whining. Thus in Matthisson, Tiedge, and Kosegarten we find too much reflection, too many learned quotations, too much intentional elegance, and far too minute description. We can easily see that the poets have felt less than they have thought; they therefore awaken sensuous representations and thoughts rather than feelings; yet these poets wishing to appear full of deep feeling, overdo its expression. They dip their pen in the ever-flowing fountains of elegiac woe, and assume a certain puling mournful tone, which we may think very natural in an unfortunate Louisa Brachmann.

Religious hymns must be numbered among those of the melancholy kind. We are very rich in them, and many of them are very excellent, yet those of Novalis are the most heart-piercing. Unfortunately, however, we always find the most beautiful pious hymns scattered up and down among collections of poems of a secular description. The church takes no guardianship of them. We still use either the old hymn-books, which were composed in a barbarous age by theologians, utterly devoid of the spirit of poetry, or bad versions of the psalms. The few good exceptions to this rule only make this abuse more visible. In this way the Protestant church deprives itself of

a mean of gaining souls. Philosophy offered itself to it, it declared war against it; poetry offered itself to it, it rejected it with indifference.

The songs of a phlegmatic kind form a sort of Flemish school in lyric poetry. Still life is the aim and end of their being. Contentment is the disposition from which they proceed; idyllic nature, the family, foolish happiness their object; Voss, Kosegarten, the army-chaplain Schmidt, with his Muses and Graces in the Mark, were the leaders of the fashion. Here, too, men have not been satisfied with nature, they have quoted the classics, particularly Horace and Theocritus. Nothing could be more ridiculous than this learned boorishness, and boorish learnedness.

During last century there were written an immense number of didactic and moral poems, which have descended even into our own. They were never of poetical value, except in so far as they, like the didactic poems of Schiller, betokened a noble and great passion and enthusiasm.

In the present century romances are become much more numerous. We have left theory for experience, the department of philosophy for that of history, so that we rather seek for examples than instructions in poetry. Our greatest poets have written romances, and the number of lesser stars who have done the same, is incalculable. Certain favourite legendary subjects have been treated ten or twenty times. One of our most meritorious romance-writers is Gustav Schwab. Other poets have commonly degraded romances, like every-

thing else, into vulgarity. All the follies of our modern novels, the insipid gallantries, the silly horror, and weakly resignation of modern times, have been laid upon the shoulders of the old knights and ladies in modern romances, so that in them we hear nothing but the ancient rhythm, resounding like the echo of an old ruined tower.

We now go on to speak of the drama. If the beginning of our poetical era has produced more lyric poems, and at present more novels make their appearance, the intermediate space between the two is filled up with plays. The heyday of the drama is now past, or at least interrupted; this is now the golden age of the novel.

It deserves notice that dramas belong almost exclusively to the modern period of German poetry. The middle ages were distinguished for their epic and lyric poetry, while dramas were not heard of till near the end of that period. The dramatic muse was the last to find her way into Germany, into which she made her first entrance, as into Greece, on the car of Thespis. Stupid religious mysteries, and secular carnival plays were her first sorry gifts. Those religious dramas never reached that ideal height which they did in Spain; and these secular farces arose and vanished along with the prosperity of the third class, without ever becoming what they were in England and Italy. Hans Sachs[5] made a whole

[5] Hans Sachs, (*Lautydorfer*), born, 1494; died, 1576; a shoemaker in Nürnberg: his works which fill three folio vols. are 420 songs, 28 comedies, 1700 fables, 73 allegories.

dramatic world pass quickly before the eyes of his age, as in a magic lantern, but the pale constrained figures vanished in the night of the age, in the thick darkness of which, Jesuitism, orthodoxy, and the witch-trials, performed one great and universal tragi-comedy in place of all others.

When Germany again recovered, the power and comfort were withdrawn from the people and taken to the courts of the princes, where alone they had time and money enough to make Melpomene and Thalia assistants to the old and silly court fools. The fashionable world at that time imitated the French and Italian customs, prescribing the theatres of these countries with all their accompaniments. But an element of romanticism had luckily maintained itself despite of the distortion of ancient taste, an element which struck out a new path in the opera, and the French comedy began to return by degrees, and pleasantly enough, to nature. At last the love of the theatre found its way into our towns, which had saved some remnants of prosperity from the middle ages, or it raised itself up anew to a prosperous condition; while the Hanse towns, above all Hamburg, opened up a way for the introduction of Shakspere's muse; thus making the drama, which had hitherto been only courtly and foreign, the property of the people and the nation. Lessing, who may be considered as the founder of the modern German drama, completed what had been begun before his time. It was not only by his taste as a critic, in holding up to the nation the best

foreign models, that he became an all-powerful oracle to the stage managers and the public; as a poet, he himself gave the first example, and pitched the German drama to that key which it has since maintained. Emilia Galotti was the first German tragedy. Minna von Barnhelm the first comedy.

After Lessing the German theatre was brought to the highest pitch of perfection, by the efforts of Goethe, Schiller, Schroeder, Jünger, Iffland, Kotzebue, &c., but it has again sunk into a state of deep degradation. Every species of dramatic poetry has again degenerated after it had long flourished in the greatest verdure. Tragedy, which attained its culminating point in Schiller, has sunk down to the fate-tragedy. Comedy, which, if not perfected by Kotzebue, attained at least a very great popularity, has again wandered away to France, and now imitates nothing but trifling French intriguing plays and vaudevilles. The emotion-plays too, which were formerly rendered altogether national in Germany, by Iffland, have now gone to France, and are become mere imitations of the horrible melodramas and criminal pieces of the Parisians. The opera, in like manner, has fallen into decay since the time of Mozart, and it now participates in all those faults which are laid to the charge of the drama. Our tragic poets endeavour to become original, but with exhausted strength. The comic writers, however, who pay less attention to every thing, even to their glory, are contented with bor-

rowing and cobbling up from the ancients and foreigners, and with merely giving a somewhat modern appearance to the thoughts of others. The more, however, that the spirit has deserted the drama, the more shamelessly has the sensuous forced its way into it. As ballets, gorgeous operas, and spectacles, with all the splendour of decoration and machinery, predominate on the stage, the poet endeavours to impart to each of his works as much external show as possible, hoping by this means to make them certain of being effective on the stage.

Comedy has never been successful in Germany. The wittiest comedies and those most provocative to laughter, are not written for the stage. Those which are most popular, and which when acted meet with the most applause, are commonly a little vulgar. Only those poets who, like Tieck, renounce the stage, can allow to comedy its entire and unfettered freedom, for even upon the stage men are rather tame and courtly. Farces and satires are not tolerated there, except when they are vulgar and boorish, like Rochus Pumpernickel[6] and the knight Tulipan. Clever farces of a more refined description, which contain allusions to the thousands of ridiculous features which daily occur in our every-day life,—comedies in the style of Aristophanes,—were completely unheard of. Nothing but the petty follies of single classes are introduced on the stage, and men are

[6] *W. R. B. Pumpernickel;* Westphalian rye bread.

honest or stupid enough to seek the country town's-people [7] only in country towns. People fancy that they cannot be pleased if they have not some loving sentimental couple, or a moving family circle before them. The ludicrous characters are commonly mere secondary personages. The circle in which the intrigue is carried on, is only a family circle. As long as the comic character is nothing but a secondary one, and as this circle is not widened so as to include public life, so long will comedy always remain confined and petty.

The stage shows us two essentially different species of comedies; the high and refined, and the low and vulgar. The former are for, and have their scenes laid in, the fashionable world. They are commonly rather tiresome, and never so elegant and refined as the French ones of the same kind. In them jesting, being always moderated by a regard for etiquette and courtesy, is commonly vented upon servants, soubrettes, or some old caricatures. Neither does German morality permit any great freedom, so that in place of amiable levity, we commonly see in the fashionable ladies and gentlemen nothing but a stiff and starched morality. We never dream of a freedom like that which we see in the Figaro of Beaumarchais.

[7] *Die Kleinstädter*; one of Kotzebue's farces, in which is ridiculed the affectation and love of titles shown by the inhabitants of a small town.

The lower plays for the lower classes are far better. They are coarse, often immoral, but they at least afford pleasure, and proceed in a sprightlier manner. They keep closer to nature, and have before them a far richer field for caricature than is possessed by those fashionable comedies. Kotzebue, by plays of this kind, made the Germans split their very sides with laughter. It is a remarkable circumstance, that in almost all these comedies, the ludicrous is almost always looked upon as synonymous with the old fashioned. There are few German comedies, in which we have not some caricature of the old-fashioned dress, wigs, queues, or pigtails. This ridiculing of what is old, has to a certain extent been elevated to the rank of a system. When, however, these objects have been sufficiently ridiculed, men had better look with a sharper eye at the follies of the present.

Comedy has within these few years sunk very low. Pieces of one act, which are commonly borrowed from the Parisians, have repressed our native productions to far too great an extent. Whether it be, that men have a particular liking for shortness and change, or that the ballets and little operas have made preludes, interludes, and afterpieces more necessary; we now see upon the stage a disproportionately greater number of short than of long plays; and we find that there are published a greater number of collections of short plays, than single long ones. These dramatic trifles being almost always fabricated at Paris, are exceedingly spiritless, or, if they are clever,

their wit is local, so that the allusions do not apply on this side of the Rhine.

The emotion-plays can scarcely be looked upon as a peculiar species, for they are generally called comedies, and in the great majority of comedies there generally occurs some moving passages. Diderot introduced this moving style, which had more influence over the Germans than over his own countrymen. Iffland was the hero of the emotion-plays, yet Kotzebue also did a great deal for them. These pieces really form an intermediate species between tragedy and comedy. They begin like a tragedy and end like a comedy. The hero or the heroine is vexed for a while, but everything ends as might be wished. Formerly they were more filled with sentimentality, and the author endeavoured to make the public shed only the tears of effeminacy; now, however, they contain more horror, and he endeavours to call forth vivid contrasts in the feelings by horrors and terrors, and the subsequent joyful *dénouement*. Soft emotion is, however, more fitted for them than terror, which ought never to be needlessly used. It is a true barbarism, first to raise an horror to its highest pitch, so as to rejoice in its ecstacy, and then again to exchange it for the ecstacy of mercy and reconciliation. The enjoyment of a Turk or a Cannibal is, in this way, linked with that of a good Christian and philanthropist. Sometimes a false tragical tone is introduced into the moving melodrama, which abuses the terrible; sometimes a false and soft tone is introduced into the genuine tragedy, which abuses our compas-

sion. Men are thus not afraid to treat, even the best materials for tragedy in this way, so that where death and punishment ought to be the conclusion of the tragic whole, mercy and a marriage suddenly come in.

To conclude, we must pass over to epic poetry. Epic poetry is now evidently become the ruling fashion in the form of the novel. The epos in verse, on the contrary, appears to be nothing but a misshapen abortion of past ages. Our ancestors who flourished during the middle ages were insurpassably great in the heroic poem. Yet their works, which bear so great a resemblance to the old cathedrals, remained like them for a long time misunderstood. When the Germans again began to grow poetical, they imitated nothing but foreign models; first the ancients and the French; next the Italians and English. A certain jesuitical and French court taste, according to which the heathen gods and christian saints were, decked out in parti-coloured allegories and new-fashioned wigs, compelled to draw the triumphal car of Louis XIV. and his companions, took possession of epic poetry as well as of architecture. The epic muse was transplanted to Germany by Voltaire, whose Henriade Schönaich translated into an Hermaniade. But as the Germans when choosing foreign models, always instinctively as it were select the best, our epic poets soon left Voltaire for Milton, Ariosto, Tasso, Virgil, and Homer. Klopstock borrowed from the congenial Englishman the Christiano-mythical idea, and from Homer the moving simplicity and the ex-

ternal form of his poem. Voss endeavoured to copy this form still more faithfully in his Louisa. As soon, however, as Herder had, as by magic, ranged around us the poetry of all nations, and of our own of past times, thus opening up to us world after world; the poets, seizing upon all possible epical forms, imitated them in their varicoloured intermixture. The most celebrated of this class were Fouqué and Ernst Schulze.

It cannot be denied, that our modern, and most modern epic literature is rich in countless beauties, but it consists almost entirely of such single beauties. A perfectly satisfactory whole has not been written by any modern poet. All are spoiled by the circumstance that they are imitations either in form or matter. A poem is, now-a-days, never borrowed from nature, it is always copied from some other poem. Such poets, therefore, are, according to Leonardo da Vinci's expression, like the painters who paint, not according to nature, but to the style of a school; not the sons, but only the grandsons of the muse. Those old poets painted their people, their age. How ridiculous is it in a modern German poet to summon Homer's muse, and speak of his lyre, or to pretend to seize on Ossian's harp. How repulsive is the thought, that a poet who probably has drunk nothing but coffee, and smoked or snuffed tobacco, should labour to convince his readers that he is totally and completely, from top to toe, an old Greek, or a knight of the middle ages. These Hectors and Achilles, these Rolands and Tancreds, would be truly amazed were they to see the mice nest-

ling in their helmets in this 'paper-blotting age[8].' And the old poets themselves, what would they say to their modern rivals? They would be forced to believe that all good poetry had vanished with them from the earth, were it not that this good earth sent every now and then a Shakspere or a Schiller to Elysium. If it be merely ludicrous to fashion hundreds upon hundreds of copies of an Iliad or Orlando Furioso, it is, on the other hand, altogether tasteless, nay, even pernicious, to apply the forms of the ancients in a capricious manner to modern and unsuitable objects, or to intermingle the most different forms in one parti-coloured mixture, as has been done by Ernst Schulze, in his Cecilia.

If we look for a genuine and perfect epos peculiar to our age, we shall find it only in the novel. In past ages, the novel appeared to be as cramped and confined as the heroic poem is in ours. All the difference between the novel and the heroic poem consists in the age and its character. The heroes and fates of the ancients could be celebrated in song, ours can be only described. There can be no doubt that our all-comprehensive, all-pervading common-sense exercises the greatest influence over all the phenomena of the modern state of culture, as well as over the huge mass of the novel. In ancient Greece, poetry followed a sensuous and plastic tendency; during the Christian middle ages, it was guided by the straightforward strong stream of the feelings; while now

[8] Schiller's Robbers, Act I., Scene 2.

it follows the intellect alone, in all its phases, and to all the depths which it reaches in its observation of the world. It goes, as it were, behind the intellect, so as to enjoy everything that it discovers. It had, therefore, to shake itself free of all old and strict forms, and choose the most unfettered form, which it has found to perfection in the novel. There is no more unfettered form, as there is no more unfettered spirit, than that of the novel; and as the universal struggle of our age is after freedom.

The poetry of ancient Greece was communicated through the medium of the sensuous. It was moulded into form before it passed into the poem. The poetical creations of the middle ages passed through the medium of the feelings of enthusiasm and passion. They were felt before they became words, before the "heavenly glow was enshrouded in the sound and smoke of name." Our poetical creations, however, pass through the medium of the intellect, of observation, criticism, and reflection. This is the characteristic mark of our poetry, and, above all, of our novels, in which this poetry has found its real home. Among the Greeks, the invisible word flattered the senses; during the middle ages, it moved the heart to its innermost core; while with us, it must flatter the intellect. The Greeks translated fair nature; the middle ages, faith; we translate our science, into poetry. In this alone consists the essence of our novel. The Grecian views of the world were sensuous, those of the middle ages pious, ours are intellectual. Poetry

has always attached itself to these general views of different ages; why should not ours do the same?

The view which the intellect takes of things is always epical, for it is most directly opposed to the objective world. The epic form, therefore, and, above all, the novel, is best suited to it, because the novel is the most unfettered epical form.

That power of the feelings of our nation which is still welling freshly forth, still finds an immediate outlet in the lyric and dramatic poetry. The intellect which is daily surpassing every other form, attracts the majority of our poets to the novel; and as several of our best poets have, when young, written ballads, when in the prime of life written dramas, and, upon the approach of old age, novels, a similar progress may be observed in the mass of our aspiring poets. Novel-writers are now all-powerful, as were thirty years ago the dramatic, and sixty years ago the lyric poets.

The novel arose in consequence of the chivalrous poem of the middle ages being dissolved into prose. They became ridiculous when clothed in this vulgar garb, and when contrasted with the age which had lost every semblance of chivalry; and they did not again assume a noble aspect, until, caricaturing themselves, they became comic and satirical novels. In this way the Don Quixote of Cervantes arose from the chivalrous, the Decameron of Boccaccio from the legendary poetry. The modern novel was created by the

reforming intellect, which disowned the middle ages. But as this intellect on the one hand armed itself with mockery, and on the other cherished the study of classical antiquity in opposition to the scholasticism and pious poetry of the middle ages, Lucian appeared the most suitable model for the modern novel-writers. All the novels of the Reformation are more or less formed after him. What Boccaccio did for Italy, and Cervantes for Spain, Rabelais did for France, and, at an after period, Swift for England. The Germans at first imitated the satires in sermons, dialogues, letters, &c., (Sebastian Brandt[9], Erasmus[1], Ulrich Hütten[2], Fischartz[3], &c.,) but it was not till after the thirty years' war that they introduced the real novel. They did so, however, in an original way.

The Adventurous Simplicissimus and the Island Felsenburg, stand almost alone in literature, yet they did not attain the fame which the two contemporaneous Silesian schools of poetry enjoyed. Verse was at that time in greater request than

[9] Sebastian Brandt, born at Strasburg, 1453; died ibid. 1520: a satire, The Ship of Fools, in which he places all who are fools, and in which he himself takes his place as the fool Sebastian Brandt.

[1] Desiderius Erasmus, born at Rotterdam, October 28th, 1467; died 1536: Theological and Philosophical works; Praise of Folly.

[2] Ulrich von Hütten, (during the fifteenth century): Satires, and Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum, a work which created a great sensation. Hallam, i. 409, seems to value it too little.

[3] Johann Fischart, died 1590: translated Rabelais; comic poem, The Flea Hunt.

prose. Yet these novels, which where the first that left the satirical style, and portrayed, with Homeric simplicity the events of the actual world, and the life of common men, as influenced by and contending with the wants of their age, are the prototypes of the real modern novel, the tendency of which is not satirical, but is indeed a calm epic view of the world.

In consequence, however, of a French taste having become predominant after the thirty years' war, and of stiff madrigals, stiff pastoral plays, stiff heroic and love novels and plays, the materials for which were commonly borrowed from the Bible, the ancient world, or the East, and which were the delight of the formal and lewd courts, having repressed every other kind of poetry in Germany, the taste for enjoying and the talent for writing the novel in its Homeric simplicity was developed in England alone, from whence we again received it, in the so-called Anglomania, which the novels of Goldsmith, Fielding, &c., introduced among us.

But these novels again lost their unprejudiced epic character, by, on the one hand, the enlighteners, the illuminati, the Nicolaitans, and free-thinkers, again using them for satirical attacks, as was done by Nicolai, Schummel, &c., on the other, by that celebrated sentimentalism which was introduced from France by Rousseau, and which Goethe's Werther, Siegwart, &c., disseminated to an immense extent; and thirdly, by that frivolous style peculiar to Voltaire, Crebillon, &c., which finding its way hither from France,

was paid homage to by Wieland, Thümmel, Heinse, &c.

Following out these new tendencies, the novel extended itself on every side. From the novels of the enlighteners there gradually arose a countless multitude of theological, philosophical, political, pedagogical, moral, in short, *doctrinaire* novels of every kind, in which the novel form was only an adjunct, the moral being the principal aim in view. All possible opinions and systems were depicted in these works.

The sentimental novels did not long maintain their independence. They became either, Philistine-like, good-natured descriptions and eulogies of family and domestic life, of the easy peace which prevailed "during the good old period from 1780 to 1790," by Starck, Lafontaine, &c., or they passed over into the tragi-comical humour of Hippel, Jean Paul, &c., in picturing the contrast between the quiet citizen's life during that stupid period, and an exalted poetry, the tender claims of the heart, and the great hopes of the nation.

The frivolous novels must also be divided into two classes, the one of which flattered only the immoral customs of the age, like those of Julius von Voss, Schilling, Langbein, Laun, &c., or attempted to unite them with philosophy and religion, like Friedrich Schlegel, in his Lucinda, while the other armed itself with all the arrows of sarcasm, so as to overwhelm all the principles of religion, custom, science, and art, in the revolutionary tendencies of the age, like Heine and his school.

But when a sympathy for the middle ages was revived by Wieland, Herder, and Goethe, men withdrew from the present to immerse themselves in the spirit of the past. This was at first done in a very coarse way in the novels about knights, robbers, and ghosts, by Spiess, Kramer, Vulpius, &c. This taste, however, became afterwards more refined. On the one hand, pure catholic romanticism, opening up for itself a new path, and creating excellent pictures of the ecclesiastico-chivalrous past, revived the old legends, and clothed them in a new and beautiful garment of the true colours of their age. This was done by Tieck, Arnim, Fouqué, &c. On the other side, the real historical novel, independently altogether of that definite catholic tendency, penetrated into all lands and ages, into every corner of history, in order to cause the whole earth to pass before us, in an *orbis pictus* of a new kind, in boundless *tableaux*. Even before Walter Scott, Fessler, Meisner, Christine Naubert, Caroline Pichler, &c., had introduced this historical novel into Germany; but it was not till we began to imitate this celebrated Scott, that they broke in upon us like a perfect flood.

There is now nothing in the wide world, so far as man's observation extends, which has not been made the subject of a novel. The novel has, in the widest sense of the word, amalgamated science and art, thinking and poetry. It is the form in which the whole immense erudition of the intellect of our age has reconciled itself to poetry.

So much on the kinds of poetry. In passing

on, however, to speak of the characteristics of poets, I prefer holding by time, rather than by these species; and, as I am treating only on the formation and development of modern poetry, I shall say very little on the earlier periods.

The German poetry of the middle ages was, as has been already shown, essentially romantic; the prevailing ancient tendency did not begin till the Reformation.

We very early find, it is true, among the German poets, imitators of the classics, for example, the Nun Rhoswitha, who wrote comedies in imitation of those of Terence; the annalist Saxo, and some other historical poets, who imitated Lucan; but they wrote in Latin, and had no influence upon the predominant romantic tendency of German poetry, which was then in its youth. Even the translations from the Latin into German, for example, Virgil's Æneid, adopted, like the whole ancient mythology, (Frau Venus, God Love, &c.,) a stamp which was entirely Christian and German, venerable and naïve, thus serving in poetry, as well as in architecture, only as a strange fantastical ornament of a Gothic building.

The excellent histories of old German poetry by Busching and von der Hagen, as well as the congenial labours of Görres, the two Grimms, Mone, Lachmann, &c., save me the trouble of entering into particulars. I shall only denote the principal things, distinguished therefore in the great richness of our ancient poetry; first, as originating in that heathen age, the German chivalrous epos, and the popular legends; secondly, as

arising in the spirit and history of Christianity, the spiritual poetry and legends; thirdly, as the first bloom of the moral refinement, the poetry of spring and of love; fourthly, as borrowed from the East, the allegorical epos and fable. This was the order in which they appeared, and the allegory and fable formed the immediate transition to the Master-singers among the burgesses, and to the commencement of the drama in the carnival plays (*Fastnachtspiele*).

The heroic ducal spirit of the Hohenstauffen, was succeeded by the electoral mercantile spirit of the Habsburg family; the profound poetical inspiration of the crusades by the malicious scholasticism. It was no wonder that poetry then perished. The way was then prepared for a new age. The Reformation was intended to break, by means of the might of reason, the chains of superstition and falsehood; the age longed to be free from its confinement; men sought something else, yet in seeking a future different from the present, they took pleasure in observing a past different from the present. They entered with enthusiasm upon the study of the Greek and Roman literature; they as it were took refuge in it.

The nearer we approach to the era of the Reformation, the less do we find of that honest simplicity, with which men formerly looked upon old heathenism. The compassion with which believing Christians looked back upon it, was changed into admiration, nay even into envy and imitation. But as these ancients were accessible only to the

learned, imitation at first showed itself only in the strict province of learning. The German *Meistersänger* were followed by the Latin poets, who were celebrated in the universities, but who never became known among the people. The satirists of the Reformation were the first who formed the transition from this Latin poetry to the popular poetry of the Germans. Lucian exercised a powerful influence over the Reformation. He was everywhere imitated; in Germany by Sebastian Brand, Erasmus, Hutten, and many others, who sometimes stood forth as moralists, sometimes as clever ironical mockers. But when religious controversy poisoned the passions and hardened the feelings, this satire degenerated into the coarsest polemics, into a vulgar abuse, and at last perished.

Under the Hohenstauffen emperors, the nobles were poetical; under the Luxemburg, the citizens; under the Habsburg, poetry came into the possession of the learned, from a living to a dead hand. The Reformation threw down, the thirty years' war swept away, foreign customs were introduced into our wasted country through the numerous bloody breaches. At that time, Germany resembled, in almost every respect, a conquered country, in which foreigners of every nation were amusing themselves and exercising their power. The younger generation, which was born amidst fire and murder, being altogether neglected, imitated foreigners. They dressed like Belgians, ate like Swedes, boasted like Spaniards, swore like Hungarians and Turks, and intermixed in

their language, which was looked upon as the most fashionable and elegant, as many outlandish scraps as possible. But by degrees a double influence found its way into this new barbarism; an influence which led the way to the succeeding improvements in the domain of taste; on the one hand, the philological study of the ancients; which was cherished at the schools and universities, and on the other, the French fashions, which, in imitation of the court of Louis XIV., were introduced at the courts and among the nobles.

Protestantism was, at that period, when in motion, a devouring fire; when at rest, a cold northern light; so that it could never be the founder of a national poetry. But with the study of the ancients, which it favoured as promoting the progress of the intellect, the muse came uncalled for. On the Catholic side, too, the productive power was destroyed, the old Uranus was emasculated by his rebellious son, and the Jesuits could keep Protestantism at bay only by the weapons of learning and taste, which they borrowed from it. In this way the old classics were honoured as the canon of taste, both in the Catholic and Protestant schools. Though we may lament the want of a national poetry, yet the acquaintance with the Grecian poets was a salve, and almost the only one for the many wounds with which Germany was then afflicted. That more unfettered culture, which could again renovate the youth of the German poetry, was brought about by the revival of a taste for the ancients. A more blind love for the ancients, tasteless attempts to imitate them,

long remained the only apology for that better poetry, which still slumbered.

The modern French poetry exercised the greatest influence upon the manner and style of imitation. German poets, with a few patriotic exceptions, looked only through French spectacles, even when they had classic models before them. They were, in reality, nothing but imitators of imitators, until Klopstock, Voss, &c., about the middle of the eighteenth century, compelled that French style to give way to the new German Grecomania. I therefore include the whole of the Belles Lettres of this period under the title of the Gallomania.

GALLOMANIA.

FRANCE, though she continued German while under the dominion of the old Franks, and though she was then intimately connected with Germany, had, in the course of centuries, been more and more separated from this country, as the Teutonic influence gradually gave way before the Latin reaction. The inferior French nobles had been exterminated, under the Carlovingian kings, by means of the civil wars; the higher ones had, at an after period, been deprived of their power by the kings; the old Gallico-Roman people obtained a decided preponderance both in language and sentiments, and the policy of the kings themselves united with all the Romanic elements, especially those in Italy, in opposition to the German element. When, in consequence of the

old French national poetry, which was so like that of the English and Germans, having been destroyed, the study of the ancients came into vogue, there was formed, in France, a new poetical school, which, being on one side an imitation of the Roman poetry, on another, modern court poetry, was on both in direct opposition to the turn of the German mind. The Parisian literati vied with the Italian in cherishing the taste for the ancients; and in doing which they received much nourishment and support from assiduous Flemish and Dutch scholars, from Antwerp and Leyden. In France, however, everything, erudition included, went to court; and as the modern model for despots was formed by Louis XIV., there consequently arose that strange Parnassus, on which Apollo, decked out in a pedantic periwig, directed, with fiddle in hand, the concert of the well-powdered music, disguised in stomachers and hoop-petticoats, and all this to serve for matter of amusement to the gallant court, and to enliven its festivities. God and honour were taken away from the old motto of the French knights, 'God, king; honour, ladies;' so that all the poetry of the age aimed only at flattering the king and the ladies. From this cause proceeded that strict monarchical principle, so strictly adhered to in their tragedies, the new Sophocles and Senecas of the scholars of Hobbes. Hence came it that Horace was looked upon as the idol of that age, as the model for all court flatteries. Hence came, in fine, the frivolity of the operas, comedies, madrigals, and triolets. The immorality practised

in the chateau and parks, when the court left Paris for the country, favoured the modern Arcadian poetry, so that many a sighing shepherd and coquettish nymph were stolen out of Theocritus, Anacreon, and, above all, out of Longos. It cannot be denied that the concourse of all sorts and descriptions of men in Paris, produced at that time a rivalry of genius, and that strong poetical powers were there lavished prodigally away; but the relation which everything bore to court flattery, and the exceedingly immoral gallantry then so prevalent, poisoned the germs of everything good and noble.

This frivolous taste, aided by the example of Charles II., assumed the mastery in England, and even the rich and proud Dutch merchants imitated, with a kind of pedantic and stern solidity, the Versailles' gardening and poetry. To the former it was transplanted from bigotted Spain; in the latter it seduced even the daughters of the pious Gustavus Adolphus. The two extremes of Catholicism and Protestantism united in paying homage to the Parisian taste. The clever Letters of Count d'Aunai on Spain, inform us how it wormed its way into foreign lands. What wonder, then, that after the thirty years' war the Germans, who were then neglected, stupid, and phlegmatic, without any internal resting point, without one patriotic idea, and open to every external influence, should give way before the overpowering spirit of French fashion! The Germans of the upper classes, who at that period travelled in crowds through foreign countries, there to culti-

vate their taste or to dissipate their time, found in every corner that they visited, the gay, entertaining, and joyful tone of Paris, which they therefore, hastened to transplant to their own soil. On this point the very interesting Memoirs of Freiherr von Pöllnitz are well worth reading. All the German courts were soon modelled in imitation of Versailles; and the far-travelled and luxurious elector, Augustus of Saxony, gave the most striking example of how excellently the age is portrayed in the remarkable work The Gallant Saxon, likewise written by Pöllnitz.

When speaking of poetry we shall distinguish between the different epochs of Gallomania, and give a short sketch of each of them.

The first German who, after the disgraceful writings of religious animosity had ceased, again wrote in a civilized dialect, though in doing so he selected foreign, and, above all, French models, was Opitz[1], who died in 1639, during the thirty years' war; a man, who having travelled much, and seen much of the world, and possessing a universalism peculiar to the Germans, collected and transferred to Germany honey from every foreign flower, at that time rare commodities; devoted, however, at the same time, to the study of the German poetry of the middle ages, he did not wish to sacrifice the German to the foreign spirit, but rather to unite both. A single glance at his

[1] Martin Opitz, born at Bunzlau in Silesia, 1597; died at Danzig, August 20th, 1639; founder of the Silesian school of poetry: poems on various subjects.

dramatic and even his lyric works will suffice to show that they are written after French, Italian, and Dutch models. Yet we find in his works true German songs, as we meet in the Trutznachtigall of his isolated contemporary the Jesuit Spee[2], with tones which remind us of the old minnesingers. This lyrical German element was the characteristic advantage of the first Silesian school, at whose head stood Opitz, and from which proceeded, in addition to the traveller Flemming[3] who visited Persia, the excellent German Tscherning[4], Simon Dach[5], and Paul Gerhard[6], lyric poets. Andreas Gryphius[7] made the lucky attempt of imitating Hans Sachs in his truly German method of unfolding the drama; and this he did with such success that his best plays far more resemble the romantic spirit of the old English, than the would-be ancient genius of the French theatre, the latter of which had been reverenced first by

[2] Friedrich Spee, born 1591: Song of Solomon in German verse; descriptive poems.

[3] Paul Flemming, born at Harstenstein, October 17th, 1609; died at Hamburg, April 2nd, 1640: spiritual and secular poems; sonnets, odes, and epigrams; selections, by Schwab, &c.

[4] Andreas Tscherning, born at Bunzlau, 1611; died at Rostoch, 1659: German poems; Spring; sonnets and ballads.

[5] Simon Dach, born at Memel, July 29th, 1605; died April 15th, 1659: hymns, songs, and odes.

[6] Paul Gerhard, born June 7th, 1606; died 1675: Hans- und Kirchenlieder.

[7] Andreas Gryphius (or Greif), born at Silesia, 1616; died 1664: many plays; Peter Quince; continuation of the interlude in Midsummer Night's Dream; seven tragedies.

Opitz, and at a later period by Lohenstein. On the other hand the excellent Logau[8] aimed at imitating, in his epigrams, Martial and the talented French mockers; in doing so, however, he added much peculiar German wit.

This first Silesian school, which partly aimed at imitating the ancients in the French style, and partly also endeavoured to develop the lyric and dramatic elements of the more ancient German poetry, represented the noblest taste of that age, and one to which all refined minds paid homage.

At a considerable distance beneath this school stood the pastoral order of *Pegnitzschäfer*[9],

[8] Friedrich Freiherr von Logau, born 1604; died 1655: epigrams (3553).

[9] *Pegnitzschäfer*, Shepherds of Pegnitz. A society founded in the seventeenth century, the object of which was to purify the German language. It receives its name from the river Pegnetz, which flows through Nürnberg, the town in which it originated.

It was first founded in 1644, by Georg Phil Harsdörfer (born 1607; died 1658: poems; Conversations for Young Ladies), and Johan Klai, or Claius, of Meissen, 1616—1656: poems; The Angel and Dragon Strife, a mystery, which Taylor, i. 174, seems to think has had some influence on Milton in his choice of Paradise Lost as a subject. They for some time pursued with earnestness their chief aim, that of improving the German language, but they afterwards degenerated into mere common-place poets, who delighted in sensual representations, shepherd-scenes, &c.

At the celebration of the centenary of its institution (in 1744), an attempt was made to give it a more earnest tone, but in vain. Every member wore a symbolic flower—the flower of the society being the passion-flower. They met at a garden called Irrgarten der Irrhain.

which was founded by Harsdörfer in Nürnberg, out of the old minne-singers at the end of the thirty years' war, from joy at the final restoration of peace. Harsdörfer had, like Opitz, travelled much; like him too he cherished in the new order the elements of shepherd-poetry, the modern imitation of Theocritus, which found in the Italian Guarini its best master, and in France, Spain (even Cervantes), and Germany, countless imitators. These Pegnitz-shepherds were but weak, silly, stupid fellows. They united with the affectation of foreigners the pedantry and tiresomeness of the *Meistersängers*. Betulius was the best of them, yet his works are no longer readable.

Still lower must be placed the poetical Rose-garden, which was founded about the same time by Philipp von Zesen[1], of Hamburg, in opposition to that South-German order of poets. The Spanish influence was predominant in this town on account of its proximity to the Netherlands, with which a great trade was carried on. This was the cause of that barbarous mixture of languages which, though nowhere more excessive, was comparatively little observed in such a sea-port town. This was the producing cause too of those coarse moral novels, which being great favourites in Spain passed thence into France. This was the reason also that

[1] Philipp von Zesen, (or Filip Zese-Caesian, or Zesen von Furstenau,) born near Dessau, 1619; died at Hamburg, Nov. 13th, 1689: many poems (seventy;—forty unfinished) in praise of the country, &c. Founded in Frieburg, in 1643, the society of the Rose Order, for the purpose of promoting the purity of the German language.

there were so many poetical descriptions of the East and West Indies. Franzisci, in Lübeck, the first professional German book-maker, wrote, among others, a novel which fills a thick folio volume, in which he, in the manner of the Decameron of Boccaccio, describes in dialogues the wonders of the new world, the phenomena of the tropics, and all the tales which were then current regarding them. This book, which is unique of its kind, is called The Pleasure and State Garden of the East and West Indies, as well as of China. Zesen, Bucholz, and Duke Anton Ulrich, of Braunschweig[2] (Brunswick), outbade one another in bombast and declamatory nonsense. Their so-called wonderful stories,—of the wonderful story of Ibrahim and Isabella, or of the African Sophonisba;—of the second wonderful story of Hurculiskus and Herculadisca;—and of the last, the illustrious Syrian Aramene, and the Roman Octavia,—form the transition from the old and beautiful popular tales (Genoveva, Melusina, &c.) to the modern novel. They had in them something of the olden days of chivalry, which, however, translated into the later punctilious Spanish formality, was made completely intolerable by German coarseness and pedantry. The moral and luminous imitations of Quevedo by Moscherosch[3], and the peculiar Ger-

[2] Anton Ulrich von Braunschweig, born October 14th, 1633; died March 27th, 1714: Die Durchlauchtigste Syserin Aramene; (Her Most Serene Highness Aramena, of Syria); Octavia, a Roman story, &c., &c., &c.

[3] Hans Michael Moscherosch (properly Kalbsdorf), born

man novel, Simplicissimus, in which Samuel Greifensohn von Hirschberg[4] has given a very good picture of the state of Germany during the thirty years' war, in the form of a stirring novel, were much better.

Louis XIV., however, having in the mean time unfolded the gorgeous splendour of his court, had dazzled the whole of Europe. Any little remains of ancient customs and simplicity vanished completely before the luxury and splendour of this court. This influence having spread itself over Germany, the second Silesian school was destined to mark the utmost degeneracy of poetry. Hoffmannswaldau[5] translated the simpler Opitz; Lohenstein[6], the oft-Shaksperian Gryphius; Besser[7], the pure Flemming; Talander, the still comparatively simple Zesen and Happel[8]; and, in fine, the still modest

March 5th, 1600; died at Worms, 1669: Strange and True Visages of Philander of Sittewald, that is, Penal Writings of Hans Michael Moscherosch of Worms, on the Hypocrisy, Vanity of Man, &c., &c.

[4] Samuel Greifensohn von Hirschberg, born 1621; died 1668; Abenteuerliche Simplicissimus; the Description of the Strange Vagabond called Melchior Sternfels von Fuchshaim.

[5] Christian Hofman von Hoffmannswaldau, born at Breslau, December 25th, 1618; died April 18th, 1679: poems; Chivalrous Letters and other excellent poems.

[6] Daniel Caspar von Lohenstein, born 1635; died April 28th, 1683: poems; tragedies, (three before he was fifteen); novel, Arminnius and Thusnelda.

[7] Johann von Besser, born at Frauenburg in Kurland, May 8th, 1654; died at Dresden, February 10th, 1729: poems.

[8] Eberhard Werner Happel, born at Marburg, 1648; died at Hamburg, 1690: novels—The Asiatic Orogamba; The

Francisci, into intolerable caricatures. The second Silesian school was, without being original, nothing but an exceedingly tasteless distortion of the first. Hoffmannswaldau was, beyond all dispute, the most popular German lyric poet of his day; it gives us, therefore, a pretty good idea of this age, when we see how the same man allowed to be publicly printed in the same volume sacred hymns and immoral, nay, even nauseously disgusting poems; and when we see that these instead of giving offence were very generally admired. In like manner we see that Herr von Besser, a man who held a high place at court, and who is always described as the soul of honour, thought that he did nothing which could tend to lower his dignity, and that in reality he lost nought in the eyes of the public by describing, like an anatomist, the beauties of his spouse. No traces of this kind can be found in Opitz or Flemming, nor even in the lyric poets of a later age; at that period, however, French frivolity had got such a hold in Germany, that the noblest and best of her fashionables thought it right to be devoid of shame. It is, however, very strange that this immorality appears to be connected with a kind of honest true-heartedness, with a naïveté which it had never known in France, Italy, or Spain. If we compare Hoffmannswaldau with Boccaccio, Aretino, the French Lafontaine, the English Rochester, or the Spanish Queen Margaret (of

Island Manderell; The Italian Spinall; The Spanish Quintana, &c.; and so on round the world.

Valois), we must allow that the Silesian nobleman is the most impure, though it is equally clear that he is the most innocent. His muse resembles a healthy and innocent country girl, who, entering into the corrupt society of the ladies of the towns, believes in her simplicity and honesty that it must be so, and blushes merely at her blushes. In addition to this tasteless and clumsy immorality, which is, look at it as we will, acquired, and not innate,—this lyric poetry of the second Silesian school is distinguished for its poetical bombast. The French Alexandrines having almost entirely assumed the place of the classical heroic verse, and with them a stilted tragical and oratorical pathos, exaggerated allegories and metaphors, the crowding of unnatural and forced images, and of cold and pedantic quoted wit, the continual allusions to the ancient mythology and the deification of the king and the ladies, which was customary in this sense at the court of Louis XIV. Lohenstein was as bombastic in his dramas as Hoffmannswaldau was in his lyrics; he was, however, more moral. But the prose writers committed the greatest sins of exaggeration. Ziegler of Kliphausen, at that time the universal favourite, reached the acmé of poetical bombast in the model-romance of that age, the celebrated Asiatic Banise; and Happel, who, following the example of Francisci, became the second German author by profession, inundated Germany with a crowd of historical novels, each in three or four volumes, which, selecting as their scene Asia, Africa, Turkey, Spain, Italy, Hungary, England, France, or

Germany, are stuffed full of confused adventures, without being distinguished either for their ideas or their language. Talander (or Bohse) wrote as many and as bad novels; his however were rather love-stories for the ladies, one of which, named The Cabinet of Love for the Fair Sex, plainly shows that the manufacture of books for the fair sex must be dated at an earlier period than the present day. They, lyrical as well as dramatic poets and novel writers, found many imitators, whose names I here pass over. A multitude of translations of French works now appeared, of these however I mention only Neukirch's poetical paraphrase of the celebrated Telemachus of Fenelon. Fassmann brought into fashion the stupid Dialogues of the Dead, which no longer breathed the spirit of the satire of Lucian.

But few poets, of whom the principal were Canitz[9] and Günther[1], remained true to the noble simplicity of the first Silesian school; yet their moral and sentimental poems paved the way for the succeeding and better school.

Schnabel was distinguished among the novel writers of the beginning of the eighteenth century by his "Island Felsenburg," which has been lately edited by Tieck, and remodelled by Oehlenschläger: this work, being imitated in many so-called "Robinsonades" brought the new world

[9] Friedrich Rudolph Ludwig, Freiherr von Canitz, born at Berlin, 1654; died 1699: poems.

[1] Johann Christian Günther, born at Strigau, Silesia, April 8th, 1695; died at Jena, March 15th, 1723: poems.

into poetical union with the old one, in a far cleverer manner than was done by Francisci's Indian Pleasure Garden.

The Catholics, even at that time, had struck out a way of their own, as had been done at an earlier period by Spee and Balde. Their best poet lived during the latter half of the seventeenth century; his name was Angelus Silesius[2]. He inculcated his deep religion of love in epigrammatic verses. He has, of late, been looked upon as one of the noblest mystics; and, as such, his works been again brought to light and several times republished. He drew down his poetry from heaven, seeing that his poor country could no longer afford him any. Father Abraham a Sancta Clara, court-chaplain in Wien (Vienna), was no less distinguished, in another way, as a clever humourist and a laughing satirist. His luxuriant richness in similes never degenerated into bombast or adventitious glitter; they are poured forth from the gushing richness of his mind and heart. A selection of his best metaphors, antitheses, and sen-

[2] Angelus Silesius (properly Johann Scheffler), born at Breslau, 1624; died ibid, July 5th, 1679; Geistliche Hirtenlieder; Cherubinisch Wandersmann.

[3] Abraham a Sancta Clara (Ulrich Megerle), born at Krähenheimstätten, in Swabia, June 4th, 1647; died December 1st, 1709: sermons; the titles of some of them are as follows,—Gack, Gack; i. e. The Journey of Man; Hug and Pfug of the World; Judas the Traitor. On his death-bed he wrote the following work,—Well-filled Wine-cellar, in which many a Thirsty Soul may be refreshed with a Spiritual Blessing of God. The Capuchin's speech in Wallenstein's Camp, of Schiller, is extracted from one of his sermons.

tences, would be one of the best works that has been evolved by German talent; even his individual delineations after life, and his little pictures, are excellent; but the connection of his writings is merely that of one sermon, or one moral work; so that all the poetical treasures which we find in them are, as it were, mere occasional flashes of his genius; here a mass of precious stones and pearls, there scattered gems, which are, however, always in abundance. He has scarcely written a page in which there may not be found food for the mind. In speaking of him, we must not pass over Stranizki, who, living also in Wien, likewise plied the vocation of a humourist; though not from the pulpit, but from the stage. He was the most celebrated actor of his age; a Silesian by birth, educated in Italy, he introduced the first German theatre into Wien; and his spirit and tone are there felt, in the Leopoldstädt theatre, even to the present time. His fortunate admixture of the old German legendary carnival plays, with the Italian farce, which had been elevated by Gozzi, was, and is, peculiarly fitted for the lively character of the Austrians, and was far preferable to the pitiful Frenchified antiques of Lohenstein, though it must be confessed that Stranizki never reached the elevation of Andreas Gryphius.

In the mean time, however, the sway of the German Parnassus having been confirmed to the Protestants, who had preceded their opponents in culture, the second Silesian school was succeeded

by the Saxon school of Godsched. It purified poetry, it is true, from the impurity which Hoffmannswaldau had introduced into it, but it replaced it with a spiritless would-be wisdom and self-sufficient criticism, with which Godsched[4], following the example of the French, imitated the encyclopedic philosophy which was at that time introduced into France, just as, at an earlier period, the second Silesian school had copied and exaggerated the bombastic and licentious court-poetry of the French. Actuated by this blind reverence of the French modern-antique, Godsched opposed, with all his might, the romanticism which proceeded from Wien. The endeavours of Stranizki to elevate the old German carnival plays to the rank of the German national drama, were gall and wormwood to him; and this feeling reached such a height, that in 1737 he caused the German *Hanswurst* (jack-pudding, punch), the representative of the old romantic comedy, to be solemnly burnt at Leipzig, as an offering to the starched French theatre. Yet Godsched was impressed with the firm belief that he was the real father of German poetry; he therefore put forward claims, which, at a later period, Lessing was the first who might have really made. Filled with these ideas, he employed himself as much with the history of

[4] Johann Christoph Godsched (or Gottsched), born at Juditenkirch, near Königsberg, in 1700; died 1766: German Grammar; Contributions to the History of the German Language and Poetry.

the olden German poetry as with the confirming of rules for the new, so that we are indebted to him for much valuable information, whilst his French system of taste has long since fallen into ridicule and oblivion.

As soon as the Gallomania, having reached its extreme, arrived at a critical consciousness, a natural reaction immediately commenced. It was straightway attacked on all the sides on which its onesidedness had been conspicuous; on the side of nature, by Brokes and Haller, on that of rational and historical criticism by Bodmer and Breitinger, on that of morality and religion by Gellert, and, in fine, on that of a purified antiquity and of the English taste then coming into fashion, by the period of Grecomania and Anglomania, which immediately succeeded.

The commencement of this reaction is marked by the rise of the excellent Brokes[5], of Hamburg, who, having turned away from the French models, stood unique and alone in assuming nature as his original, which he has copied with the fidelity of a Flemish painter in his Earthly Satisfaction in God; a work, which though voluminous and tiresome, contains many able pictures of nature which even a Homer might not have been ashamed to own. The Swiss school began at this period, which, inspired by Geneva, by the spirit of Rousseau and Bonnet, carried on a keen struggle against the dominant school of Godsched; a

[5] Barthold Heinrich Brokes, born September 22nd, 1680; died January 16th, 1747: Earthly Satisfaction in God. (9 vols.)

struggle in which its object was to replace a vitiated and corrupt taste by natural simplicity, as much as it was in the fight of Rousseau in opposition to the prevailing French unnaturalness. The great naturalist and poet, Albrecht von Haller, stood at the head of those patriotic Swiss who had, in their mountains, remained faithful to nature. He was followed by the vigorous critics Bodmer[6] and Breitinger[7], who successfully opposed the school of Godsched. Bodmer also attempted to write poetry; this, however, was not till a later period, and in imitation of the style of Klopstock. His Noachide, composed in wretched hexameters, and which is in fact a mere appendix to the Paradise Lost of Milton and the Messiah of Klopstock, would render him ridiculous, were it not that he merits high respect as a critic and as an opposer of Godsched. The more simple and natural language of Haller and the Swiss school[8], met with a responsive echo, even in Northern Germany. Hagedorn[9] was noted for an easy flow and grace of versification unknown to his predecessors. The greatest impulse, how-

[6] Johann Jacob Bodmer, born near Zürich, July 19th, 1698; died January 2nd, 1783: History of the German Language; On Æsthetics; poems,—The Noachide; translated Milton.

[7] Johann Jacob Breitinger, born March 1st, 1701; died December 14th, 1776: Critique of Poetry.

[8] For a more detailed account of the lives and works of the members of the Swiss school, see Taylor's Historical Survey, vol. i. p. 179.

[9] Friedrich von Hagedorn, born at Hamburg, April 23rd, 1708; died October 28th, 1754: moral poems and epigrams; tales; odes and songs.

ever, was given by the noble Gellert[1], of Leipzig, whose fables were the first classic masterpiece of modern poetry during the eighteenth century. They were written in a style scarcely before dreamed of,—a style which unfolded a grace and versatility which lay hid in the High-German language,—new powers, for hitherto its strength had been its only acknowledged quality. The whole starched stiffness of the language, as formerly used, prior to his appearance, must be known, before the whole merit of Gellert can be properly appreciated. His other works, all except some pious poems, are far inferior to his fables; yet they acquired a popularity unwonted at that age, and exercised the most powerful influence over the language, so that even in the works of Wieland, Lessing, Thümmel, and Goethe, we find that natural and naïve tone which Gellert was the first to adopt.

Journalism received an impulse from the struggle carried on between the followers of Godsched and the Swiss school; the English, however, who had already preceded us in this path, having now, in consequence of the accession of the house of Hanover, come into closer contact with Germany, some began to examine into the English classics, whilst others expected our restoration from an antique taste, purified from everything French. These two parties soon proceeded from

[1] Christian Furchtegott Gellert, born at Haynichen, in Saxony, July 4th, 1715; died at Leipzig, December 13th, 1769: fables; The Swedish Countess; miscellaneous writings.

the reaction against Godsched over to the Grecomania and the Anglomania. This gradual transition from Godsched to these new and strongly marked schools, was pointed out by the journals of the brothers Elias[2] and Adolph Schlegel[3], Mylius[4], Gärtner[5], Giseke[6], &c.—little lights, which all vanished at an after period before the sun of Lessing.

GRECOMANIA.

NOTHING was more natural than that the German Protestants, who had raised the spirit of the Greek and Roman antiquity, to use it as a weapon against the Catholic middle ages, should not merely cling fast to it, but should even feel an enthusiastic love for it, when they cast away the French spectacles with which they had hitherto examined it.

[2] Johann Elias Schlegel, born at Meissen, in Saxony, 1718; died, 1749: comedies,—Busy Idler; Dumb Beauty, &c.; odes.

[3] Johann Adolph Schlegel (Father of Aug. W. S. and F. Schlegel).

[4] Christlob Mylius, born at Reichenbach, Lusatia, November 11th, 1712; died at London, March 6th, 1754: edited Rudiger's (now Voss's) Gazette; Miscellaneous Writings, edited by Lessing.

[5] Carl Christian Gärtner, born at Freiburg, February, 1712; died at Braunschweig, 1791: drama,—Fidelity Tried.

[6] Nikolaus Dietrich Giseke, born at Hungary, 1724; died 1765: poems; fables; songs; edited, with E. Schlegel, The Youth (weekly), and Writings for Pastime (weekly).

The transition from the Gallomania to the Grecomania was formed by Ramler[7] of Berlin, the translator and imitator of Horace. It is well known that this celebrated flatterer of Augustus became the ideal of the Parisian court poets; and thus Ramler took the trouble of becoming to Frederick the Great, what Horace was to his emperor, or Boileau to his king. In Paris this style was made use of in politics. As the Christian saints could not be becomingly used when celebrating the triumph of worldly power, the heathen gods were of course used for this purpose. The court poets were the first, who, in France, added to the deified princes a glittering *camarilla* of gods and demigods, whose only business consisted in describing in allegorical delineations the divine qualities of Louis XIV. In innumerable pictures and poems the prince appeared accompanied by a suite of gods, among whom the principal offices of the household were distributed. Minerva bore his sceptre; Mars, his sword; Victory crowned his temples; Hebe was his cupbearer; Ceres, his sewer; and Venus, his equerry. This style was likewise introduced into Germany, by the first and second Silesian schools, of which the master of the ceremonies was Hoffmannswaldau. The honour, then, which was accorded to the pettiest princelings and countlings, could not be

[7] Carl Wilhelm Ramler, born at Kolberg, in Pomerania, February 15th, 1725; died April 11th, 1798; translated Martial, Catullus, Horace, &c.; poems; odes. See Taylor's Survey, i. 319–328, for several specimens of his odes.

wanting to Frederick the Great. Ramler summoned the whole body of the ancient gods and heroes, like a band of musicians from Paris, to Berlin, to crown with laurel the old Fritz[8] (Frederick), as they had done to Louis XIV. and XV.; his odes, therefore, and songs of victory and triumph, are filled with mythological allusions, which were looked upon as more refined and elegant, the more learned were the interpreters they required.

Yet even in the age of Ramler a beneficial reaction had commenced in France. This had been indirectly caused by Rousseau. The æsthetical philosopher Batteaux ventured to reject bombast and to recommend a natural style. Ramler translated and disseminated his system, though he himself was far from equalling his master. As the example of Klopstock had already begun to have an influence upon him, he was incited to contend with him in imitating the euphony of the classic rhythm. The unrhymed verses which at that time came into fashion, and which at first appeared somewhat hazardous, for example, hexameter with an iambic-catalectic syllable, soon became complete; nay, even slavish imitations of the Greek metre, so that this mere form betokened the prevalence of the ancient taste. It cannot be denied that Ramler, in spite of his half-French taste, was distinguished for a wonderful euphony in some of his unrhymed as well as his rhymed poems.

[8] The name by which Frederick the Great was commonly called by the people.

Between Ramler and Klopstock stand Gleim[9] and Cramer[1]; the former more akin to Ramler, the latter to Klopstock. Gleim sought to become the German Anacreon, as Ramler did to become the German Horace. Yet his War Songs of a Prussian Grenadier, in which he sounded the praises of his great king, gained for him greater renown than his Anacreontic jests, which were not so well suited to the age of periwigs and hoop-petticoats in Germany, as that of Grecian nakedness. The common error of all the Grecomanists was, that they, though perfectly willing to return to nature, went wrong in their choice of it, and thought that they could effect an exchange between their savage and northern nature, and that of antiquity and the south, without any one being aware of the change. Cramer, playing the part of the German Pindar, celebrated Luther in a spirit-stirring ode.

The Swiss Gessner[2],—the German Theocritus, struck out a peculiar path. His idyls peopled the brooks and groves in which so much barbarian blood had been spilled, and where convents, cas-

[9] Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim (commonly called Father Gleim), born at Halberstadt, April 2nd, 1719; died February 18th, 1803: war songs; Fables and Tales; Tales in Verse.

[1] Johann Andreas Cramer (or Kramer), born at Josephstadt, in Saxony, January 29th, 1723; died June 12th, 1788: chancellor of the university of Kiel: poems; hymns; odes to David, to Luther, to Melancthon, &c.

[2] Salamon Gessner, born at Zurich, 1781; died March 2nd, 1787: Songs of a Swiss; Death of Abel; Inkle and Yarico; Night; Daphnis; Idyls.

tles, and gothic towns had arisen, with naked nymphs and goat-footed satyrs, with Philemons, Baucises, and a crowd of inferior genii. Yet it cannot be denied, that his imitations were more faithful, and at the same time more natural and beautiful, than those of Guarini or any of the pastoral court-poets of France; that they are inspired with a beam of the genius of Rousseau; and that they are indebted to this charm of a lovely accordance with nature for a fame which they will always possess.

Lichtwehr[3] followed the example of Gellert; he sought, however, in his fables to remain true to the ancient models, and to become the German Æsop, yet his works contain much that is beautiful.

Far before all these German Horaces, Anacreons, Pindars, Theocrituses, and Æsops, stands the German Homer, Klopstock[4]. He it was who, by the powerful influence of his Messiah and his odes, established the supremacy of the antique taste; not, however, in defiance of German and Christian associations, but rather to their advantage. Religion and patriotism were with him the highest of all conceptions; but, in reference to the

[3] Magnus Gottfried Lichtwehr, born at Wurzen, January 30th, 1719; died July 7th, 1783: Fables in imitation of Æsop; Kingdom of Reason.

[4] Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, born at Quedlinburg, July 2nd, 1724; died March 14th, 1803: Messiah; odes; Herman (a drama in three parts). Translations of some of his odes, and a lengthened account of his works, may be found in Taylor, i. 232-304.

form in which they should be exhibited, he considered that of ancient Greece as the most perfect, and thought that he could unite the greatest beauty of substance with the greatest beauty of form, by praising Christianity and Germanism when attired in the garb of Greece: a strange error, certainly, yet one which arose very naturally from the strange character of the progress of social development which characterized his age. It is true, indeed, that England exercised a considerable influence upon Klopstock, for his Messiah is a mere pendant to Milton's Paradise Lost; but Klopstock must not, on that account, be called a mere imitator of the Englishman; the services which he performed in behalf of German poetry are as peculiar as they are great. He repressed by means of his Greek hexameters and the other Sapphic, Alcaic, and iambic classic metres, the French Alexandrines and doggrel verses which had hitherto been in vogue. By these means not only was the French bombast and inane rhyming set aside, and the poet compelled to think more of the meaning and substance than of the rhyme, but, by the attention paid to rhythmical harmony, the German language was moulded anew, and gained a flexibility which will be of use to the poet, if, at some future period, the Grecian form be rejected, as a mere study and exercise. But more than this: Klopstock, though in form a Greek, was, and wished to be, in spirit a true German; and he it was who introduced that patriotic enthusiasm, and that reverence for everything German, which, amidst all

the new fashions that have arisen since his time, has never disappeared, but, on the contrary, has often in its opposition to everything foreign, been carried to an unjust and absurd height. However strange it may at first sound to hear him, the child of the French peruke-period (*Perückenzeit*), styling himself a *bard* in his Alcaic verses, thus commingling the heterogeneous periods, the modern, the antique, and the old-Teutonic, yet this was the commencement of that proud and manly confidence which urged on German poetry to cast off its foreign fetters, and to lay aside that humiliating attitude which it had preserved even after the peace of Westphalia. It was indeed necessary that some one should come, who could smite his breast with his hand and exclaim, "I am a German!" His poetry, like his patriotism, was deeply rooted in that lofty moral and religious belief upon which such lustre was shed by his Messiah; and it was he who next to Gellert imparted to modern German poetry that dignified, serious, and pious character, which it has retained in spite of all its excesses of fancy and wit, and which foreigners have always contemplated in us with wonder or with awe. We cannot properly appreciate the powerful bulwark which Klopstock opposed to the entrance of foreign influences into German poetry until we call to mind the influence of the old French philosophy and the mocking scorn of Voltaire.

His patriotism, however, and his exalted religious feeling, have contributed far more than even his improvements in the German language, in

raising him to that high position which he will ever occupy. They have had the effect of rendering him an object of admiration even to those who have scarcely read a word of him; a fact which has afforded a subject for the satire of Lessing [5]. It is true that Klopstock loses everything when we examine him too nearly, and in detail. He must be viewed as a whole, and at some distance. When we read him he appears pedantic and tedious; but when we have read him, when we recall him to our recollection, he becomes great and majestic. Then his two prevailing ideas, patriotism and religion, shine forth in all their simplicity, and impress us with a feeling of the sublime. We fancy that we see some gigantic spirit of Ossian stretching forth a stupendous harp into the clouds. When we approach nearer he is lost in a broad dim mass of unsubstantial vapour. The first impression, however, remains, and attunes our souls to deeds of mighty emprise. Though too cold and metaphysical, yet he has in the sublime ideas of his poetry taught us two great lessons;—the one, that our un-Germanized poetry, which has long been banished from its native soil, must again take root in that soil, and in that soil alone, before it can produce goodly branches; the other, that all poetry must have its being's end and aim in religion.

These new doctrines forced themselves upon his notice in consequence of a contemplation of antiquity. Amongst the Greeks he found of

[5] See page 268.

what value poetry is to a people; that it inspires them with patriotism and religion. In this sense we may consider Klopstock as the first of those who imitated the spirit of antiquity. He opened up to his successors two ways, one of which led to Grecian forms, the other to Grecian spirit. Voss[6] followed the former, Wieland the latter of these paths.

In as far as form was concerned, Voss unfolded to perfection the antique taste. Here, he is without a rival. With him began the real Grecomania. Voss is the error to which Klopstock paid reverence,—the extreme of the whole of this false tendency of our poetry. It could not go further astray. Voss, the strangest of all literary pedants, was seized with a freak of nature, under the influence of which the most loathsome articles became an object of desire, and which carried him away to a tragi-comical love for Greek grace, which he imitated in the most ridiculous gambols. He laboured for more than half a century at the Sisyphus task of rolling up the rough old Runen-

[6] Johann Heinrich Voss, born at Sommersdorf, Mecklenburg, February 20th, 1751; died at Heidelberg, March 30th, 1826: poems (when a boy); translated the Iliad and Odyssey, Tibullus, Shakspere, Ariosto, Virgil, Horace, &c.; Lyric Poems; The Louise; Mythological Letters; Poems and Eclogues. It may be but right to mention that Menzel and Voss were bitter enemies; a circumstance which may, perhaps, account for the slashing tone of the criticism of the works of the latter. Those who would wish to see Voss measured by a friendly hand, may consult Goethe's Works, vol. xxxi., or Mrs. Austin's Characteristics of Goethe, vol. i. p. 198–220. See Taylor, ii. 58–72.

stein[7] of the German language, to the summit of the Grecian Parnassus, but always

> Quick down with precipitate bound, leaped and tumbled the fragment of marble.

He was firmly impressed with the idea, that the German language must be mechanically made to agree with the Grecian, syllable by syllable. He confounded his peculiar talent, and the predilection for these philological trifles flowing therefrom, with a general fitness for everything, and a habit of using the German language and poetry in any shape or form, just as if a rope-dancer were to wish that every one would dance upon the rope. Translations were of course the easiest method of forming the German language after the model of the Grecian. In them the German language would be brought so near the Grecian, as to be compelled to follow all its movements, like a wild elephant coupled with a tame one. Voss possesses the glory of being the most faithful translator,—only in so far, however, as the matter of the language and its mechanical laws are concerned; spirit and soul always vanish under the coarse touch of his fingers. He has in his translations expelled the peculiar character and the natural grace of the German language, tying up the dear prisoner in a straight-waistcoat, in which it can make nothing but stiff, unnatural, and cramped motions. His true merit consists in

[7] Those old rough rocks which were found in the north, with Runic characters engraven upon them.

his having introduced into our modern writings a number of good words, which had become antiquated, or were used only by the vulgar. He was necessitated to pursue this course of conduct in consequence of his requiring a great stock of words, to be able always to imitate, in the most accurate manner, the prescribed measure of the Greek. Moreover, he, as well as Klopstock, has improved the German language by his frequent difficult Grecian exercises, just as the treasure-seeker, though he found no treasure, made the soil much more fruitful. I have no wish to deny to him the merit of this tiresome as well as useful labour; but his studies cannot rank as master-pieces; they were the apparatus, the scaffolding, the school; but they were not the work of art (*das Kunstwerk*). They were distortions of the language calculated for showing its great power of pliability; but there was no grace in their motions. No one could speak as Voss wrote. It would seem strange and ridiculous, were any one to arrange his words as Voss did. They always sound like a stiff translation, even in places where they are no translation at all. His translations are often so slavishly true to the words, and therefore un-German, that they cannot be understood except by a reference to the original. And yet this very fidelity was far from being fitted for expressing the sound as well as the spirit and peculiarities of a foreign author. On the contrary, the tortured stiffness of compulsion was the universal mark of all his translations, and all bear an internal resemblance, all were fashioned on the

same last. Whether he translate from Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Shakspere, or an old love-song, we hear nothing but the stiff tramp of his own prose. Even the mighty genius of Shakspere cannot make him deviate in the slightest degree from his regular track. The best test of the powers of a translator, is to make him translate two poets of totally different characters. If they in this state bear more resemblance to each other than they did before, the translation is unfaithful in both cases, and deficient in characteristic individuality. Voss has made the trial and has completely failed. The worthy poets of old are plunged into his witch caldron healthy and sound, but they all come out miserable changelings; all are converted into miniature Vosses, all marching in buckram uniforms, each habited like his neighbour.

Voss was a caricature of Klopstock, in as far as he, to suit his own taste, stamped anew the latter's two poetical ideas,—patriotism and religion. As with him poetry consisted in a mechanical quickness in stringing together syllables, so did this same narrow-hearted man convert the idea of patriotism into the life of a secluded family circle, and that of religion into a rancorous old protestant polemic. He inculcated tolération, it is true, towards the Catholics, but he was never disposed to exercise it towards them.

His idyls, his celebrated Louise, and his Letters, deserve to be immortal only in so far as they present us with the essence of all the Philistinism and family cockerings (*Hätschelei*) of last cen-

tury. No old woman in the country could have devoted herself with more self-complacency than this Johann Heinrich, to detail; on the one hand, the petty housewifery, the giving and receiving of visits by a family, the duties of a godfather; and, on the other, the backbiting, pouting, gossiping, suspicions and scandal of women; and thus he marches towards eternity, clothed in a damask dressing-gown and clean cotton nightcap.

This arch-philistine considered himself and his Ernestine as the second paradisian pair; he therefore wished to have himself and her named, *par excellence*, father and mother Voss. But love for a domestic life, for one's father and mother, are things which lose their value as soon as they arrogate any merit for their conduct. His vanity, however, came to be of use to that sentimentality which had already broken in, and of which I shall afterwards speak at greater length. Voss coupled together the modern sentimentalism and the ancient Grecomania, an union from which sprung abortions like Matthisson, Kosegarten, &c., of whom more anon. Yet in considering sentimental poetry we must come back to the classic curate's family. Here I have made only a few preliminary remarks, mentioning how Voss caricatured Klopstock, and reduced his noble love for his country into a confused and narrow pedantic domesticity and family humbug.

In like manner Voss is, with regard to religion, a complete caricature of his great master Klopstock. I have already in the first volume portrayed those rationalists, who, fawning upon every

secular power, and persecuting with a cowardly heart, those who think otherwise, have been able to pass themselves off upon the stupid populace as heroes, as second Luthers and Hüttens, whilst in reality they delineated upon the wall the phantom of an all-deceiving jesuitism, and fought against it as if it were really a dangerous enemy. Johann Heinrich Voss was the most noted of these sham-fighters. He understood the art of passing himself off for a liberal friend of the people, whilst in reality he was an abject sycophant, who kissed hands in every quarter, fawned upon every petty prince and count, and thus got nice pensions for himself from the great. And wherein consisted his heroic courage? in having unexpectedly and secretly fallen foul of the poor Stollberg, who had done for him so many friendly services, and whom he had for half a century praised in every classic metre; and in his having, by the assistance of privy-church-councillor Paulus,—he who was so very brave against the invisible jesuits,—persuaded the gaping multitude for many years, that his gossiping had saved Germany from the greatest of all dangers, from an universal tendency to become Catholic, from a revival of the whole system of the middle ages, and that he, Voss, was certainly a second Luther, if not greater than Luther.

While Voss was thus committing blunders by adhering too onesidedly to the form of the ancients, others sought for the ancient spirit. The first impulse in this direction was communicated partly by the arts of design and form, and their

leader Winkelmann, and partly by those elegant philologists who gradually proceeded from the departments of grammar, history, and science, to that of æsthetics. Some having, at last, penetrated into the spirit of classic antiquity, formed their own spirit from it. They endeavoured to transfer the plastic clearness, the natural grace and refinement of the Greeks to German poetry, so as to refine and ennoble it without sacrificing its individuality. A mutual influence, a reciprocal instruction of the people, is the aim and end of its intercourse, the result of all historical recollections. If any one possess any peculiar quality which no other can imitate, there is evolved something purely human which can appropriate everything else. The Greeks, however, were, beyond all dispute, the most highly cultivated of all the nations of antiquity. Independently, altogether, of their national peculiarities, their intellectual development was of so general a character that they could have instructed all other nations. Their progress in art was also of an equally high character. The truth, nature, and grace of this culture shine forth as a model to all nations. It was purely human, therefore it is no imitation to fashion itself like others, but merely a natural endeavour of human nature, made as soon as it becomes conscious of its own powers, and has gained some security in what it wishes. We do not imitate the Greeks; they merely teach us how we should exercise our own intellect, and how we should introduce grace and ease even into our own social state.

A lucid plastic intellect and an easy natural grace are, beyond all doubt, the inducements which must draw us to the Greeks, and which we must feel the most ardent desire to appropriate, if so be that we have preserved some proper tact, and a sound natural feeling, from among the rubbish of the misformed peruke-world. Those, therefore, who first revived a better taste, turned to the intellect as well as to the grace of Greece.

It was Wieland[8] who transplanted into our German woods and Gothic cities the light and graceful spirit of Athens, though not without a considerable admixture of the levity and playfulness of the French genius. Wieland combined in his own person the Gallomania and Grecomania. He was brought up in the former; he passed at an after period into the latter; yet he perceived at once the onesided by-way pursued by Klopstock and Voss; he led the Germans from their pompous stiffness back to the graceful and easy motions of the graces of France and Greece. The

[8] Christoph Martin Wieland, born at Oberholzheim, September 5th, 1733; died at Weimar, January 20th, 1813: poetry,—Oberon (English by Sotheby) Musarion; Idris and Zenide; The New Amadis; Love for Love; tales; prose,—Agathon; Don Sylvio de Rosalva; Dialogues of the Gods; Peregrinus Proteus; Danishmund; The Abderites; translated Lucian. A life of Wieland, with a minute account of all his works, may be found in Taylor's Survey, vol. ii. pp. 243–495. Many interesting particulars respecting him, as well as a criticism on his works by Goethe, of whom he was a friend, a contemporary, and a co-resident in Weimar, may be found in Mrs. Austin's Characteristics *passim*, especially vol. ii. pp. 205–236; compare also Foreign Quarterly Review.

German muse, moving with graceful cheerful freedom in the days of the *Minnezeit* (love-time), attired by the Meistersängers in starched linen, disguised in a periwig and hoop-petticoat after the thirty years' war, no longer knew what to do with her hands, but continued to play lack-a-daisically with her fan. Though mighty geniuses, like Klopstock and Lessing, threw from them this rubbish and stepped out for a minuet, boldly trusting to their own movements, yet it was necessary that the power within them should be satisfied, in order that others might return to grace. The principal aim of their endeavours, therefore, was a higher aim, viz. to employ themselves principally therewith. A genial spirit, in whom this tendency was exclusively manifested, was required to assign to grace its due place and importance.

Wieland appeared,—the cheerful, amiable, and refined Wieland; a genius inexhaustible in grace and ease, and overflowing with wit and merriment. We must be thoroughly acquainted with the whole of that stiff, disjointed, mannered, and sentimental age which preceded him, before we can duly appreciate the free and unfettered course pursued by his genius, and before we can at the same time properly defend anything, which, if examined by the ideas of this age, an age which he assisted in bringing about by his endeavours, might perhaps be found to be exceptionable.

Wieland was the first who restored to German poetry a complete freedom from prejudice,—the free and fearless glance of a child of the world,—a

natural grace,—a taste for, and the power of affording, cheerful merriment. Bold, humorous, and imposing, he cut off the tails of the Philistines, stripped from the blushing beauty her fatal hoop-petticoat, and taught the Germans, in a manner not so onesided as the former pastoral poets, to play with lambs in the ideal world of idyls, but, by banishing the unnatural, to find again nature in the world, such as it is, and to allow the limbs restored to liberty to move in a more graceful and secure harmony.

His whole nature was interpenetrated with that spirit of grace, cheerfulness, freedom from prejudice, and security; it was independent, refined and witty, graceful, moving and inexhaustible in jest, as it constantly aimed at producing a natural and healthy state of social life; a want which was the more strongly forced upon its notice by the opposition of that age which was so rude and tenacious. Therefore it was that his cautious tact aided him in finding those amiable qualities which had distinguished his ancestors and other nations, and in discovering the difficult art of refining his own mind, of breathing into it his own poetry, and of elucidating to the Germans its fitness as a model. This grace, however, was almost the only thing which he, engaged in the study of classic and foreign poetry, exalted above everything else, as that which had the greatest claims upon his notice, and to which he paid most respect. In this point he stands alone.

The genius of Wieland was most strongly attracted to Greece. There he found all the ideals

of his grace; there he imbibed the pure fountain of life and nature. But few minds have felt at home in that home of the Beautiful, and each of these only after its own fashion. A social life like that of the Greeks, is too extensive for one mind to comprehend the whole of it. We could be fitted for this task only by a life began for, and devoted to, this single purpose. But we stand far from that world; it is vouchsafed to but few wanderers to find it; and to these merely as strangers. Wieland appropriated to his own mind that harmony and grace with which the whole social system of Greece was interpenetrated. But did no modern European, prior to the time of Wieland, see and lay hold of the grace of the Greeks? In early times, a handsome shape and a noble symmetry of figure were covered with helmet and harness; at a later, by periwigs and furbelows, immense vests, ruffles, and hoop-petticoats. What Winkelmann did for the plastic arts, Wieland achieved for poetry. He learned, by his acquaintance with the Greeks, to acknowledge and reproduce natural beauty. But though it is undeniable, that he has successfully seized upon and comprehended one of the most prominent features of the Grecian character, yet it would be difficult to prove that he has completely fathomed either the depth of Grecian genius, or even of romanticism. The plastic beauty of Grecian architecture and statues, the gladsomeness and harmony of the Grecian manner of enjoying life, the mirror-like smoothness and purity of the Grecian philosophy, all seemed to stretch

their rich and flowery blossoms to him over the high wall of time, but nothing more. His Grecian romances, therefore, correspond with Grecian genius only in one sense; they are, in other respects, the products of Wieland and his age, of which they are denizens; and even French taste bore no inconsiderable share in their creation.

His taste had turned to the French, spurred on by that same original want which was so strongly felt by Frederick the Great, and others of his age; the only difference was, that the one was satisfied as a philosopher and a king, the other as a poet. The French had long excelled the Germans in that knowledge of the world, in a taste for a definite and clear method of treating a subject, and that relation, in which art itself takes its origin. Since the time of Voltaire, however, their best authors had shown traces of minds so bound down to routine, that there was, in reality, but little difference between them and Lucian, the wittiest author of antiquity. When we find, then, that Wieland has, in his romantic poems, imitated not only Ariosto, but also Voltaire and Parny; in his romances, not merely Lucian and Cervantes, but also Crebillon, Diderot, and Cazotte; we cannot help wondering at the ease and address with which he, in the midst of all his levity, lays aside all the licentiousness and all the moral poison of these Frenchmen,—men as clever as they were depraved,—and how he has placed beside the antique and French graces a third younger and German grace, who, though pretty,

naïve, and coquettish, still preserves her innocence amid all her coquetry. The skill which Wieland has shown in moderating the French frivolity, does more honour to his taste than his adopting it merits reproof. He has been often blamed on this account; he has been called the seducer of our moral and pure nation, and the new-old German Nazarenes and whiners (*Seufzerer*) have long taken the most active part in comdemning him. When I, a young man, first ventured to vindicate and praise him, people were all astounded, as is clearly shown by stupid, though numerous, reviews of the first edition of this book. A silly generation pretended that it despised Wieland! Thou gentle spirit, nature's dearest confidant, whose sun-illumined life was pervaded by a smiling genius, which, touching with Oberon's lily-sceptre the everyday realities of this life, changed them into a beautiful wonder; thou clear and calm spirit, who foundest in wisdom the measure of happiness, and who camest to the temple of Venus only through that of Urania; thee, did the grace-inspiring Apollo among the shepherds, a very present god amidst our German coteries, who have thicker skulls than even the Bœotians,—thee, did they with hanging mouth, blinking eyes, and folded hands, attempt to slander and defame: the prudish and malicious backbiters! No! as long as the world knows how to smile and kiss, so long will it, immortal Wieland! defend thee from these apes of the middle ages; and if ever a grace has walked, or will yet walk upon earth, in Wieland will she see and acknowledge her favourite child. It is

not this natural and graceful joy and merriment that we ought to condemn; our anathemas should be directed only against hypocritical and sentimental immorality. Far from being the seducer of a pure and spotless nation, Wieland has rather brought back to decency and moderation, to a cheerful and intellectual state of social enjoyment, a people which had been corrupted by the Gallomania; for the succeeding poets, partly, indeed, those called romantic, were the first who, under the mask of high and lofty sensibilities, disseminated the poison of a morbid voluptuousness, which was entirely unknown to the sound-hearted Wieland. In general, we have nought to fear from smiling pleasure; far more dangerous is earnest, brooding, weeping, praying voluptuousness,—voluptuousness such as we find portrayed in the writings of Goethe, Heinse, Friedrich Schlegel, and such-like men. The senses, when guarded by reason, are frank laughing graces, merry companions; it is only when they, by disguising themselves under the mask of exalted and noble feelings, sway the mind, that they become impure and treacherous poisons.

We must not lay at the door of Wieland the vices of his coarse and stupid imitators; we must not charge him with the foolish frivolities of Gerstenberg[9], the waterish chivalrous poems of

[9] Heinrich Wilhelm von Gerstenberg, born at Tondern in Schleswig; died November 1st, 1827: tragedies,—The Bride; Ugolino; Ariadne in Naxos; Minona; poems.

Alxinger[1], nor the common-places of the pitiful Blumauer[2], who, wishing to play the part of a second Voltaire in Austria, under Joseph II., heaped together in his Travestie of Virgil, all the coarseness and rude wit that could be produced in rude minds by a partial and false enlightenment.

The graceful and vivid manner in which Wieland had seized upon the spirit of Grecian antiquity, diffused a love for it among the more refined poets of last century; Goethe, in particular, imbibed a strong love for it. Do we not feel the gentle Ionian breeze when we read his Wilhelm Meister, his Tasso, or his Iphigenia? The lucid clearness of his language, the intimate acquaintance which he shows with nature, has never been equalled since the days of Homer. This charm of form which we have learned from the Greeks, is, however, so little confined to the narrow limits of one age, of one people, or one language, that it may be, and has been, imparted to romantic poems, the tendency of which is very different from that of the ancient poems. On the other hand, it is precisely the artistical imitations of the antique,—for example, the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides,—as they have been attempted by the French, and after them by Goethe, Schiller,

[1] Johann Baptist von Alxinger, born in Wien, January 24th, 1755; died May 1st, 1797: chivalrous poems,—Bliomberis; Doolin von Mainz; Richard Lion-heart.

[2] Aloys Blumauer, born at Styria, Austria, December 21st, 1755; died at Wien, March 16th, 1798: Viennese Almanack of the Muses; translated the Æneid; poems.

Schlegel, and others, which have been least successful. It deserves to be noticed, that indisputably the best rivals of the Greek grace and nature are the romanticists, and this in their romantic delineations, not in their intentional imitations of the ancients. The noble, independent, and beautiful grace of the ancient form had no difficulty in uniting itself with the full, powerful, deep, and tender sentiments of romanticism. It was, therefore, an easy matter for the romanticists to lure the strange goddess within their magic circle, whilst the pedants kept religiously aloof, though they gave out their philological and mythological letters as oracles of Minerva.

We shall not at present speak of those who have lately fostered the ancient taste, of those who endeavoured to reproduce it pure and plastic, like Goethe in his Iphigenia, Schlegel in his Ion, &c., or like Graf Platen in his ingenious Pindaric and Aristophanic poems, as well as of those who united the antique with the sentimental, like Matthisson and the other elegiasts, nor, in fine, of those who endeavoured to bring it into a sort of half-union with romanticism, like Goethe in the second part of Faust, &c.; we shall speak of these when we come to treat of the poetical schools which have arisen since the days of Goethe. We shall, because they are of a later date, and because so many and various influences intermingle in them, first consider those schools which existed before Goethe, and which were still more clearly characterized: let us therefore pass over to the

ANGLOMANIA

In England the great Revolution, which expelled the Stuarts, awakened all the powers of the nation, and gained for it that freedom of the press, which is so necessary for the advancement of all mental development. This was the reason that the English philosophers and poets did not, like the French, content themselves with aping the ancients, but, on the contrary, struck out independent paths, and served, not the courts, but the people, science, humanity, and culture in general. Yet to the Germans, who had fallen far behind them in freedom and independence, belongs at least the glory of having been very ready to acknowledge and adopt the advantages which England possessed. I am ashamed that I must confess in somewhat plainer terms than any of my predecessors have done, the methods by which the great majority of our German authors have derived from foreign countries the merit which they have usurped; but a bitter truth is better than a sweet deception. It is true, and the truth is proved by the histories of the Gallomania, Grecomania, and Anglomania, all closely following each other, that our ancestors borrowed by far the greater part of their glory from foreigners; indeed we shall have again to make this same observation when speaking of the sentimental and romantic poetry. Our passiveness far exceeded our activity; and the suns of our new

poetry were commonly nothing but moons, which received their light from suns of by-gone ages and foreign climes.

The Restoration of Charles II. was accompanied with a large infusion of the French taste into England. Its best adherent was Pope; but the old romantic tendency of the English, their sound intellect, their independent and free spirit, and their philosophical as well as historical views, soon drove the Gallomania back across the Channel. The high respect paid to Shakspere did not at all correspond with the French frivolity; Milton's religious earnestness, and the dispositions of the people, despised the frivolity of the court. The revival of the poems of Ossian, and the love shown for the old English ballads, nourished the romantic in opposition to the classic taste, which latter Thomson had to bring into a closer approximation with nature, before he could become a true admirer of landscape painting. That melancholy peculiar to the land of mists, was adequately expressed in Young's Night Thoughts. The broad humour of the revolutionary polemics and of Butler assumed a noble form in Swift's clever satires, and was impregnated with the modern sentimental element of Rousseau, in an altogether original mixture of smiles and tears, which, under the denomination of *humour*, became so celebrated and popular. Sterne (Yorick) was the real creator of this new element. At last the old Spanish-French novel attained in free England the highest pitch of classic correctness, by being divested of all its adventurous characteristics, and

by becoming a description of real life. Fielding, Goldsmith, and Smollet, (not to mention the somewhat tiresome Richardson), created that wonderful species of novel, in which modern society was first accurately depicted in its various characteristics and fates, charms and peculiarities; to all this was added the great influence of the English philosophers, such as Locke, Hume, Hutchinson, &c.; of the historians, such as Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, &c.; and of critics, such as Addison, Johnson, &c.

The Germans followed with childlike attention the masculine genius of England, through all these tendencies. Shakspere was translated by Eschenburg and Wieland; Ossian by Denis[3] of Wien and Stollberg; Young by Ebert; Sterne, with great success, by Bode; Smollet by Mylius; a knowledge of the old English ballads was diffused by Herder and Bodmer. They did not however merely translate, many of them also attempted imitations.

Zachariae[4] became the German Pope, whose Rape of the Lock he imitated in several mock-heroic poems. Yet we have one really original

[3] Michael Denis, born at Schaerbing on the Inn, September 27th, 1729; died September 29th, 1800: librarian in the Garelle library in Wien, where he found and edited many valuable MSS.: poems; translated Ossian.

[4] Justus Friedrich Wilhelm Zachariae, born at Frankenhausen in Schwarzburg, May 1st, 1726; died Jan. 30th, 1777: The Renommist (Renowner), Phaeton, (mock-heroic poems); descriptive poems; Times of the Day, &c.; translated Milton's Paradise Lost.

poem written by Zachariae, the Renommist, in which the savage rudeness of the students of Jena is pleasantly contrasted with the polished refinement of those of Leipzig, which then was called Little Paris. This Renommist is, next to Sebaldus Nothanker, the best memorial of these old times.

Ewald von Kleist[5] became the German Thomson, whose Seasons he imitated in his well-known poem The Spring. He was distinguished for tender feelings and beautiful similes, but he participated in all the faults of this species of poetry, which cannot directly express a beautiful sensation, but must first do it indirectly in the mirror of reflection, and which, perhaps without intending it, coquets a little with its charms.

There was something of Ossian's tone commingled in Klopstock's old German songs of the bards, and in his heroic plays, the battle of Herrmann, &c. Klopstock, however, was to a far greater extent the imitator of Milton.

The satires of Swift were better suited to the German taste, and, I may also say, the German morals, than those of Voltaire. Liscow[6], Rabener[7],

[5] Ewald Christian von Kleist, born March 3rd, 1715; died of wounds received in the battle of Kunnersdorf, August 12th, 1759: Spring; poems.

[6] Christian Ludwig Liscow, born at Wittenberg in Mecklenburg, April 29th, 1701; died in prison at Eilenburg in Saxony, 1757 or 60: The Excellence and Necessity of Poor Writers shown.

[7] Gottlieb Wilhelm Rabener, born at Wachau, near Leipzig, September 17th, 1714; died at Dresden, March 26th, 1771: Pleasures of Intellect and Wit; Satirical Letters; Satirical Sketches.

Lichtenberg[8], do no dishonour to their British prototype, nay, they are among the most genial writers that Germany has ever produced. Liscow has the advantage of being older; Rabener excels him in objectivity and a certain dramatic liveliness; Lichtenberg, again, excels Rabener in the insurpassible graces of his irony. Liscow and Rabener employed themselves chiefly with Germany, with its perverted mental dispositions, with the wretched literary attempts of the first half of the century, with the progressing luxury, the unnatural fashions, the disgrace of the Protestant Church, &c.; their writings, therefore, possess a certain degree of historical interest. In particular, Rabener's Letters, which are written with an amiable spirit, contain very valuable descriptions of the customs of the age.

Lichtenberg showed so great a predilection for England, that he in reality seemed to belong more to that country than to us. Hogarth exercised no less influence upon him than Swift; and this is natural, for both are nearly allied to him in mind, though the former is a painter, the latter an author. His principal work, Illustrations of Hogarth's Pictures, is a work as unique in its way as the pictures themselves. There is, in these Illustrations, independent of their wit or of their poetical worth, as well as in the great majority of Lichtenberg's works, a

[8] Georg Christoph Lichtenberg, born near Darmstadt, July 1st, 1742; died February 24th, 1799: Satires on Lavater; Explanation of Hogarth's Plates; miscellaneous writings.

knowledge of human nature, such as in former times could have been found only in ancient, populous, and corrupt Rome, during the reign of the emperors, or as it could at present be unfolded only in London. I believe that this knowledge of men, with which there is always linked a certain contempt for men, had previous to the time of Lichtenberg, found its way from England into Germany, and had exercised a considerable influence over the minds both of Lessing and Goethe. As for Lichtenberg himself, he seized upon the cheerful side of things and men, so that even the vices of London afforded matter of pleasure to his sentimental and refined irony. What a pitch of humanity had he reached when he could thus know men, and thus jest at them! A most refined and enlightened mind dwelt in the crooked body of Lichtenberg.

Thümmel[9] also received the germs of his culture from England. In his first mock-heroic poem, Wilhelmine, he imitated the mock-heroics of Pope; this, however, was his masterpiece, for in this species there was nothing written so classical as the Wilhelmine. In it he seized upon the comic features of the petty German courts; so that his poem is, as it were, a rod by which we may measure the customs of the age. In the large novel, Travels to the South of France, we

[9] Moritz August von Thümmel, born at Schönfeld, near Leipzig, May 27th, 1738; died at Coburg, October 26th, 1817: Wilhelmine; Travels to the South of France; Inoculation of Love; lyrical poems; St. Kilian, or the Loving Pair.

cannot but see that both Sterne and Fielding have been his models, though even here Thümmel showed the refined originality of his genius. This novel bears a close resemblance to those of Wieland; Wieland, however, had more of the French, Thümmel of the English spirit. A trait which is very worthy of notice is the unsought-for nobility which has proceeded from this English element, the polite security of nobler movement, in which the Germans before, and alas! long after his age, were so sadly deficient. Though Thümmel combined the frivolity of politeness with the acute intellect and keen wit of the freethinker, yet the one of these elements seems softened by the other, while both are so by a grace peculiar to himself. The difficult art of permitting oneself to use freedoms without giving offence, the refined old-Grecian art of concealing delicate satire in the heart of ease and elegance, was innate in him.

Yorick exercised most influence upon our Hippel[1], the first who introduced into our poetry the genuine humour, the subjective tragi-comedy, the self-irony of jest, smiles, and tears. This humour, which was in reality first introduced by Cervantes and Shakspere, is something altogether modern, and foreign to the antique spirit of former times; it could come forth into notoriety only in an age in which the feelings, which were so decidedly predominant during the middle ages, came into

[1] Thaddeus Gottlieb von Hippel, born January 31st, 1741; died April 23rd, 1796: On Marriage; On Woman's Education; Life in Projecting Lines; Knights from A. to Z.

conflict with the intellect which was then making itself master of the modern culture, and in which the conjugal strife between head and heart, between wit and sentimentality, began. This contrast was openly shown among the French. Voltaire represented wit alone; Rousseau sentimentality alone. Among the English and Germans, however, the contrast existed in the bosom of one and the same individual, as, among these, contemplativeness and mysticism generally prevailed. Hippel's best work is his Course of Life in Projecting Lines; yet his Knights from A. to Z. contains many beauties. Men have with justice ascribed more truth to his feelings than to those of Yorick, in whom was concealed the most refined coquetry of the soul. Hippel's tears are true pearls; and he is as far removed from the affectation, as from the sentimental wishy-washiness of the later sentimentalists. In his Course of Life, are traits of a beauty of soul such as we never elsewhere meet with.

The prolix though sensible Richardson, found in Hermes[2] an imitator as tedious, somewhat less sensible, but more intellectual. Hermes' novel, Sophia's Tour from Memel to Saxony, was at one time the favourite book of the educated ladies of Germany, as Richardson's Clarissa was of those of England. Though this novel is exceedingly prosy, yet it contains many delicate traits, and an inter-

[2] Johann Timoth Hermes, born in Pomerania, May 31st, 1730; died July 24th, 1821: Fanny Wilkes; novels,—Sophia's Tour from Memel to Saxony.

esting picture of the customs and characters of that age. His other novels have less value, or if they have any, it is only of a similar kind; with his endeavours to preach to the ladies, there unfortunately began that literature for ladies which has now swollen to such a tremendous height.

Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollet, also found imitators in Germany, who, though they did not equal their originals, deserve all praise as true painters of their age. The celebrated publisher, critic, and poet Nicolai[3], of Berlin, taking as his model Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, wrote Sebaldus Nothanker, the life of a poor German country clergyman. Though he is far inferior to the Briton in classic grace, (for it is a fact, that this amiable Briton, though he has been a hundred times imitated, has never been equalled,) yet he has, in his novel, shown a great knowledge of men and of the state of society at that time; and has portrayed the corruption which had at that time acquired a footing in the protestant church, in a way which makes us easily comprehend how Lessing became his friend. This is no longer the time to forget Nicolai's merits, in consequence of his onesided enlightenment. He was unacquainted with the deep regions of belief; he was but a

[3] Christoph Friedrich Nicolai, born at Berlin, March 18th, 1733; died ibid, January 8th, 1811: Library of the Fine Arts; edited General German Library, 107 vols.; Letters on German Literature; Topographical and Historical Description of Berlin and Potsdam; Anecdotes of Frederick the Great; novels—Sebaldus Nothanker, History of a Stout Man.

weak and arrogant fighter against the romantic spirit; but the noble battle which he fought, ranged on the side of Lessing and the noble Mendelssohn, against the dead theology and the inhumanity of the pulpits and professors' chairs secures for him an honourable situation in German literature; while his Sebaldus Nothanker will always be acknowledged by the connoisseur as an exceedingly interesting novel, indeed as the only one of its kind which is valuable, and which can be read with as much sympathy as advantage.

Müller von Itzehoe[4] wrote, in imitation of the humorous style of Smollet, many novels, of which Siegfried von Lindenberg is by far the best. In it he portrays a Pomeranian nobleman, whose simple customs and powerful mind comes into a strange and interesting conflict with modern enlightenment and culture. Müller's language is, however, somewhat obtrusive, goodhumouredly nervous, and at times rude; characteristics which render his works more peculiar, but not more pleasant.

Superior to both is Schummel[5], whose refined mind and excellent style of language render him worthy of a place beside Lessing and Thümmel, though he is far less known than either. He

[4] Johann Gottuerth Müller von Itzehoe, born at Hamburg, May 17th, 1744; died June 23rd, 1828: novels—Siegfried von Lindenberg; The Ring; Comic Novels from the Papers of the Brown Man; Friedrich Brach.

[5] Johann Gottlieb Schummel, born in Silesia, May, 1748: died 18—; Sentimental Journey through Germany; Spitzbart; The Little Voltaire.

also became a pupil of the English, and wrote three comic novels, of which the oldest, called Spitzbart, written between 1760 and 1770, is the best. In it he ridicules the pedantic enthusiasm of Basedow, in his Life of a Schoolmaster, who is in theory an all-embracing idealist and world-improver, while in practice he is a completely unpractical and silly booby. However little anything of this kind may appear fitted for becoming the object of poetry, yet Schummel has handled it with spirit, so that others besides schoolmen read his book with true satisfaction. At a later period, he has, in his Little Voltaire, depicted the German caricature of French scepticism in its true colours; yet this work is valuable rather as a history of customs than as poetry. Lastly, he wrote the Revolution in Scheppenstadt, an unworthy satire upon the admirers of the French Revolution, which has something of the tone of Goethe's Bürgergeneral and Aufgeregten, though Schummel has in it shown far more wit than Goethe. It marks the Philistinism of the century, that the terrible and astounding events in France gave to the German idlers an opportunity of giving forth their clever jests, even until the thunder of the cannons of Jena frightened them so much that they forgot how to see or hear; and that the great poet of the Bürgergeneral married during a fit of cannon fever.

I must, before I conclude, mention Knigge[6],

[6] Adolf Franz Friedrich Ludwig Freiherr von Knigge, born near Hanover, October 16th, 1752; died May 6th, 1796: be-

who was likewise a pupil of the English, and whose comic novel, Tour to Brunswick, is indisputably one of the best works of this kind, and full of capital jokes. In the other celebrated work of Knigge, On Intercourse with Men, there prevails, on the contrary, a social doctrine, which is a very unfortunate commixture of British experience, French courtesy, and German slavishness. It is a kind of Machiavelism of private life; it is the doctrine of rendering his egotism effective by means of cleverness, and in pleasing forms.

I must not omit mentioning, that the great majority of the original editions of the above-mentioned novels of Thümmel, Hippel, Hermes, Nicolai and Müller, as well as the translation of the English novels, of some French novels, and of Don Quixote, are all illustrated with engravings of Chodowiecki, which impart to them a higher value, and are, therefore, become indispensable in the eye of the judge and of the connoisseur of that pleasant literature.

In general, the Anglomania of last century has exercised a very beneficial influence upon the development of the German mind; for by it, the cause of manly strength and moral earnestness was defended, in opposition to the Gallomania; and that of nature and naïvete, in opposition to the Grecomania. This English influence was, as we have already seen in the earlier parts of this

sides the two mentioned above, Papers of the State-councillor Schafs-kopf (sheep's-head).

work, no less influential in philosophy, history, and the political sciences, than in poetry.

LESSING.

LESSING[7] combined in himself the study and culture of all the schools of his age; so that he *passed through the Gallomania*, the Grecomania, and the Anglomania, like the sun passing through the zodiac, without sacrificing any of his freedom, or without inclining either to the right or to the left, but pursuing nobly his own course. In that age of foreign influences and of clashing tastes, great poets could not spring up as from the earth; they had to struggle with Herculean strength through a circle of foreign hindrances, which both bewildered them and led them astray; they were forced to open up a path for themselves, by means of a sound, comprehensive, and incorruptible criticism. This was the reason that Lessing combined the critical with the poetical power, that the armed Pallas loved to walk side by side with him! He exercised this criticism in many and

[7] Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, born at Kamenz, in Ober-Lausitz, in Saxony, January 22nd, 1729; died at Wolfenbüttel, February 15th, 1781; Laocoon, or the Boundaries which separate Painting and Poetry; Dramaturgy; The Education of the Human Race. Dramas: Minna von Barnhelm; Emilia Galotti; Miss Sarah Sampson; Nathan the Wise. See Taylor's Survey, vol. i. p. 329—506, for a detailed account of the Life and Writings of Lessing, and where also an excellent translation of Nathan the Wise is given.

various fields; in those of theology, philosophy, philology, the history of art and literature, as well as in that of poetry. He opposed the unlicked rudeness, the gross fanaticism, and the spiritless pedantry of a cold faith, in his celebrated controversy regarding the Wolfenbüttel Fragments, in which he avoided the falling into the extreme of complete unbelief, as his excellent 'Nathan' shows; yet on account of which the faction of blasphemers have always unjustly reckoned him one of themselves. He exercised no less influence upon the rise and progress of a profound and comprehensive study, and also of a better taste in philology, and by his intercourse with Winkelmann on the revival of the fine arts. As soon, however, as he directed his attention principally to poetry, he became the true Hercules Musagetes, the vanquisher of all the remaining fragments of the Gallomania, and of all the prolixity and tedium inseparably connected with it, as well as the Trusty Eckart before the Venusberg[8] of the modern sentimentality and poetical licentiousness, to which, however, the gates and doors have, since his time, been open. If we examine what relation he bore to the older and younger schools of his day, we find that he always saw the faults which they committed with the clearest eye, and pointed them out in the most decided language.

No one could point out the difference between the true antique and its French caricature, with

[8] See Tieck's tale of the Trusty Eckart, of which there is a translation in the second volume of Carlyle's Specimens of German Romance.

such far-reaching acuteness as Lessing; and to him are we indebted for being the first to purify our German stage from the starched French Alexandrines; and, above all, our language from its turgid and bombastic style. Even before the appearance of the Grecomanists, before Voss or Klopstock, Lessing had entered the lists; he was, however, far from making common cause with them. He did not rescue the antique from the French bombast merely to give it up to the German pedants. The Grecomania was as disgusting to him as the Gallomania; a fact which he never attempted to conceal. His epigram on Klopstock is well known:

> Who does not Klopstock praise?
> Yet who will read his lays?
> Such *praise* I do not want,
> More *readers* only grant.

And what thought Lessing of Voss? Voss himself relates, that Lessing, when he was once visiting him, fell asleep during the conversation. Lessing had more affinity to the Anglomanists, for they really had the most spirit and most nature. We may, if we choose, perceive a certain resemblance between the great British critics, Johnson, Addison, &c., and Lessing; yet he was far superior to them in comprehensiveness and depth of knowledge, and of mind, and especially as a poet. No one can convict him of committing plagiarisms upon the English.

While Lessing remained uncontaminated by the influence of foreign schools, he could not render

his countrymen equally free. He saw, he combated and despised, the different mannerisms which were common before and during his age; and he was fortunate enough only to see the later mannerism of mannerisms, the universal jumble of tastes, the mixture of all foreign styles. Yet he lived to witness the beginning of sentimentalism, and against nothing did he so bitterly inveigh as against it, in the lazy effeminacy and empty affectation of which he saw and shuddered at the exact counterpart of that power and nature which he himself possessed in so eminent a degree. When Goethe, unworthily aping the Nouvelle Heloise of Rousseau, published the Sorrows of Werter, in which the weakness of Rousseau was completely surpassed, yet which was, notwithstanding its worthlessness, lauded by the Germans of that day, Lessing foresaw into what,—I must speak out plainly,—into what a weak sliminess Goethe would lead the German literature; and in the year 1774 he wrote to Eschenburg, the writer of a history of literature and the translator of Shakspere, in the following terms: "A youth who reads Werter may easily mistake poetical for moral beauty, and believe that he must be good, who can make so strong a claim upon our sympathies. But good he assuredly was not." In these words Lessing gives the death-blow to the plague-spot of sentimentalism. The immoral is, in itself, as little unpoetical as the moral is, in itself, poetical; and Lessing would neither have pronounced Voltaire's immoral Pucelle as unpoetical, nor Schönaich's very moral Hermann as poetical. It was, there-

fore, ridiculous in him to object to Goethe that he had confounded beauty with morality. He was, however, perfectly right in finding fault with that sentimentality, which, under the mask of the noblest and most exalted sensibility, concealed nothing but the most commonplace vanity and sensuality; in rejecting that unmanly and trumpery romance-virtue, which confused all conceptions of true virtue; that Goethe-like virtue of shreds and patches, which bears the same relation to true virtue as Shakspere's king of shreds and patches bore to the real Hamlet, whose crown and purple mantle he had stolen. Had Goethe, had all his countless sentimental followers, treated their effeminate heroes as Voltaire and Crebillon did theirs, that is, as libertines, fops, or effeminate voluptuaries, nothing could have been said against them; but we have, unfortunately, the reproach to make, that he portrays these weaklings as the ideals of manhood, as the noblest and most exalted minds, as possessing the highest manly accomplishments, as gods incarnate; and conceals their intrinsic worthlessness by every means of glittering gaudy show; so that the deluded reader never looks upon them as despicable fools, which they really are, but considers them as exceedingly interesting, nay, even as sainted personages. Lessing continues: "Do you really believe that any Greek or Roman youth, ever thus and therefore, took part in life? Certainly not. They secured themselves in a totally different manner from the ravings of love, and at the time of Socrates any such ἐξ ἐρωτος κατοχη, as would impel τι τολμᾷν παρα

φυσιν, would hardly have been pardoned even in a mere girl. To produce such little-great, despicably-valuable originals, was reserved for Christian education, which can so beautifully change a bodily want into a mental perfection." Christianity may truly be acquitted of this reproach, since the fault is caused by the change in the times. In olden times, and among true Christians, manly power and honour were quite at home; that seducing, lying sentimentality of Goethe is altogether a modern product. We cannot, however, define it more accurately than has been done by Lessing. These few expressions completely characterize that succeeding sentimental poetry which has endured even until our own times. It represents the little as great, the despicable as valuable, hoping by means of these lies to appear original. This is really all that can be said about it; all of which, however, we, when we come to give an account of this degenerate period of our poetry, shall find confirmed.

So much for Lessing as a critic. These few remarks may serve to show how clearly he saw and understood the past and future aberrations of German poetry, in as far as he could follow them. It still, however, remains a matter for wonder, that though Lessing has, since his own time, been always honoured as a critic, his judgments have always been reversed. This fact shows the worthlessness, and, in a certain sense, the political perfidy of that oligarchy of taste which succeeded him. They praised the man whom they really hated; but the praise served

their purpose of concealing the difference which existed between himself and them, and gave them the appearance of being in reality his natural successors and heirs.

When we consider Lessing as a poet, we must not forget that, as a critic, he had to free himself from the trammels of the Gallomania, the Grecomania, and the Anglomania, and that his attention was occupied with a hundred other things besides poetry. Hence his earlier poetical attempts and preparatory studies, as well as his occasional poetical trifles, to which he himself attached but little value, are very different from the classic works of his perfect poetical maturity,—that is, from Minna von Barnhelm, Emilia Galotti, and Nathan, any one of which would have sufficed to rank him among the greatest poets of any age. The spirit and the form of these works are alike of importance.

Nobleness is, beyond all doubt, the inmost principle of Lessing's poetry. It is easy to understand how the poets and critics, whose governing principle had hitherto been the reverse of honour, overlook this circumstance, and have managed so well to forget it when praising Lessing. There is, therefore, the greater reason why I should return to this point.

I say still further, that the governing principle of Lessing's whole life was nobleness. His poetry was nothing but an expression of his life. He had, during his whole life, to combat with difficulties, yet he never veiled his proud crest. He strove, not for situations of dignity, but for his

own independence. He might, in consequence of his extraordinary talents, have luxuriated in the favour of the great, like Goethe, but he despised this favour; he hated it, as unworthy of a free man. His long course of private life, his service as secretary to the brave general Tauenzien, during the seven years' war, and still later, as librarian at Wolfenbüttel, prove that he never strove for situations of honour and emolument. He declared, too, that he would resign this last situation, were the censorship to place the slightest restraint on his liberty of thought. He ridiculed Gellert, Klopstock, and all who veiled their laurel-crowned brows before gold-crowned heads; and he himself avoided all contact with the great, with that chaste pride in which the *noli me tangere* is innate. He upbraided the honest Winkelmann, who could not have existed without the great, for his dependence upon them. When he himself went to Italy he despised all introductions. In 1768 he wrote to Nicolai, "I do not care for any acquaintances in Rome, except those which I may accidentally make. Were it not that Winkelmann was such a particular friend and client of Albani, I believe that his Monuments would have turned out very differently. Many trashy monuments are foisted into it, merely because they are preserved in the 'Villa Albani;' as a work of art it is very little worth, and as a work of learning there is nothing in it but what Winkelmann has forced into it by violence. I can see as I choose, and live as I choose, without cardinals." In order to make himself completely independent,

and to set a noble example, he proposed that all the distinguished authors of Germany should unite for the purpose of themselves publishing their works, volume by volume, at their own expense, and in connection, under the general title of a Museum; so as thus to lessen the immense profits of publishers, and on the one hand to secure to good authors that remuneration which would be sufficient for their independence, and on the other, to suppress bad books, and the regular system of manufacturing them, which was then commencing. The plan of course failed; since it is as impossible to bring authors into harmony, as to disarm the booksellers. The emperor Joseph II. attracted great attention by his liberal reforms; indeed there was, in 1769, a great talk of uniting, in Wien, all the distinguished and liberal talent of Germany. Lessing expected nothing from this project, yet neither did he expect anything from any court favour. He looked on courts, in spite of their then affected love for philosophy and the fine arts, as the enemies of all true, that is, of all independent, mental culture. Animated with these sentiments, he wrote to Nicolai, who seized upon every opportunity of ridiculing Wien and praising Berlin: "Tell me nothing of your Berlin freedom of thinking and writing. It is reduced to the sole and single freedom of bringing to the market against religion, as many fooleries as any one chooses. And an honest man must soon become ashamed of using this freedom. If, however, you permit any one in Berlin to make the attempt of writing as independently on other subjects as

Sonnenfels, in Wien, has written, let him attempt to speak the truth to the courtiers as he has spoken it; let any one enter Berlin who will lift his voice for the rights of the subjects, and against exaction and despotism, as is now the case in France and Denmark, and you will soon learn what European country is, even till the present day, the most enslaved."

Such was Lessing himself, and such do we find him in his Major Tellheim, Odoardo Gallotti, and Nathan. Humanity and wisdom were never more intimately combined with the romantic element of manly honour than in these characters; and no more modern poet,—I say none, has represented this grace of manliness in the way Lessing has done.

And what charming daughters has this severe father! What a charm dwells in Minna, Emilia, and Recha! Who, besides Shakspere, has conceived the nature of females in such graceful softness, such noble simplicity, smiling cheerfulness, and holy purity, as Lessing? We are amazed at the lovely miracle of poetical creation, and we feel as if we could hold sweet converse with these creations, so natural and real do they seem.

Lessing was our first modern poet, the first who effected a reconciliation between poetical ideals and actual life, who dared to bring upon the stage heroes in modern garb,—heroes of to-day. Till his time the manly virtue of the old Romans had been known only from its representations in the French comedy. Lessing showed in

his Tellheim and his Odoardo; that there might be heroes and men of honour even in our every-day prosaic world.

By this modernized dress, by the naturalness of his dramatic personages, and by the prose which he opposed to the old French Alexandrines, as well as to the Grecian hexameters, he exercised a powerful influence over the age which immediately succeeded him; thus becoming the creator of the real modern German poetry, which undertook to depict modern society, whilst hitherto men had attempted to imitate only what was old and foreign. The Anglomanists, such as Nicolai, Müller von Itzehoe, &c. who likewise came forward as the friends of the natural style in their delineations of the present and of every-day life, lived at a later period than Lessing, and were the first to follow his example. Then came Goethe, next Schiller, whose first prose dramas, Goetz, Clavigo, The Robbers, Cabal and Love, betray in every sentence marks of the school of Lessing, so that they would evidently never have been written but for his example.

At the same time Lessing was the first who, in Emilia Galotti, described a modern prince. Hitherto people had seen only stiff comedy-kings with their crowns and sceptres, or abject court-poetry, in which the orgies of Versailles were praised in the form of pastoral poetry. All at once Lessing burst upon the world with a picture of courts as novel as it was true. It cannot be denied that he produced great effects. Lessing's simple picture of the courts had far more influence

upon the politics of Germany than the later revolutionary philosophers of France. Schiller continued in the same style; and Iffland portrayed good kings, but bad ministers. The immorality of the courts became a standing subject of the German stage, and those courts which were still secure were none the worse of it.

Lessing's Nathan was fashioned in accordance with the light of the humanity which prevailed during the eighteenth century. The contempt with which his Jewish friend, the amiable Mendelssohn, was sometimes treated, incited him to the production of his masterpiece, in which the most profound intellect was combined with the noblest sentiments. This immortal poem, which is filled with the mildest, nay, I may say, sweetest wisdom, is, in consequence of its form, of great importance to German literature, for it is the father of countless iambic tragedies, which, after Lessing, were first made fashionable by the example of Schiller and Goethe.

Yet no poet has again equalled the first charm of the German Iambus, such as when in the Nathan of Lessing, it, with sweet persuasion, seizes with wonderful heartfelt force upon the mind. Goethe improved only the euphony and external show of this verse; Schiller only its overpowering energy; both, however, as well as their countless imitators, departed far from the exquisite simplicity and amiable naturalness of Lessing's mode of treatment. The dramatic Iambus is become too lyrical; in the hands of Lessing

it was more like prose, and therefore more dramatical.

We cannot, however, thoroughly comprehend all the influence which Lessing had upon German literature, until we come to treat of the periods which succeeded him.

ROUSSEAU'S INFLUENCE UPON GERMAN SENTIMENTALITY.

Though Lessing did not succeed in impressing upon German poetry the stamp of his mind; though —and this was with him one and the same thing —the strength and beauty of soul, as soon as it was separated, and degenerated in the extremes,— on the one hand, of exaggerated power in the so-called Storm-and-Pressure period, on the other, into the excessive weakness in the poetical Philistinism,—yet I will by no means argue that Rousseau's influence was the cause of this; certain, however, it is, that the Germans, who were politically indifferent, inactive, and confined to their own family circle and their own feelings, showed the strongest susceptibility for a tendency of the heart, like that advocated by Rousseau; and their nourishment would have been sought for in other quarters, or would have been created by themselves, had not Rousseau already come to their help.

Rousseau is the patriarch of the modern sentimentality. He possesses the immortal merit of having, during the age of Voltaire, which recog-

nised only wit and pathetic affectation, given to the profound and inward truth of the world of feelings its due rights. But he fell from one extreme into the other, so that it was probably impossible for the feelings, hitherto misused, not to degenerate into enthusiasm while they were being emancipated. The excessive hardness and coldness necessarily called forth an excessive softness and warmth. The diabolical spirit of Voltaire was necessarily opposed by a kind of craving for sweet salvation and angel-like felicity. There were, however, general conditions in the age, which favoured this modern weakness and effeminacy then prevalent in Germany.

The despotism which reigned during last century, excluded educated men from a participation in the affairs of the state. After the thirty years' war, the Germans fell into a kind of inactive torpid state, from which they could not be awakened either by the Spanish war of succession, or even by the seven years' war. This went so far, that men no longer thought it at all necessary to t.. uble themselves about public affairs. Shut up in the comfortableness and care of private life and the family circle, no one thought of the state, or of their country. This was the cause which produced that overvaluing and exclusive praising of private life, and the deification of the domestic nightgown. This was the reason that those who had no families, or who felt a higher want, favoured the enthusiasm of art, the Bacchanalian muses, the philosophical whirl-theories, the altogether impracticable idealism. Hence arose

that sentimentality which insinuated itself into the favour of every one. Where there is nothing done, the internal longing at least will give itself vent in powerless feelings, a powerlessness which involuntarily shows itself in a kind of melancholy hypocrisy of feeling. The middle ages were much influenced by the feelings, yet they were not sentimental, for there was in them the power and the consciousness of complete possession. Our age is only sentimental because it feels its weakness and its want.

An evil conscience is always an energetic agent in sentimentality. It is to a greater or less extent the clear consciousness of a self-accusing weakness. Rousseau, the weak, the insecure Rousseau, first exalting himself and then sinking back into common-place, flattering his foibles and then again despising himself,—Rousseau personified the whole species. It is just the want of chivalrous feeling which this age displays, the man enclosed for the punishment of his cowardice in a woman's robe, the making over of female fear, female weakness of character, female longing, female levity, female vanity and love of dress, female excitability, and, above all, of female lachrymoseness, to man, who was formerly so strong, firm, proud, and equanimous.

The older poetry of the troubadours and minnesingers, even till the age of Petrarca, showed much enthusiasm, yet not altogether without manliness. Even the later pastoral poetry was only a coquettish game, so that though we cannot allow to the licentious cavaliers of the seventeenth century all the virtues of their forefathers, yet

even in their vices they showed that they were men. The aristocracy, excluded from the government, found in the realm of love and gallantry a new arena for their might and policy. There was still something romantic and chivalrous in them, so that the public feeling was still seen in the public vices.

Vices, however, lead to diseases, so that though the sentimentality which began about the commencement of last century, must be named a virtue in comparison with the corruption of the French court, still it was a recovering virtue, an after-sickness, a state of weakness, of hopeless repentance. The unnerved rake retired to the country, there in the bosom of his family to lull his hypochondria to sleep by softer and gentler feelings.

There was undoubtedly more sound health left in Germany than in France; there was, however, something so interesting and attractive in the new French sentimentality, that it soon became fashionable even among us. This fashion soon extended its sway even over our physical deportment. Paleness became a favourite; a lady without vapours was not admitted into good society. Stout healthy German country girls painted themselves white, starved themselves thin, and drank vinegar in order to appear very ill.

The sentimentality which originated with Rousseau, assumed in Germany three different forms. It took possession of the family circle, becoming what has been named Philistinism. The name is, it is true, of an older date. When the Hussites

named themselves the people of God, they gave to those who thought differently with themselves the name of Philistines. This custom of the university of Prague becoming general in the other High Schools of Germany, the name Philistine has since that time denoted the quiet peaceful citizen, in contradistinction to the unruly student, who is aspiring after higher things. The old citizen was, however, a very different fellow from the modern Philistine. He had none of the sentimentality of the latter; he lived contentedly at his occupation and with his family, yet he did not carry on any idolatry with his every-day and modest fortune. This did not happen until after Rousseau, having become known in Germany, had awakened an enthusiasm for the simple family-life. In France this simplicity was contrasted with the vices of the court. In Germany their excessive praise afforded the people compensation at least for the defects of public life; for it was not to be wondered at that they should overvalue the only thing which they possessed. There were two reasons why the Grecomanists should be most forward in taking part in this Philistinism. In the first place, they felt an indirect affinity between themselves and Rousseau, in so far as they both opposed the would-be antique Gallomania,—the ruling Parisian school. In the next place, Horace, Theocritus, Virgil, and Anacreon, afforded them elements which were in complete accordance with the modern sentimentality. Was it possible then that the Grecomanists could seize upon the magnanimous, political, and heroic sides of

antiquity? This could to a certainty be done only by the English, who themselves spent their lives where every one took a share in public affairs, and by some French, who, like Montesquieu, foreboded and prepared the way for the great revolutions which were approaching. But the good honest schoolmasters and curates, who were altogether unaccustomed to the business of a little burgomaster, who in general had to labour for their daily food, and whose highest aim and longing was for "a quiet country surrounded by their own flocks," naturally seized upon the idyllic side of ancient poetry; so that here they were met by Rousseau's sweet enthusiasm for the simple life of nature.

With this is connected the second form of sentimentality. I mark it as the deep feeling of poverty, weakness, and powerlessness, which was but too common among the Germans of that age. Let any one read with this view the very remarkable biographies of Moritz (Anton Reiser), Jung (Stilling), Bronner, the above-mentioned novels of Nicolai, Müller von Itzehoe, Miller's Siegwart, and lastly the poems of the poor Hölty, who died not merely from melancholy, but also in part of hunger, and he will see a true picture of the misery from which but few could, like the powerful and persevering Voss, succeed in raising themselves. Without means, without education, without any encouragement for their talent, without any opportunity of advancing themselves by their labours, many noble minds never found comfort in what even the Polish slave possesses—national pride,

They felt that, though situated in the midst of the large and populous country of Germany, they were helpless, deserted, and oppressed by many mortifications. Even the great majority of those who really succeeded in advancing themselves, were indebted for their good fortune to the sacrifice of their independence, and were compelled to flatter with their talents puny petty princes, in order to receive from them pensions, without which not even talent can exist. The free and uncorrupted spirits of last century, which had arisen by their own power, may be easily counted; they are in number but few, very few. Let any one suppose himself in the wretched position of the poor geniuses of that day, to whose strengthening so little contributed, while everything aided in degrading them, and he will find an excuse for so many soft and tender souls passing away in woe, and, like Hölty, dissolving in tears.

The third form of sentimentality may be seen in an excessive craving for feelings without any object which can give rise to them. We distinguish, however, between the two tendencies shown by this craving, the one outwards, towards the ideal, the other inwards, towards an egotistical self-deification. Rousseau was the prototype of both these tendencies. A craving within him tended outwards, though without any definite aim. He foreboded the French Revolution, yet without being able to realize it. But because he did not perceive any likelihood of his ideals being externally realized, his powerful feelings flowed more

back upon himself, forcing him, as it were, to employ himself with himself, to examine himself through a microscope, and to comment upon his own Ego, sometimes rather with vanity, sometimes with a repentant self-contempt. A strength of the feelings as overpowering burst forth also in Germany from the overcharged souls; the more so, that in this country outward life afforded so little nourishment. Hence arose, on the one hand, that longing after ideals, which, however, are sought amid the wastes of the fields of politics, in the airy realms of poetry and philosophy; hence, the enthusiastic love for art and the speculative sciences, a love which, having soon degenerated into Bacchanalian orgies, aimed at nothing less than subduing the whole world, and at permitting nothing whatever to exist under any other condition, or for another interest, than that of æsthetics and philosophy. Hence also arose, on the other side, the self-deification of poets and thinkers, the reverence for their subjective beauty of soul, and, in the greatest excess, the casting down and destroying of arrogance, the tendency to jump out of their skin for joy,—men to whom the world, great as it is, is far smaller than their fancied greatness. This pride (*Hochmuth*) appears to be the exact contrast to the above-mentioned melancholy (*Schwermuth*); in the one case we see the highest pitch of excitability, in the other the greatest inaction; both, however, are symptoms of the same disease, welling forth from one fountain,—from the deficiencies in public life,

from the uneasiness of the nerves by one prisoner.

POETICAL UNIVERSALISM.—HERDER[9].

The charms of what was foreign and manifold, which, coming from without, dazzled the German poets, forcing them, like children, to imitate everything which was presented to their notice, formed, —in addition to the sentimentality which has just been characterized, and which again, from within, took away all energy from the mind which had been strengthened by Lessing,—the principal opposition to the endeavours of this great man. This passive character of the age was the fundamental element from which proceeded this hunting after foreign and vari-coloured impressions, as well as that womanish sentimentality; both, however, were, at bottom, deficient in that manly power which Lessing himself possessed, but could not impart to his contemporaries.

Though the German genius had, before the age of Lessing, been carried away to imitate sometimes the French, sometimes the Romans and Greeks, and sometimes the English; yet the old world of romance and the treasures of Eastern

[9] Johann Gottfried von Herder, born at Mohungen, in East Prussia, August 28th, 1744; died at Weimar, December 18th, 1803: Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Man; poems,—The Cid; Voices of the Nations; Scattered Leaves; Spirit of Hebrew Poets.

poetry were opened up to it by the exertions of Herder; and though individual German poets had devoted themselves, one to one model, another to another; yet men of genius now arose, who endeavoured to enjoy at once the charms of all ages and all nations; these, however, were followed by men of eclectic talents, who wished to imitate all these at once. The poets, who in all their poems had followed only one tendency, who, for example, had imitated the ancients, were soon followed by poets, who in one poem imitated the ancients, in another the French, in a third the romantic, in a fourth the orientals, &c.; these again were succeeded by poets, who, in one and the same poem, mixed up the antique and romantic, the western and eastern, thus commingling all together as into an *eau de mille fleurs*.

Lessing was the first who became thoroughly acquainted with the foreign and classic models of taste; he did not, however, imitate them; he used them merely by way of comparison, in order thereby to correct and improve his own taste. Though his earliest works bear traces of being imitations of Roman and English authors, his later works show, by his thorough independence, to what an extent he had emancipated himself by a criticism, the real tendency of which was, not to persist in visibly enriching itself with foreign patchwork, but, on the contrary, to develop its own nature in classic truth, power, and beauty, by shedding away everything foreign.

But the influence of foreign elements was still too powerful; and the passive character of the

Germans became, during the latter half of last century, more and more decided in poetry as well as in politics. Everything foreign was attracted only in order to ape it.

The noble Herder looked at history with the eye of a philosopher, and though people had up to his time seen in national characteristics, only a changed costume of the same man, and had therefore imagined that they could easily transfer the natural characteristics of the French, Greeks, and English, to the Germans, yet Herder (as Lessing had already done in some particulars, for instance, in relation to the antique,) now directed his attention to the consideration of the original nature of the character of each nation, to the deep poetical peculiarity which is visible in the inborn idiosyncrasies of nations. Whilst, however, he thereby showed that one nation cannot imitate another, his investigations and researches into the olden and foreign poetry, served no purpose but that of increasing beyond all bounds the crowd of blind imitators. We must not therefore judge of his noble works by their consequences.

Herder taught Christians and philosophers who are so ready to speak abstractly of national varieties, their importance. All the endeavours of this great man were characterized by the purest and noblest humanity; he therefore sought only men among the nations, yet he filled up the gulf which had hitherto existed between the real and national man, and between the abstract of an ideal man. He opposed those freemason-like views which wish to free men from their nation, their

age and nature, and to exalt them as members of a higher general society, with the far more natural view, that the humanity of their progress of development, would take place only within the nationality and idiosyncrasy of a nation, like sap within a tree.

Humanity has necessarily two principal tendencies. The one leads upwards; it seeks the ideal, —the goal in abstract truth, beauty and goodness; for in this ideal alone, or in the endeavours to reach it, consists the only band that is woven around mankind. The other tendency leads us away into the endless; it seeks everywhere, in history, among all nations, this ideal, and by it, it unites everything that was previously separate.

Herder's genius embraced both tendencies. He was, however, on that very account, not merely a poet; he was, in the purest sense of the word, a man, a citizen, a philosopher, and a poet. Poetry was, in a more limited sense, of value to him, not merely as to a productive poet; he sought it among all other nations, adapting it to the wants of his countrymen. Philosophy and practical life were of value to him in the same way; and he was a lover of the True and the Good, as well as the Beautiful. He, however, who in this harmony reveres the highest ideals as the sublimest manifestations of the human soul, who offers up to them the flames of his heart, must have his whole nature interpenetrated by poetry, must be himself poetry. Such an union is possible only in poetical temperaments. Only the heart and feelings can be the primitive fountain of all these longings and

endeavours, the spring from which wells forth a desire and love so all-encompassing. As it is itself poetical in its inmost principle of life, so also is it in its manifestation for others. Therefore has Jean Paul, Herder's greatest admirer, uttered the following short and excellent apothegm: He was rather a poem than a poet.

The great influence which Herder's writings exercised upon Germany was owing to his genius in general, not to individual poetical creations.

What Herder meant by the expression "humanity," as the aim of all his exertions, was the blooming crown of everything human, the ideal,—the pure, noble, and beautiful,—to which all ages and nations, all institutions should tend, the attainment of which seems to be the final end of all mankind, as well as the condition of their advancement. He saw, in the world, an organic whole; a plant, which in its progress was to bear those flowers of nobleness and beauty. Progress, evolution, was with him the element of the universe; no pause, no disruption without a higher union. In this contemplation of a progress of the world to perfection, of its increase, of its improvement, his philosophy proceeded from Schelling, which also was distinguished by this recognition of the principle of evolution.

He looked upon all individuals and nations as nothing but the matter, upon all circles and institutions of life as the form in which that evolution is to be realised. By this means he united them all into one spirit and life. His Ideas towards the Philosophy of the History of Men, show us

the whole extent of his genius, and embrace the whole scheme in all its views and tendencies. But the execution of this project was far from being equal to the plan. No form would have been sufficiently extensive for this. Being fully sensible of this, he indicated in the title the fragmentary nature of the work, leaving to the discernment of his own and after ages, to find out that all his other works were merely appendices to or continuations of this work.

He commenced his great picture of the development of the world, with a representation of the physical world, as of one in a state of progression (*als eines Werdenden*). We cannot deny, that by this method he produced a very great poetical effect upon his age, and that he equally enriched science,—at least in its methods. The Germans were, previous to his time, deficient in a great and vivid picture of nature, which should be intelligible and impressive even to the uninitiated. The comprehensive views of the whole, the development of the beautiful in individual affairs, were here united with the most brilliant effect. Others had coldly constructed the universe to us as they would have made any piece of wheel-work; he breathed into it an organic life, awakening for it warm sympathies in every breast. Others had systematically classified, arranged, and told off on their fingers the individual phenomena of nature; he made them all appear as members of one great organism, lifting each into its proper place. The stone did not appear in the cotton of the mineralogical cabinet, but in the

living bosom of the earth where it grew; the plant was not seen dry and shrivelled up in the herbarium, but fresh, and glowing upon the meadow or the mountain-slope, with its roots fresh and moist with the dew of the earth; the animal was not shown stuffed, or in a cage, but ranging at will among the woods and fields, in the air, or water; the eye appeared not in a round case, but in the beaming lovely countenance; man was not seen in the solitude of his library, but like Adam among the creatures of the first day,—like Cæsar among men.

The moral world appeared to him exalted above nature; only, however, as flowers are exalted above the stalk, and pervaded with the same principle of life. The same principle of progression and development, only in a higher degree, was applied by him when treating of this higher nature, and he expressed the noble opinion, that the life of the individual, and the life of the whole human race, are subject to the same laws of evolution. He placed a reason of mankind side by side with the reason of the individual man. The former being directly guided by an eternal Providence in the life of nations, the latter being imparted to men as a divine heritage, and only as an efflux of the highest to a world-reason, both strive together for that highest aim, the improvement of the human species, for the beautifying of the life of man. From this root spring forth all the powers of men. Inspired by these exalted views, Herder pursued his investigations into the inmost depths of the human soul; he followed out

the progress of private life, of customs, of education, of states, of religions, of sciences, and arts, the history of institutions, of nations, of the whole of mankind, showing that there everywhere existed the same tendency, the one principle of life. Every individual object appeared to him only as a constituent part of the great whole. His numerous fragmentary writings show, even more than their variety does, the union of single phenomena in human life.

Among the writings in which he, without any reference to particular nations, makes mankind in general the object of his observations, the Metacriticism is, next to his Ideas, the most distinguished in philosophy, the Calliope, in æsthetics. His writings on the Bible, on politics, education, and customs, which include his numerous minor essays and fragments, are written with more limited views. In the Adrastea, a child of his age, he has felt himself compelled to devote a peculiar attention to modern history. All these works are distinguished, both for the deep truth and purity of the direct view which they present, and by the circumstance, that they never consist of anything fragmentary, that they never leave any feeling unsatisfied, but, on the contrary, combine themselves into one great harmonious view of the world; and, as they were formerly component parts of the great whole, so they give us an idea of that whole in each of its parts.

But the lofty genius of Herder did not rest satisfied with following out the unfolding of the powers of the soul, as they lie enclosed in the in-

dividual, to the full perfection of the blossom, to which they can exalt these individuals. He preferred acknowledging, that a still higher step of development may be attained in the variety of natures, as well as in that of nations and individuals. Herein he saw the highest and last form which the progressive evolution of men, subjects to itself, and therefore the reverence paid to this was the crowning mark of his system. In the principle of nationality, Herder saw and acknowledged the cradle of a yet higher stage of development, than men could possibly attain of themselves; the cradle of the highest, however, was with him the variety of human nature. As he placed the moral world of men above nature, so did he the educated polished above the uncivilized nation, the genius above the common-place man. Yet this highest view stood in the most intimate connection with his whole system; and he evolved the spirit of nations only in its connection with the spirit of mankind and of the world, and the spirit of great geniuses only in its reference to all these.

To these last views we are indebted for his best writings, and the best in all of them. With a warmth of which only Germans are capable, and which his example has made to them a will and a law, he has penetrated into the peculiar nature of the German as well as of every foreign nation and their geniuses, and shown, how in them the most odorous flowers of everything noble and beautiful have burst forth. From all these flowers he entwines for the genius of mankind a holy wreath, thus deserving that we should honour

him as its noblest priest. Though he was far from having the vanity of wishing to ascribe to the German nation a particular honour, he unwittingly secured to them the greatest,—by showing in his own spirit, that theirs is capable of such an impartial humanity. Though in his Ideas, and in his other writings, he had represented the spirit of nations as it has appeared in their history and institutions, in reference to the development to the Noble and Beautiful—to Humanity,—yet his correct judgment thought that there was peculiar necessity for evoking this spirit in the poetry of the nations. With these views he made the collection entitled The Voices of the Nations, one of his best works, in which he mingled up the fairest and most characteristic popular songs of all countries into one great minstrelsy of the human race. The general tone of this collection, as well as its immense variety and wonderful beauty did not fail of their effect. Since that time poetry has, both in and for itself, and in its relation to popular life, been acknowledged as of higher importance; or this importance has been acknowledged in it and evolved from it. Another consequence is, that a living intercourse of living spirits with the departed has arisen through the whole world. Men have gone out to all nations, into all ages, raising up the hidden treasures which Herder had pointed out. From the distant Ind, from Persia and Arabia, from the Fins and Sclavonians in the north, from Scandinavia, Scotland, England, and Spain, and even from the new world, the gold of poetry has, at Herder's beck, been heaped up into

a great, yet ever-increasing treasury in German literature.

We ought, however, to be contented with using for our enjoyment and instruction the works of foreign ages and nations, without attempting to imitate them. We ought to possess at least sufficient taste to seek the beauty of national poetry in that which distinguishes it from others; were this the case, we should not fall into that ridiculous rage for imitating, which has rendered the German poets not only soulless puppets, upon which to hang strange garments, but even Punch, who must at one and the same time bear the colours of all nations.

GOETHE[1].

In naming this great name, I do not conceal from myself either the amazing richness of intellect,

[1] Johann Wolfang von Goethe, born at Frankfort on the Maine, August 28th, 1749; died at Wiemar, March 22nd, 1832: poems, — Western-Eastern Divan, &c.; dramas,— Faust; Clavigo; Egmont; Stella, &c.; novels,—Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship and Wandering Years; the Elective Affinities; Werter, &c.; many papers on works of art, in Kunst und Alterthum; Dichtung und Wahrhiet (Autobiography), of which I am glad to see that a new translation is now in course of being published in Blackwood's Magazine, by Archaeus (Mrs. Austin), I believe; Letters from Switzerland; Italian Tour; Annals; &c. Compare Mrs. Austin's Characteristics, and the beautiful articles by Mr. Carlyle, in the Foreign (vol. i.) and Foreign Quarterly (vol. x.) Reviews, or in his Miscellaneous Works.

and the magic power possessed by him, who is beyond all dispute our most celebrated poet, in as far as form is considered, nor yet the attachment shown him by the great majority of the educated world. Of late years many and valued friends have, with the best intentions, attempted to make me an admirer of Goethe, and to induce me to give up an opposition, the only effect of which is to disturb the literary peace of Germany, and to aid that bewilderment of minds which is now invading us. It is strange in them to speak thus to me, at the very moment that I, standing up for the feelings and interests of those, whose duty it is to guard the well-won heritage and honour of our literature, am fighting against the unruly youths, on whose banner is written no name but that of Goethe. This single fact proves that my opposition to Goethe is not an old bigoted prejudice of my own, which I, now that it is become as it were unfashionable, could lay aside, but that I still feel its correctness as much as ever.

Goethe extends from the days of Lessing down to our own. His influence over literature not merely was, it still is immeasurable, and will yet long be so. This influence is of various kinds; in many respects it is good, but in a still greater number bad. By flattering many of the weaknesses and vagaries of his age, he has become the standard authority for all who cling to their foibles, or who launch out still further into these vagaries. I see, it is true, among his admirers, the noblest souls, the most estimable characters of the nation; men whom I might be proud to

imitate; but, on the other hand, I see among them all those parties whose tendencies I believe to be injurious, hostile, nay even fatal to the holiest interests of the nation, of religion, of morals, and even of art itself. I will not hesitate to join those noble spirits in rendering all due praise to those features of Goethe's character and talents which deserve admiration, but I will fight to the death against those ignoble wretches, and against everything of Goethe which they can use as a pretext for their base purposes.

Were it not that I am guided in this course by a deep feeling, a firm conviction, that I am right, I would hesitate before I placed myself so directly in opposition to so great a number of estimable admirers of Goethe,—men, whom I willingly allow are very different from those who use his opinions for their evil purposes.

The whole appearance of Goethe, the essence of all his individualities and expressions, is a reflex, a compact, yet varied spectrum of his age. This, however, was an age of national degeneracy, of political feebleness and disgrace, of a mischievous unbelief, and of a coquetish luxurious hypocrisy; of a deep demoralization, of an æsthetical craving after pleasure under the mask of refinement; of a contempt for all public interests, and of an anxious fostering of egotism. All these mournful characteristics of the age, which were the cause of the overthrow of our empire, and of the triumph of France over our orphan country, Goethe neither combated like a hero, nor bewailed like a prophet; he only reflected them in

a poetical manner, and in so doing embellished them, not merely in an indirect manner, but even praising them in express words.

In Goethe we see the exact contrast of Lessing. As Lessing emancipated the German spirit from foreign influence, so Goethe, with a cosmopolitan coquetry, subjected it to this influence; and as Lessing opposed this sentimentality with all the power and grace of his manly mind, so Goethe did homage to this womanish apathy of his age, recommending it by his sweet words to all hearts. Goethe, by exalting weakness and unnaturalness to a law, lent the most powerful aid to all the luxury, weakness, and cowardice, which, by means of sentimentality,—and to all the falsehood, perverseness and folly, which, by the aping of things foreign,—found their way into the German literature. The only advantage connected with this evil tendency, and the one which gave to it so great a power, was his beauty of 'form;'—the talent of language, of representation, and of adornment.

If we penetrate below this variegated cloud of form, we find that the inmost element of his poetry, as well as of his whole life, is egotism; not, however, the egotism of heroes and heaven-scaling Titans, but only that of Sybarites and actors; the egotism of a craving for pleasure, and of the vanity of an artist. Goethe made everything bear a certain relation to himself; he made himself the centre point of the world, and excluded everything from his neighbourhood, nay, even from all contact with him, everything which he could not render serviceable to himself; thus

really exercising, by means of his talents, a magic power over weak minds: but he did not use his power and his high position, to elevate, to improve, or to emancipate mankind; to reveal or to support any grand idea; nor, in the struggles which happened during his age, did he fight for right, freedom, honour, or Fatherland;—by no means. He merely took the world, as a theatre-princess does, to enjoy it, to amuse herself with it, and to gain by it. Provided that he always met with applause, he cared nothing for the sorrows of his country; nay he even darted forth real venom against the free and strong motions of the age, so soon as they began to disturb his peace and tranquillity. The prevailing foibles of his age, the apery of foreign styles, which had already become so fashionable, as well as the sentimentality, made it easy for him to succeed with his own foibles; and when he had, by means of his really extraordinary talent, gained sufficient glory and applause, he, like a deified theatre-princess, giving himself up to all his pleasures and petty whims, never attempted in the slightest degree to conceal his egotism; but, trusting to it, he imposed upon his slavish public by a shameless exposure of his thousand vanities.

The real substance of all his poems is his own self-deification. He was his own ideal; he, the weak-hearted, voluptuous, vain child of fortune. In all his works, with the exception of some few imitations, this sorry ideal is made the prominent figure, and is fondled with a truly apish love. Werter, Clavigo, Weisslingen, Fernando in Stella,

Egmont, Tasso, The Man of Forty Years, Wilhelm Meister, Edward in the Elective Affinities (*Wahl-verwandschaften*), and Faust, all these are reflections of his own ideal. He seems to have been, at first, a little ashamed of himself; and if he takes pleasure in representing Werter, Clavigo, and Weisslingen, as very amiable and interesting personages, he did so because he thought that there were still men among the reading public, before whom he must blush for his delineations; to propitiate these, therefore, did he sacrifice his heroes, at least, at the conclusion. They were unsuccessful, they were punished for their weaknesses. At a later period, when he saw that the women and womanish men had become much more numerous among his readers, and that the few true and honest men were pressed into the background, he no longer put any constraint on his inclinations; he no longer sacrificed or punished his heroes, but pictured them, with all their weaknesses and vanity, as victorious and triumphant, as is the case particularly in his two principal works, in which he represented himself as he really was,—in Wilhelm Meister and Faust.

In Wilhelm Meister, Goethe pointed out his relation to this, in Faust, to that world, as his egotism and his blind vanity pictured it to him. Meister is nothing but a poetical, though would-be-modest paraphrase of his own life. He himself played, through the drama of life, the part of the aristocrat. His highest aim in this life was to be ennobled, and with riches and in comfortable se-

curity to enjoy the *haut gout* of politeness and courtesy; in this, therefore, there was so little difference between him and a theatre-princess, who at last finds for the remnant of her charms and for her collected treasures a noble or princely wooer, who provides her with the honour of the *Tabouret*[2],—so little, that he, on that very account, made Wilhelm Meister a player.

Goethe did not hesitate to continue this part even in the other life. His Faust was intended to prove, that the privileges of the courtly child of pleasure extended even beyond this life. Though this Faust could reconcile himself to every moral feeling, to truth and honour; though he should succeed in stifling the voice of conscience, in undervaluing every duty; though he could, at the cost and for the destruction of others, humour his own effeminate craving for pleasure, vanity, and whims; and though he should give himself up to the devil; yet he will be privileged to enter heaven, because he is aristocratic (*vornehm*).

Every one must acknowledge that Faust is Goethe's greatest poem, and, at the same time, that it is that in which his deepest feelings, as well as his views of the world, are most comprehensively expressed. It will, therefore, be worth while to prove, from this poem, that Goethe always saw things just as his aristocratic vanity

[2] *Tabouret.* In some continental countries, where great attention is paid to etiquette, some,—the second rank—of those who have the privilege of sitting in the presence of majesty, are not allowed a chair; they have a tabouret,—a stool without any back, something like our music-stools, I suppose.

wished to see them, and that he, in pursuance of this object, carried on, with eternal truth, a game that was but too frivolous.

Goethe was quite aware that his Faust was a poetical problem, the solution of which had to be sought beyond the bounds of sportive poetry, and in the serious realm of religious truth. This was the reason that he chose this legend as the last and most profound of the middle ages, as that of the Reformation, of the victory of the devil in worldly erudition. The legend, however, is, like its age, of an ambiguous nature. It may be interpreted in the sense of the groper, as well as in that of the freethinker. Faust, as the representative of the unfettered mind, is either subject to superstition, or he equally despises heaven and hell, as the genuine Microcosm, as the true mystical man, who is more than all angels and all devils put together, who is alone like the divinity itself, its second Ego.

Though Goethe, in the first part of Faust, seemed to elevate him into this highest department of mental freedom, yet in the second part he has again brought him under the power of superstition. There is there no longer any talk of a bold dominion over spirits, of a despisal of all earthly or super-earthly greatnesses, of an irresistible striving after the Unknown; Faust must submit to choose between the narrowness and tedium of the hell and of the heaven of the middle ages. The old legend did not let Faust escape unpunished. The devil there got hold of him. This, when we look upon the legend in the lower

point of view, is the natural and necessary end. When viewed, however, on higher principles, we find that we can assume an original reality and power of the human mind, which is equally exalted above the torments of hell and the happiness of heaven, and in the eyes of which all such pious representations appear as altogether silly; an opinion which is several times expressed in the first part of Goethe's Faust. When, however, we find ourselves involved in and giving effect to that illusion of the middle ages, we cannot but think with the old legend, that it is quite just that Faust should, for his crime, be carried away by the devil.

A philosophy which makes man independent of the restrictions, of grief for, nay, even of the guilt of his earthly life, would destroy poetry, seeing it loves only what has bounds. It was also very praiseworthy in the poet to represent to us, in the first part of Faust, this bold philosophy as nothing but the proud invention and the folly of Faust, whilst, in accordance with his mediæval notions, he opposes this folly, as something real, to heaven and hell. Why then did he not abide by this method of representation? Why did he depart from the old legend? The Catholic view was, that Faust ended in hell. According to this view, the devil is not a mere bugbear to frighten children, but he is a terrible reality. According to this view, what Faust did was not a mere transient venial sin, it was a sin unto death, which was deeply engraven on his soul, which would carry him, without hope of rescue, into

hell. This view acknowledges, in the most definite manner, that Faust is a fallen angel, whose return into the right path is absolutely impossible. This view acknowledges a grace and a reconciliation with heaven, which can be obtained even without merit, by means of mere supplications, from which, however, men are irrevocably debarred by certain mortal sins, one of which is, entering into a league with the devil, or shedding blood[3] for him; an act which chains us to hell as certainly as the shedding of our blood as martyrs does to heaven. Though Goethe, departing altogether from the old popular legend, has made the angels descend, drive away the devil, and carry Faust away in triumph to heaven, yet this is decidedly opposed to the belief of the Catholic middle ages, and to the illusion in which Goethe has, in accordance with the popular legend, dipped his poem.

Since Goethe would not follow the popular story, the only course left for him was, to depict Faust in accordance with the views brought forward in the first part, as merely exalted above the world of spirits which was playing around him, as a free and unfettered being, in whom there is something which is absolutely divine, and more than all devils, as well as all angels. In this case, heaven would have had as little power over Faust as hell; neither of them would have been able to retain him.

Faust appeared to us, in the first part of the

[3] See Anster's Faust, p. 423, note.

poem, as a noble tragical figure, a heaven-storming Titan, as one who commanded all the powers of hell, as magnanimously exalted above all vulgar terrors, impregnable to fear; a spirit, in short, which might give us some notion of what is named freedom. Such was his first appearance, and such he remained at the close of the first part, a firm erect giant. But what becomes of him in the second part? Like Tamino in the Magic Flute, and like Max in the Freebooters (*Der Freischütz*), he is rescued without his own co-operation, by means of auxiliary machines, thus presenting to us an opera-like denouement, the goddess sitting on a throne, enveloped with Bengal lights, the happy loving pair kneeling before her, while the foreground is occupied with groups of saints, disposed as in an amphitheatre. Is that still Faust? Can this spirit, which rent asunder all bonds, be fettered by such a heavenly comedy, by the tinsel of angelic choruses and dances? Are such holiday festivities worth more in the eyes of a Faust than the terrible pictures of hell? Can he be more accessible to the insinuating music of the lute than to the thundering of the storm? Are not both equally illusions of the senses,—equally seen through by his clear sunbright eye? Can we imagine to ourselves Faust, in this convent-like heaven? Will he not soon be tired with their eternal sing-song, and his Gretchen herself? Will he, can he, be true to her for the second time? How can he be so?—Should Faust end here? Should he here be satisfied for ever?

He is not even converted before he is placed

in this heaven of maidens. I approve of this, for I could not endure to see Faust a penitent; and this the poet has fortunately avoided. If, however, he has never repented, if he is still the same free unbridled spirit that he was before, how can we help supposing that he will never be able to tolerate this girl's heaven? A Titan may be crushed under the mountains which he has heaped up, or may, like Prometheus, groan for ever, chained to a rock, but he can never yield; he can never submit to pay his humble court in heaven, and there, placed at the lower end of the table of the gods, to drink the cup of nectar, placed in his hands by Hebe. Titans never become proselytes.

Though Faust be nothing but that effeminate hero, who, occurring so often in the writings of Goethe, seeks in his fury less for a supreme sway over the kingdom of spirits, and for likeness to God, than for the enjoyment of love, yet the question still remains, would he find a complete satisfaction of that enjoyment in the heaven into which Goethe introduced him? This heaven precludes the possibility of change; it removes him for ever from the beautiful Helena, and binds him in an indissoluble union with Gretchen, whom he had long before forsaken for very ennui. Even though it should be allowed that Gretchen can impart to him the highest bliss, we cannot see why he did not learn this during their first acquaintance. Was not heaven itself contained in Gretchen's innocence? Was the tasteless accessory of angelic hosts and choirs, of triumphal

arches and starry vaults, necessary to secure this heavenly feeling in Faust? And could all these royal nuptial shows stifle the tormenting consciousness of perjury, infanticide, and the scaffold,—the odious recollection of the night spent in the witches' kitchen, and the terrible sins committed with the spirits of the ancients? No, oh no! The poet would have far better satisfied the feelings of the human heart, had he permitted Faust to die in Gretchen's lonely cot. Here he had found his heaven; here he lost it for ever.

Had poetical consistency, whether in accordance with the views of the old legend, or with those of the first part of the poem, required any other denouement, nothing is necessary for the justification of the present conclusion, but Goethe's real and serious belief in the unconditional exercise of grace by that eternal Love which governs the world.

This belief is a noble one; it is worthy of a dying patriarch; and as exalted as natural in the last moments of the dying sage, of the departing mother, or of the benefactor and father who has so long been immersed in the toils of active life. But this belief is too accommodating for an old sinner, and too womanishly effeminate for a hardened sinner, like Faust. It is, indeed, a well-known truth, that no one is more sentimental than the devil himself; and that all poor sinners have a very tender spot; this, however, is precisely what poetry must always deny, for what poetical features would remain in the sinner, were he to lose all his power? Only the poor sinner, the

cowardly rogue, needs such an accommodating easy way to heaven; the bold Titan would despise it, even though rocks should crush him to atoms, though vultures should gnaw his heart for ages after ages.

Does, then, eternal love really bear the same relation to the sinner, as the Mater Gloriosa here does to Faust? Is this a Christian love, which receives the humble penitent with open arms, or is it not rather a courtly favour, a privilege of the aristocrat? Goethe, indeed, represents to us the Christian heaven as the court of a cheerful queen; —perhaps like the court of the affable Marie Antoinette. We see around her nothing but courtly dames and pages, who are like greater and lesser angels. There is not a man to be seen within the whole circuit of heaven, except at the entrance, some praying mystics, who look like devout porters. The poor sinner is now introduced, whether it be Clavigo, Weisslingen, or Faust,—it is all one; he is pretty; a young court lady intercedes for him; the Queen of Heaven smiles, and—the sinecure in heaven is his, though hundreds of thousands of poor sinners, who are less aristocratic, should have to repent for him without in hell. Such is the apotheosis of Faust, which Goethe has represented in the Christian heaven. What has become of God? Are there no longer any men in heaven?

In it Goethe has been too ready to place everything upon the favour of the fair and tender sex, and has, when engaged with the 'eternally-womanly' forgot the eternally-manly. Souls, how-

ever, do not steal into heaven as the 'friend of the family' does into the house, when the husband is not at home. In heaven matters do not go on so smoothly, so French-like *à la* Crebillon. There is a manly divinity, as there is a manly love and a manly honour,—both of which are one.

What value can a love claim, which is without honour? A Kotzebue may pardon the treachery of love, but no one else can. It is honour which exalts love above mere brutal desire. Without honour there is no true love. Treachery is the death of this love, as Uhland so beautifully sings[4]:

Oh! love is gone! Oh! love is gone!
And ne'er will it return.

Goethe himself has truly felt this in Clavigo, which is his truest work. He felt that it was impossible again to give Clavigo to Marie Beaumarchais. This sound feeling having afterwards deserted him, he followed the example of Kotzebue in again uniting the faithless. Whether in earth or in heaven, is all one. It was as impossible to reunite Faust and Gretchen in heaven, as Clavigo and Marie Beaumarchais on earth. Woman may pardon the crime; she may even wish for this reunion; but man must not accept the offered fortune. She will love him, but her heart, like that of Marie Beaumarchais, will break at the thought—he has betrayed me. He, however, if he be not a thorough weakling, that is, a born villian, cannot wish for a return of his first

[4] In his beautiful ballad, *Der treue Walther* (The Faithful Walter).

love. Faust should have despised heaven, even though he could have found his way into it.

The manner in which Goethe has dealt out his sophisms in Faust is, if not a poetical, at least a 'psychological curiosity.' Was Faust to reach heaven, because he had had a foretaste of it in Gretchen's love? But was everything sacred trodden under foot? Can we call the circumstance of his coldly giving up his beloved a prey to the most fearful destiny,—that 'heaven of which he had a foretaste in her arms?' Is the destruction of that heaven a merit which deserves its attainment? Is the filling of a breast, in which had formerly dwelt the peace of paradise, with all the torments of hell, a deed which merits happiness? If Faust deserves heaven for seducing and forsaking Gretchen, the swine which has rolled amidst a bed of flowers, deserves to be gardener; and if it were to drag the jewels of the queen through the mire, it would deserve to be king; in fact, the value of the theft would be but an additional reason for rewarding the thief instead of punishing him.

Goethe himself has anticipated this objection. He therefore makes his perfect angel say, "We shall always have within us an impure earthly remnant, which no mental power, no angel can take from us, but which eternal love alone can lop away[5]." But if this be the case, if there really be a Lethe in heaven, which can wipe away every sinful and impure recollection, of what use is the whole spectacle of hell and the devil? If all sins

[5] Last scene of 2nd part of Faust. Uns bleibt ein Erdenrest zu tragen peinlich.

can be forgiven, there is no longer any use for a hell.

The devil, however, is a loser by this belief; a turn which affairs should not take, considering that he plays such an important part in the first part. We no longer recognise the clever Mephistopheles. Formerly he was terrible; he was the old devil delineated with striking features, the sovereign evil of creation's dawn; ruling in the whole universe, far as it throws its shadows, unrestrained; thoroughly master, and sarcastically clever. And now, in this second part, he becomes dull and stupid; he talks ironically with old-fashioned wit, and completely belies his character as a warder of the night, in permitting himself to be tricked out of his prize. He becomes a mere stupid devil. Is this turn of affairs natural? Does it carry with it any poetical plausibility? The serpent of Paradise, the pimp who chuckles over his world-old cunning, who is thoroughly acquainted with all the foibles of man, as well as with all the means which can seduce him; who always seduces others by the charms of the senses, which, when he requires, are always at his command in luxuriant prodigality, in consequence of his dominion over the spirits of the elements; is it possible that he himself can be seduced by the charms of some angel? In this second part the devil loses not only all those terrible features which characterized him in the first part; not only does that dismal shuddering, which his presence caused, cease, but even there is scarce a trace left of the intellectual superiority, of that

masterly and amazing experience, of that diabolical cunning which is so well fitted to flatter the highest intellects, or of the intellectual graces of the father of lies. He is now nothing but a would-be-clever prater, a babbler, who feels, as it were, that he is troublesome, since he is no longer terrible or necessary, since he seeks to make himself remarkable by his annotations, and by *sahme Xenien*[6] (epigrams), which are far, far inferior to what he, in the fulness of his power, uttered in the first part, where every word was a flash from

[6] Xenien,—so called from ξένιον, *munus hospitale*. This is the title given by Martial to the 13th book of his Epigrams, in the third of which he explains the word.

Omnis in hoc gracili Xeniorum turba libello
Constabit nummis quatuor emta tibi.
Quatuor est nimium: poterit constare duobus,
Et faciet lucrum bibliopola Tryphon.
Hæc licet hospitibus pro munere disticha mittas,
Si tibi tam rarus, quam mihi, nummus erit.

Vitruvius gives the following explanation of the origin of the term :—

Lib. vi. c. 10. Nam cum fuerunt Græci delicatiores et fortuna opulentiores, hospitibus advenientibus instruebant triclinia, cubicula, cum penu cellas, primoque die ad cœnam invitabant, postero mittebant pullos, ova, olera, poma reliquasque res agrestes. Ideo pictores ea, quæ mittebantur hospitibus, picturis imitantes xenia appellaverunt. Xenia dicta sunt quæ τοῖς ξένοις, hoc est, hospitibus maxime, nencon et amicis mitterentur. Cum autem pauper esset poeta, xeniorum loco mittebat disticha.

A war of all the few good heads in the nation, with all the many bad ones, began in Schiller's Musen-Almanack for 1793. The Xenien, a series of philosophic epigrams, jointly by Schiller and Goethe, descended then unexpectedly, like a flood of fire, on the German literary world, quickening all that was noble

hell. * In short, in the first part Mephistopheles was the real evil principle; now he realizes nothing but the modern jest at the horse-hoofed, horned and tailed phantom of the middle ages. Formerly he was the hero of a tragedy worthy of Æschylus; now he is nothing but the comic secondary personage in a clever farce, in the style of Gozzi.

I have no wish to become the advocate of the devil in an ecclesiastical, whatever I may be in a poetical point of view. The devil is a poetical idea, which no poet has so purely conceived and expressed, as Goethe in the first part of his Faust. If the poet mean to make use of this idea, it is above all things necessary that he either believe, or pretend to believe in the existence of the devil. One must not exorcise hell for nought. He who has summoned up its spirits, must allow to them all the horrors which they possess in the imagination of the people. If Goethe was thoroughly acquainted, not merely with its sensuous terrors, but also with its mysterious intellectual charm, the basilisk look of the evil spirit, the genius of pure evil, and the amiableness of the consistent lie; if, out of all these elements he created a picture of Satan of startling truth, it is impossible to imagine how he could again destroy our belief in this wonderful character. This Mephistopheles might, had the poet so willed it, have lost his power over Faust, but he

into new life, but visiting the ancient empire of darkness with astonishment and unknown pangs.—Carlyle. See also Life of Schiller, p. 190.

could never have been cheated out of his prey in the struggle. He would, even when vanquished, have fallen back into that wonted resignation, which he expressed so well in the first scene in Faust's study. Even devils possess a certain dignity, which is situated in their power and cleverness; Mephistopheles, therefore, was quite aware that he could never sink under it, that he could never become silly. He might be completely purified from his coarseness, from his grotesque boldness, but he could never become silly.

The general characteristic of Goethe's vanity is the complete inversion, which he has delighted in painting, in the behaviour of the two sexes; it might be named the reverse of chivalry,—*romanticism turned topsy-turvy.* In almost all his dramatic works and novels, he portrays an interesting man (his effigy), for whom the ladies intrigue, for whom they struggle and vie with one another, in a way which was formerly only done by men for females. This is his type, his theme, which he is continually representing in different variations. This, however, is the reason that his heroes are always girlishly vain, simpering, coquettish, while his ladies on the contrary are either too masculine or too courtezan-like. Don Juan is at least an active agent; but Goethe's heroes are passive; they allow themselves to be beloved rather than themselves love. Don Juan is at least stout and material, and without any wish to appear better than he really is. Goethe's heroes, however, are sentimental; they

are always prattling about the love of souls; they swear and act like girls, who ogle with the moon, though at last the critical moment arrives.

Goethe was an æsthetic Heliogabalus, and affected sensibility in order to obtain effeminate enjoyment. We know nothing to which we may more correctly liken him, than an independent rich lady, who is whimsical to an excess, fond of dress, a coquet, and sentimental, yet at the same time sensual, enamoured of a thousand petty things, and injuring herself with a thousand trifles; in short, very assuming and very complaisant. Hence came his obstinate seclusion within the walls of a poetical harem, and his secret hatred to modern times, which longed for and found men.

Lessing was a man in a womanish age; Goethe remained a woman in a manly one.

In what other way can we explain the position which Goethe assumed in regard to his age? Had he not been so completely immersed in his womanish craving for enjoyment, in vanity and love of comfort, he would of course have taken a share in the great interests of his country, during the storms which agitated it. Each of his words had the weight of an oracle; but he has never uttered a word which reminded the Germans of their honour, or inspirited them to any noble thought or action. He saw the world's history pass before him with feelings of the utmost inference,—or, if he did ever take any interest in its proceedings, it was merely to complain that his moments of poetical inspiration were sometimes interrupted by the alarums of war. Ger-

many slumbered till the era of the French Revolution. By this event our country was fearfully awakened. What feelings should it have awakened in the breast of our greatest poet? Should we not expect that he would, either like Schiller, be inspired with a sympathy for the new order of things, or that he would, like Görres, glowing for shame at the treachery and deep debasement of his country, have been mindful of the old honour and greatness of Germany? But what did Goethe do? he wrote some trifling comedies, the Burger-general and the Aufgeregten, the weakest defences which Germany opposed to the French Revolution, and the most worthless which could possibly enter into the head of a human being during such a period of divine wrath. Then came Napoleon. What did the first of our German poets think of him or say of him? Surely he either must, like Arndt and Körner, have cursed the destroyer of his country, and placed himself at the head of the *Tugendbund*; or, if he, in accordance with German fashions, was more of a cosmopolite than a patriot, he must at least, like Lord Byron, have seized and embodied the great hero and his fate in a deeply tragical point of view. But what did Goethe really do? He waited till Napoleon paid him some little attention, and then wrote for him a spiritless epithalamium. Napoleon fell: Germany heaved with the roar of battles fought by the people; since the conquest of the world by Attila nothing so terrible had been seen; since the annihilation of the legions of Varus the German breast had never beat with

such a powerful and holy love of freedom. What was then the employment of the first of German poets? What did Goethe? He shut himself closely up; he studied the Chinese, as he himself complacently relates; and first found it convenient, after the peace was finally concluded, and in compliance with many solicitations from high quarters, also to write something patriotic; the result was the Waking of the Epimenides, a wretched piece of patchwork, a piece of forced and hypocritical sympathy. To conclude, he was solicited to write an inscription for Blücher's monument, and the first German poet wrote a few silly stupid lines, which would have disgraced the last German poet[7].

It might have been expected that Goethe, who survived a considerable portion of the nineteenth century, would, while pursuing the path which had been trodden by Lessing, have preserved in the people the honour which Lessing preserved only in individuals. The degradation of the people incited Lessing to this great rescue of their honour. In place of this course of procedure, however, Goethe dropped that feeling for the honour of individuals which had been fostered by Lessing; he took all the delineations of modern life, which Lessing had so carefully introduced, and ingrafted upon them a sentimentalism and a

[7] "In Harren und Krieg
In Sturz und Sieg
Bewusst und gross
So riss er uns
Von Feinden los."

frivolous egotism, which has, unfortunately, become their abiding characteristic. I am perfectly willing to allow, that even though Goethe had never existed, the age of our deepest political humiliation would have inclined to this species of sentimental and frivolous effeminacy; it does not, however, redound to the honour of the greatest poet of the Germans, that he aided in promoting, and gave a beautiful form to, this womanish degeneracy. He should have directed his thunders and lightnings against it, and, in the name of that divinity which assists poets, have rescued our honour.

It was less prejudicial that he never stood forward to defend the honour of Germany, than if he had, with all the powers of his richly endowed mind, favoured the progress of degradation. He was the father of that boundlessly diffused modern poetry, which, under the pretext of adhering to reality, and of embodying its fair side, only aimed at embellishing and defending all its foibles, vanities, follies, and sins. The defence may be allowed some weight. Every age has peculiar interests to attend to. This style of poetry, which portrays modern society, has a great advantage over the counterfeits and deceits of a past life, which, obscurely seen in the dim vista of distance, are less accurately and truly depicted, and therefore cannot so directly influence our inclinations and our actions. Goethe, however, did not endeavour to ennoble the present by poetically idealizing it; he did not even remain constant to the Homeric simplicity and openness of delinea-

tion, which continues to depict nature as it is; but his predominant tendency was, to take under his protection, on the one hand, the sentimental Philistinism, the womanish weakness, which ripened us for Napoleon's giant scythe; on the other, the aristocratic privileges of frivolity, the polite exceptions from moral rules, the poetical licenses of the Don Juan kind. The one required the other. This aristocratic libertinism could have been tolerated only by the side of this Philistine-like sentimentality. In this condition did Goethe find his public. This state of things was exactly suited to his egotism; and thus did he wish it to remain.

This was the reason why he, in his Herrmann and Dorothea, paid particular homage to the Philistines, and in his Bürger-general and Aufgeregten, to the political prosers. For this reason he paid homage to the soul-weakening sentimentalism in Werter. These works, however, called into existence many similar ones, which confirmed the German nation in their Philistinism and weak-heartedness, which had been accidentally called forth by the circumstances of the age, as if these circumstances were those which were alone natural, satisfying, poetical, and which ought to be eternally maintained.

On the other hand, however, he was the more secure in taking this courtly license, and in flattering the thousand aristocratical pleasures to which he was incited by his selfish feelings. Hence arose his condescending contempt for morality, which seemed to him nothing but a ridiculous feature which cleaves to common-place na-

tures. Hence came his boundless love of pleasure, which was not satisfied with torturing a heart to death by the seduction of innocence to the most fearful lust, as in Faust and Clavigo, but which also seeks a pleasant change in Wilhelm Meister; which, in the Wahlverwandtschaften (Elective Affinities), longs for what is strange; which, in Stella, pants after the charms of bigamy; which, in the Geschwistern, leers upon a beautiful sister; nay, which, even amidst the terrors of the grave, seeks, in intercourse with fair spirits, a *haut-gout* of enjoyment, as in Helena and the Bride of Corinth. A subordinate circumstance is the vanity of the upstart, which, in depicting women, aims at something courtly, nay, even royal, as may be seen to some extent in Wilhelm Meister, but to a greater in Tasso and the Natural Daughter; while, on the contrary, the vanity of the courtier is contrasted with the grisette in Egmont, at whose stars the fair one looks with amazement, and the toilette vanity of the Man of Forty Years.

Goethe has found many imitators even in this tendency, which is the one by which he still continues to corrupt an immoral youth, infected with a craving for enjoyment and the pleasures of genius. Since Goethe made Don Juan a standard, and therefore esteemed character, in German poetry, he has appeared in countless disguises; sometimes as an enthusiast for art, in Heinse, sometimes as a hypocrite, in Friedrich Schlegel, again, as a revolutionist, in Heine; and if we are enthusiasts either for the old faith, or for the mo-

dern licentiousness, that exaltation of the age attaches to itself genius with a force which always remains that of a Don Juan, whether he have to do with a 'saint' or with a 'goddess of reason.' And it is probably fortunate, when coarse sensuality shows a bold and independent front. We then know where we are. The craving after enjoyment and talent is far more corrupting when it remains as an unsatisfied longing in the department of the mind, without descending into that of the senses; for in that case we have produced, for the first time, the mad extravagance and the ridiculous courtesy of those 'sentimental' Don Juans, who can but will not, and of those philosophers degenerated to poets, who will but cannot.

Goethe has infected our youth with a wretched disease, in teaching them to wish to be more than they are, and thus either to break their heads against the hard wall, or with cold and polite affectation to look proudly down upon the world, or in elegiac strains to pour out their lamentation that the world is too vulgar for them. This craving for talent, the gallanting with one's self, the claims, before anything has been done which merits their fulfilment, have ruined and led astray many really talented and clever men; and this they still continue to do. The fancy that one is a *bel esprit*, and must be acknowledged, nay, even worshipped as such, has crazed many a brain, and has often prevented young people from becoming what they had long imagined themselves to be.

Even stupid common-place vulgarity has derived assistance from Goethe's aristocratic frivolity. Had it not been for Goethe, Kotzebue would never have dared to introduce on the stage that impure would-be-gentility and sentimental immorality which characterize him. Had it not been for Goethe, and his imitator Friedrich Schlegel, even our novels would not have been so immoral as they are.

But Goethe's fame does not rest merely upon the inclinations which he fosters, or upon the sympathy of all weak and frivolous minds. His poetical kingdom extends far beyond the realm of the Philistines and Don Juans, embracing even the classic, romantic, and oriental, in all of which there is a charm of form, which explains to us how he, as the master poet, as king of a rich and boundless world of poetry, is felt and acknowledged by all who are endowed with poetical sympathies.

Men, however, have gone too far in valuing above everything else, and deducing the most wonderful consequences from, the beauty and rich variety of his forms.

Goethe has received the everything that admiration could possibly offer to him. Some have fancied that they saw in him the perfect ideal of a poet, and have without further ado thought that the solution of the problem of his appearance was identical with the solution of the problem of his poetry. He has, with a characteristic uniformity, been named the king of poets, to denote in him the principle of legitimacy,—that highest autho-

rity which draws only upon itself. Looking upon him as a perfect incarnation of poetry, he is to them a law, a king, a Messiah, and a god, in everything relating to poetry. Believers were not a little strengthened in their devotion by the approbation of him who was thus worshipped, by the fact that he accepted these praises as a matter of course, and confirmed, with a courteous and gracious air, every praise that was offered to him, by his again praising in return those who praised him, and by the majesty and imposing security with which he bore upon his head the royal crown which had been offered to him. Goethe, like the gods of Homer, was pleased with, and smiled at, the fragrant odours which arose from every altar.

Graf Platen saw in Goethe the true German emperor; August Wilhelm Schlegel looked upon him even as a god. Carové believed that the poetry which had been begun in the east, had, after completing its great circle among the nations, returned to its origin in Goethe's West-Eastern Divan, so that the fountain was now closed up for ever, and altogether exhausted.

In these exorbitant praises we always find that the essence of poetry is confounded with the form. Of the former, much, very much, has been left unexhausted by Goethe; over the latter he ruled with a despotic sway.

With Goethe, form was everything. The secret which rendered all his attempts successful was, to recommend every object, whether pleasing or the reverse, by a pleasing form, and to adorn to

the utmost everything he touched, even though it were most repulsive to his taste. This gift is neither more nor less than what men denominate talent. However much this definition may be opposed, I must remain firm in my belief of its truth, for it is correct.

The poetry of each poet has some peculiar characteristics; this, however, always corresponds to some one internal property or general tendency of poetry. The synthetic unity of all poets is nothing but the analytical part of poetry itself. If the latter be correctly explained from the former, if the rules of beauty can be deduced from its examples, or the metal king of æsthetics has been banished from the gold coins upon which every autocrat in the realm of poetry impresses his royal image, into the philosophical retort; the reverse may be unconditionally employed upon the characteristic mark of the poet. Each poet is the revelation of a peculiar æsthetical power; the whole world of poetry is the revelation of all these powers. Every individual has only one power, which he unfolds in a nobler and more refined manner than the others.

The power which characterizes Goethe's poetical character, is *talent*. By this term is to be understood the faculty of poetical representation (*Darstellung*) in general, without any regard to a subjective determination, to a poetry, or the poet himself, for it can paint without being guided by a feeling; nay, it often paints the contrary of what the poet really feels, just as the player often acts something totally different from

what he feels. Talent is just as little dependent upon an objective determination, upon a poetry in the object, for it can cover with a poetical garb, things essentially unpoetical; and, on the contrary, very poetical objects are often unpoetically represented by poets devoid of talent. The essence of talent, therefore, consists in representation, adornment, and delivery.

Novalis has in his Fragments strictly and accurately pointed out the pre-eminence of talent in Goethe[8]. Goethe himself allows this, and con-

[8] However strange it may appear to many, it is not on that account the less true, that it is merely the method of treatment, the externals, the melody of style, which induces us to read and chains us to any particular book. Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship affords a complete proof of this magic power of style, of this insinuating flattery, of a smooth, pleasing, simple, yet varied style of language. He who possesses this grace of language, will attract and entertain us in his recital of the most unimportant event. This mental unity is the true soul of a book, by which it acquires in our mind a real and distinct existence.

Goethe is altogether a practical poet. He is in his works, what the English are in their manufactures,—extremely simple, neat, convenient, yet, withal, durable. He has done in German literature what Wedgewood did among English artists. He resembles the English in having a natural yet economical and noble taste, which he has acquired by his intellect. Both wear very well, and have, in a chemical point of view, a close affinity. In his physical studies, it is quite clear, that his inclination is to finish perfectly something, however insignificant, and to give it the highest degree of polish and convenience, rather than to begin the creation of a world, or set about anything of which it can be known beforehand that it can never be fully accomplished, that it will certainly remain a clumsy concern, and can never be finished in a masterly way.

siders Beauty as nothing but a work of talent; for we find in the Kunst und Alterthum, (Art and Antiquity,) vol. ii. p. 182, a work published under superintendence, which contains many articles by him, the following sentence:—"The Beautiful is the result of a fortunate treatment."

Talent being essentially universal, it must prove itself to be so by the great variety of ways in which it may be employed. There is nothing in the world which may not receive a poetic hue from talent. As that musician argued rightly, that everything might be set to music, even a

Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship is, in a certain sense, thoroughly prosaic and modern. In it the Romantic is thoroughly levelled, as is the poetry of nature, the Wonderful. The book treats only of the ordinary affairs of men; nature and the Mysterious are completely forgotten. It is a poetized, civic, and domestic story; the Wonderful is expressly treated as poetry and enthusiastic dreaming. Artist-like Atheism is the spirit of the book. The economy is worthy of note, by means of which it produces a poetical effect by means of cheap prosaic stuff.

Wilhelm Meister is in reality a Candide aimed at poetry; the book is, in as far as relates to spirit, unpoetical in a high degree, however poetical the representation may be. After the fire, madness, and wild appearance of the first half of the third part, the Confessions are fitted to soothe the reader. The surveillance which the Abbé carries on is troublesome, yet comic; the storm in Lothario's castle is a great contradiction to himself. The Muses are made actresses of comedy; and poetry plays almost the same part as in a farce. It may be asked, who loses most, whether the noble that he is reckoned under poetry, or poetry that it is represented by the noble. The introduction of Shakspere has an almost tragic effect. The hero retards the insinuation of the doctrine of economy, and the economic nature is at last the true one, that which remains.

hand-bill; in like manner a talented poet can do as much with language. This is the reason that Goethe was so manysided. He could, by the magic of his powers of representation, make everything, even the most trivial and common-place, charming.

At this point, however, we fall in with the first great fault of Goethe's poetry. Art must be like a pure religion, which deifies only the really exalted, noble, and pure,—the truly divine; not a whimsical Fetism, which makes even the diminutive, common, and filthy, in short everything, a vehicle of worship,—a god. The form must bear a certain proportion and affinity to the contents. Comic poetry alone, and this only for the sake of comic effect, is permitted to travestie the exalted, and to delineate the common-place in a ridiculous exaltation. On the other hand, that serious sentimental embellishment of the common-place by means of a method of adorning it, is utterly inadmissible. Goethe, however, was the first who depicted to us weakly, dishonourable characters, as interesting, amiable, nay even exalted personages, who roused our sympathies for the vain Werter, the cowardly worthless Clavigo, the womanish coquetting Wilhelm Meister, the sentimental Don-Juan-Faust, &c., as if they were really the ideals of a manly soul. It was in consequence of his example that German poetry has been inundated with weaklings and sinners who pass for heroes.

To this important unpoetical difference between the beautifying form and the unbeautiful contents,

belongs the style, originated by Goëthe, of representing by means of an affectation of importance, what is common-place and contemptible, or even what is absolutely dry, prosaic, and tedious, as something very important, and requiring all our attention. I need only remind the reader of the toilette of the Man of Forty Years. Goethe loved to mystify the public by things of this sort, apparently wishing to prove how much it could bear without murmuring.

Whilst it is only the fair side of nature, by the imitation of which we are pleased in the serious poet, and the ugly side which should be exclusively the object of comic and humorous poetry, Goethe sought his fame in seriously attempting by his form to give the ugly a fair appearance; and it will only be necessary to read the work which Falk has written on Goethe's life, or the *zahme Xenien*, the aphorisms, and certain passages in Faust, to be convinced how wickedly he jested with the public, at suffering itself to be so easily deceived, and at sinking into an attitude of wonder and devotion, when he secretly stretched out his tongue, declaimed some nonsense to the venerable gaping crowd, and, like Mephistopheles, made an unseemly gesture. The best and most striking characteristic to be found of Goethe is the poem which opened the Musenalmanach for 1833.

Goethe's form, in particular as regards poetry, is compounded not merely of language, beautiful diction, the euphony of verse, &c., but also of the adornment and decoration of the material by thoughts and similes. This kind of form has

often been taken for the essence of poetry, especially in Goethe; he has, therefore, been often pardoned the want of poetry which his matter displays, in consequence of his having, by his thoughts and charming similes, clothed it in a pretty garment. But both are so distinct from each other, that were any one to attempt, by means of the adornment of talented language and a dazzling display of the imagination, to render pleasing an unpoetical, ignoble, common-place, (much more if it were a repulsive) object, we should feel inclined to call it a punishable misuse of powers, if not the most deadly crime against the spirit of poetry. Every ingenious idea and every beautiful simile, retains its value, and in so far I am very far from denying that there are many beauties in the sentences and delineations which occur in almost every work of Goethe; but in so far as Goethe commonly aims at gaining, by such charms of form, the favour of the reader for the egotistical or frivolous ideas of his work, and by such means bribing him,—in so far, I say,—all these charms suddenly assume another aspect, and become repulsive to us, like the variable hues of a serpent or of a standing marsh. Who can help wondering at the spirit and the poetical power with which Goethe has, from beginning to end, conceived his Faust? Who can gainsay that the individual beauties of this poem, are, when it is broken like Mosaic into mottos and sentences, like costly jewels set in gold? But what is become of the whole? What object has Goethe attained with all this expenditure of beautiful representa-

tion? What is the conclusion of this Faust who is so beautifully decked out? A whited sepulchre, a variegated but hollow soap-bubble, a beautifying of the shallowest egotism; in one word, —a lie. In spite of the truth of many single verses, the poem is, as a whole, altogether untrue, a completely unsuccessful attempt; not merely a desecration,—which, with Voltaire and Byron before our eyes, we might be easily induced to forgive,—but a disfiguring of the Sacred, which can never be pardoned. A man may hate and mock at religion, and yet remain a great poet; but he cannot lessen it; he cannot, for the purposes of wretched weakness and vanity, disarm its holy earnestness, without becoming himself doubly unworthy.

We must keep a firm hold of this distinction. It concerns the kernel, not the hull of a poem. The rough material, provided it be true, is of far more value than the most polished form which veils a lie; and nothing is more painful, nothing hurts more acutely a noble feeling, than vulgarity pressing itself forward under the guise of grace or even of holiness, or a lie assuming the appearance of intellect and a profound understanding. This offence exists in all the works of Goethe.

Talent takes delight in manysidedness. Every virtuoso strives, as much as in him lies, to be allsided; to show forth his talent in every possible way; to astonish by the power which he exercises over tune and its keys, by his bold and dexterous change of tones, and by the cleverness of the conjuror, who, standing upon one leg,

plays at one and the same time upon twelve instruments. This inclination is, therefore, habitual to talent, because it wants character, and is independent of a firm, durable determination. With him, nothing is earnest and holy, but the satisfying of his egotism; every feeling and every object are in themselves completely indifferent to him, and of use to him only in so far as he represents them; only the representation affects him, which is also always the thing represented; it is governed, therefore, by no particular object; it rather governs all, and takes pleasure in changing everything which proclaims its sway. Thus we see Goethe continually changing; on that very account, therefore, it is foolish to wish to bind him to any particular form of representation, to any one part. The very nature of his poetry consists in his having continually changed his part. He himself tells this very plainly, when in one of his Zahme Xenien, he says:

"Thy foes a war against thee wage,
That strengthens day by day,
Why moves not this thy lofty rage?"
These give me no dismay.
They gnaw and tear the *serpent-slough*,
Now laid aside by me;
And when the next is ripe enough,
It also cast shall be;
Then young and lively shall I roam,
In the divine eternal home.

Talent, in itself, is altogether theatrical; it is a mere masquerading. We have already charac-

terized the whole of our modern poetry as theatrical, and we again find this to be the case in its great representative Goethe. He unites in himself almost all the parts of other poets. This is the reason that Goethe is commonly considered the representative of all poetry, men innocently confounding the poetry of representation with that of feeling and of the object, the clothing with the substance.

Talent cannot be independent; it therefore attaches itself to any one. In consequence, its expression being deficient in an internal resting-place, an internal motive of its expression, it is subject to every external impression, and is driven about from one to another. Thus we see Goethe's talent changing, like the chameleon, into all the varying hues of the rainbow. To-day he beautifies one object, to-morrow another. All his contradictions may be explained from this change of parts; in vain, therefore, may we attempt to explain them, or even to reconcile them in any other way. Some have wished to extract a system of philosophy, of politics, nay, even of religion, from Goethe's writings. From such a changeling, however, for example, the parallel passages on politics, in Goetz, Egmont, Tasso, Wilhelm Meister, the Bürger-general, the Waking of Epimenides, &c., are cobbled together into a pretty harlequin jacket; and at the Platonic feast, where his moral views are to meet in social harmony, an angel will doubtless set beside every devil, a goat-footed satyr beside every grace. Religion can never be spoken of as existing in Goethe's works. Reli-

gion, which conceals itself in the inmost depths of feeling, is the very opposite of that superficialness, of that mask of external representation.

Talent, if devoid of character, will, in so far as it follows every outward determination, be determined and guided by the present and its ruling fashions. This is the reason that Goethe has paid homage to all the fashions of his age, and appropriated to himself all its contradictions. He always swam, like cork, with the stream, and upon its surface. If he ever paid homage to a good spirit, a noble idea, or virtue, he did it only when any of these was the fashion of the day; for, on the contrary, he served every weakness, vanity, and folly, if it were but successful; in short, he has, like a good player, acted every part. It was, however, nothing but parts,—nothing but compliance with the fashions of the age, when in one case he paid homage to the classic, in another to the romantic taste. Because the modern style of life was then predominant, Goethe's talent took a particular determination in that way.

Talent is particularly fond of the representation of the vulgar and common-place, because it is useful as a foil. The more worthless the article represented is in itself, unconnected with the representation in nature, the more distinguished will the representation, as such, be. In fine, talent always requires an external recognition; for as much as it is deficient in self-determination, so much is it in self-contentment. It strives after glory. This is the characteristic of all virtuosi.

It therefore flatters the inclinations of those whose admiration it wishes to attract. It is insinuating, it favours those by whom it wishes to be favoured. It takes delight in representing what will please its public. From a careful consideration of all these circumstances, we may understand why the poet, in whom talent is predominant, takes a peculiar pleasure in delineating and beautifying the present life, never hesitating at showing its unpoetical and common features.

Goethe, consequently, devoted all his attention to modern poetry, using his insurpassable talent for the purpose of describing modern society. He adhered to nature, to that nearest him,—his own. His own nature was in perfect unison with that which had become prevalent in the world. He was the most perfect mirror of modern life, in his life as well as in his poetry. He had but to paint himself, to paint the modern world, its feelings, its inclinations, its worth, and its worthlessness. The same talent which he revealed in his poems, was the ruling feature of his life; and who can deny that it has become the universal life-maxim of the modern world? The talent of social life, the art of accommodating one's self to circumstances, the knowledge of the easy and refined, was, in reality, his talisman, and seemed to him the worthiest object for poetry, while he merely reflected the advantages which he himself delineated. The great majority of Goethe's poems contain nothing but his portrait; but it is a model for modern life, and as such every one acknowledges it.

To this circumstance he owed a popularity such as no ancient or romantic poet, with the exception of Schiller, ever attained. The noble, the humane, gave their voices for Schiller; the ruling fashion was in favour of Goethe. Schiller writes for the noble of all ages; Goethe was the idol of his own; and this he could be only by giving himself up as completely to its weakness and unnatural character, as to the nobleness which still remained in it. He is the idol, but he is also the creation of his age. It cannot be doubted that the vulgar and common-place flattered him, painted itself to him as dear and valuable, nay, even as poetical, before he flattered it, before he took it into favour, and adorned it with all the charms of a poetical form which is insurpassable. He is not the seducer of, he himself was seduced by his age. As in Schiller's poem, each of the gods of Olympus impresses a mark upon genius, this age has delineated its son and favourite; every ruling tendency of the age, every idol of the public, has furnished the king of poets with a talisman; and as fashion has governed the people, he has ruled the fashion.

We find the perfection of the *bon ton* of modern life in Goethe. The external propriety, the politeness of people of fashion, the mask of social intercourse, the insinuation, the *delicatesse*, the hypocritical malice, the *aqua toffana*, which circulates like cold blood through the body of the fashionable world, all these magic arts of talent we find displayed in a masterly manner in the works of Goethe. He forms a school of social

accomplishments. His works form and refine manners. They may be recommended as the model of refinement. He is surrounded by a countless swarm of educated young men, the disciples and apostles of this system of politeness, the bold opponents of the ancient rudeness, Freron's gilded youth in Germany.

But under this smooth pleasing mask lurks a refined epicurism, a sensuality, and craving for pleasure, which, refined though it be, always continues ignoble; which mocks everything serious and holy, and entices the unwary into an earthly paradise, into the Venusberg, from whence there is no exit to the light of day.

Goethe's poetical creations are the flower, the tip-top of that materialism which is now so prevalent, and which has attracted attention upon the lowest step in the physiocratical system. His talent is the most perfect specimen of fabrication. It serves to prepare everything for the most refined enjoyment. This enjoyment is of two kinds. In the lower animals, desire is accompanied by cruelty; this affinity of the two is manifest, even in the most refined and tender pleasures of man.

That voluptuousness is more refined in consequence of its being made the servant of vanity. This is the reason that almost all Goethe's heroes are miniature sultans, around whom the girls and women must busy themselves. They are loved, and their requiting love seems merely as if they were amusing themselves with enjoyment. However truly the traits of refined sensuality of such heroes be copied from nature, however much it

may flatter the great majority of men, it is something common-place, and not worth this expenditure of talent. It is the more repulsive in consequence of vanity deriving from it a certain devotion. We find the relations of the sexes and of marriage treated with levity and frivolity by the poets of foreign nations, but we nowhere find such sentimentality connected with this frivolity, as in Germany. As yet, flaming passion has, with the Spanish, lovely fantasy and sensuality; with the Italians, refinement and wit; and the spirit of Queen Marguerite with the French; the tragic contrast among the English has mitigated the disgusting impression produced by the stories of elective affinities and adulteries. But the Germans have, since the time of Goethe, manufactured them with a reverential air. If sensuality and the lower passions are always accounted by other nations inferior to nobleness and sacredness, however strongly they may have predominated, we Germans, who are far more stupid, have yet been so perverse as to confound that sensuality with sacredness, and to exalt to the rank of a goddess what had always in France been looked upon as a courtezan. Sensuality is first justified by vanity, then it is admired in consequence of the efforts of talent; but whatever is primitively and essentially vulgar, will remain so, though enveloped in the noblest, most deceptive, and moving cover. Art is devoted to the noble; so that though it acknowledge that Goethe is, in many respects, its favourite, yet it does not yield itself quietly up to all the whims of his muse; neither does it alto-

gether acknowledge as its own the vulgarity of corrupt social relations, the over-sweetened representation of modern vice, the gluttony of an unnatural appetite, the coquetry of men, and the chivalry of women when contending for men, the toilette of the Man of Forty Years, and the translation to heaven of so many Don Juans, who would have better become another place. If art must be defended against this abuse of its noblest powers, it becomes a sacred duty in morality to condemn those parts of it which are manifestly unworthy.

However apparent these faults of Goethe may be, the great majority of readers are deceived in them, either because, from some incomprehensible sort of good nature, they refuse to see what they see, or because they allow themselves to be bribed and corrupted. Goethe possessed in the highest degree the talent of making his reader his accomplice; of imparting to him a sympathetic feeling. He had in his hand that talisman which guides all hearts. No poet had such a command over the charms of language. He is always pleasing and persuasive. We cannot escape from the sweet pleasure with which he captivates our feelings, and seduces us to the very contrary of everything we had formerly believed and felt. Though we clearly see the sin, the vulgarity of what we are about to do, he compels to sin, to become vulgar along with him; and we leave him filled with shame at having forgotten ourselves for a moment.

It would require a Plato to tell to Goethe, with

that moderation and refinement which would not injure the respect due to the great poet, certain truths, which yet are in themselves palpable to every one. We should need to speak, as Plato himself does against Homer, in the following manner: "I must speak out my sentiments in this way, although a certain friendship and reverence, which I have felt for Homer even from my childhood, renders it painful for me to speak thus. For he truly appears to me to have been the first teacher and leader of all good tragic poets. But because men must not be valued higher than truth, I must speak what I think[9]. "If then, dear Glauco, you meet with encomiasts of Homer, who tell that this poet instructed all Greece, and that his works repay the trouble bestowed in studying them, because they both give us an acquaintance with, and teach us how to manage human affairs; and that we should regulate all our actions by the precepts of this poet; we cannot be angry with these people, but should, on the contrary, love and embrace them, because they endeavour, according to the best of their ability, to be good men; we must allow to them too, that Homer is a true poet, and the first of all tragic poets,—yet in doing so, we must remember that nothing but hymns to the gods, and praises of noble actions are to be admitted into the state. So soon as the pleasurable muse is admitted,

[9] Plato De Republica, lib. ix. (Taylor's Translation, vol. i. p. 443.)

whether she be the lyrical or the epical muse, pleasure and pain will soon usurp the sway of law and reason in the state[1]."

Plato blames with a severe strictness the injury done to poetry by the disclosure of unnatural pleasures. He reproaches Homer and Hesiod with having related so many obscene and disgusting stories of the gods. He is fully in the right in saying: "Even though we do meet with such things in life, we should not recount them to young and innocent people; we should rather attempt to bury them in oblivion. If, however, it become necessary to mention them, they ought to be spoken of as mysteries, and this by those only who have made to it not a base . . . . but a certain great and noble offering, in order that as few as possible may have any opportunity of hearing of such things[2]."

It is true that that mysterious affinity of choice, the principle of adultery,—it is true that pleasures like those portrayed in Stella really occur in nature; but they are excrescences; we ought not, therefore, to allow ourselves to be deceived regarding nature, or rather, regarding the nature of those things, by an insinuating poetical embellishment, by confounding it with the holiest feelings of pure love; for, as Plato goes on to say: "No one would willingly tell a lie in his most excellent part, and about the most holy things."

We have still to think of that cruelty (*Grau-*

[1] Plato De Republica, lib. ix. (Taylor's Translation,) vol. i. p. 459.

[2] Ibid. lib. ii. vol. i. p. 223.

samkeit) which is the usual concomitant of refined enjoyment. Goethe took delight in portraying human weaknesses and prejudices, feasting on the woes springing therefrom, as in Werter, Clavigo, Tasso, the Natural Daughter, the Elective Affinities, &c. The voluptuousness of cruelty consists in the poet taking delight in guilt and woe, without using any means to reconcile them. This cruelty often appears intentional, often involuntary, as the consequence of the indifference with which the poet looked down upon the world. The peace and clearness with which Goethe plans his delineations, often appears as complete indifference, not as the divine rest, which wells forth from a rich luxuriance of ideas. It works, therefore, only like the dead laws of nature, not like the internal peace of the soul. This is the reason that there are in Goethe so many dissonances which have never yet been done away with.

We are not so presumptuous as to wish that Goethe had been different from what nature made him. Goethe could not change his natural disposition, he could merely unfold it; and he has amazingly increased the talent intrusted to his care. In power of talent Goethe unquestionably excels all other German poets, and his power over susceptible minds was prejudicial in proportion as talent is the measure of the power which we can exercise over poetry. Schiller, Klopstock, Herder, Novalis, and many others, were nothing but benevolent kings, who wanted the power of bestowing upon the world as many blessings as they wished, because the sway of their

ideas extended over only a comparatively small number of men who were capable of receiving them. Goethe, on the contrary, is an all-powerful usurper, who, with his talent, has ruled the minds of men, as Napoleon ruled their persons. The best intentions have less power than one action, even though it should be a bad one. In our age, in particular, the present moment is everything; he, therefore, who permits us to enjoy it is far more attended to than one who incites us to an eternal struggle. A drama, the changing art of the player, captivates our senses with all sorts of folly, and we have become too stupid and foolish to call in these wandering senses, and to investigate into, or even to understand works meant for eternity. Art has been degraded to a mere amusement, and everything profound or sacred is tedious to the sluggards, who have, in imitation of Goethe and his countless imitators, been accustomed to be waited upon and to be spared every exertion. In fact, it is easier to protect *en masse* the common-place, which is participated in by every one, than the exalted, which is unreservedly intrusted only to the very noblest; and if exalted ideas should punish the common gender, they would be least able to carry on a rivalry with those flatteries. The crowd turn away with feelings of disgust from the dark prophet, and run to the quack shop of their friendly smiling demagogue, who easily succeeds in driving from the field, by means of gaudy sophistries, those prophets who often fail in pronouncing divine things, simply because they are divine.

Goethe domineered over his age by doing homage to it; he fettered it by insinuating himself into all its folds. But as the spirit of his age was a changeable, creative, and destructive spirit, one always revolutionizing and protesting, it has mirrored itself in Goethe, so that in both cases character is want of character. Goethe was as completely the universal heir of the moral revolutions of our age, as Napoleon was of the political. The gain obtained by this concentration is pretty much the same for the moral and political world. As the whole political life of the century is as it were personified in the life of the Corsican, in the carrying into execution all his theories, from the anarchy to the two extremes, the Republic and Despotism, and again in the medium of the constitutional monarchy, in like manner we find in Goethe's works the commotions of the moral world, which require a poetical talent to depict them, as much as those political commotions need a practical active talent; the latter required a hero, the former a poet. Goethe can be explained only from his age, and all his works may be consistently resolved into parallels with the various fashions into which the moral spirit of his age changed. It cannot be denied that in doing so, he, like Napoleon, was favoured by fortune. He found his age in the same state in which it found him; he made use of it, therefore he had no mighty opponents to combat. All those tendencies of the age paid homage to his talent; they, therefore, knew nothing of the seriousness of profound ideas. The sentimentalism, the chivalrous

spirit which still haunts the hollow armour, the theatrical mania, the traffic in mysteries, the Grecomania, the Anglomania, the Gallomania, the Italian tours, the first breath of republicanism which has found its way hither from America, the family element, the sensuality but half concealed in the Gallomania, and divested of all shame in the Grecomania,—all these tendencies were produced during the long period of profound peace which followed the seven years' war; they were merely playthings to while away the tedium; but as they never roused the inmost depths of the national spirit, they could neither last nor endure, and therefore they repressed one another just as they had arisen. This was precisely the age for Goethe, for his talent had no difficulty in domineering over these tendencies, and in becoming the great playmaster of this frivolous age. But when seriousness resumed its place, first in the great philosophical tendency of the Germans, next with blood and flames in political life, and lastly with religion, the consolations of which could no longer be dispensed with by the necessities of the age, Goethe was lucky enough to have gathered in his harvest, for his later sown seeds produced no return. He attempted, it is true, to depict by his talent, the earnestness of the present age, but his attempt was unsuccessful. Much as he laboured to become master of the philosophical tendency, by attacking it upon the side of nature—that which was most natural to him, he had always to be satisfied with the third or fourth part. His æsthetical decisions met with even less applause, be-

cause they were completely deficient in principle. But the wild horse of politics showed most unwillingness to be yoked to his triumphal car; his attempts, therefore, in this line, have not been blamed, only because men remembering the reverence in which his name was once held, were unwilling to attach to it anything blamable. It was quite consistent with this whole tenor of his life, that he should always side with the dominant party. This was the reason that he praised Napoleon; but his song was of less value than an old newspaper. At an after-period, when the face of affairs had again altered, his song of victory, the Waking of Epimenides, was expected to become the canon of German inspiration. But the trivial circumstances of the bard coming behind and not before the army,—of his having been silent when his every word would have been a sword,—and of his not beginning to speak until the swords had first spoken, left, as might have been expected, every heart cold; and the wretched stiffness and awkwardness of the drama, plainly showed that it was a mechanical patchwork of talent, not the organic life of very inspiration. This attempt, which aimed at something beyond the sphere of talent, was of course unvisited by its charm. We, therefore, miss in Epimenides the well-known talent of the poet. After such a failure Goethe could not deny himself the pleasure of attempting to master the religious feeling of the age, the last which had appeared. The pitiful attempts, for example, in the Wanderjahre, are a sufficient proof how foreign this sphere was to him.

Goethe lived so long that he survived not only his predecessors, but also many of his contemporaries. Men, in consequence of being often dazzled by the external glitter of his forms, often considered him the inventor where he was merely the imitator. In their raptures over his novelties they often forgot the old un-German originals from which he drew them.

He has always trod on beaten paths. His first work, the Sorrows of Werter, is nothing but a pretty imitation of Rousseau's Nouvelle Heloise. This visionary sentimentalism did not originate with Goethe, it originated with Rousseau; and Goethe wreathed his brows with a laurel which belonged of right to the Genevan. Even with all this Werter is inferior to the Heloise, however attractive some of its descriptions may be.

In the minor comedies, such as the Accomplices, &c. Goethe copied Molière and Beaumarchais, yet without equalling his originals.

In his first prosaic tragedies he took Lessing and partly also Shakspere as his models. Clavigo is a feeble copy of Emilia Galotti. Goetz von Berlichingen and Egmont betray traces of a mixture of the styles of Shakspere and Lessing. The beauties of Goetz are mainly indebted for their origin to the well-known autobiography of the true-hearted old knight; yet withal, there is nothing in these prose tragedies which will bear a moment's comparison with those of Lessing and Shakspere; they are all filled with coquetry and affectation.

In his lyric poems Goethe copied the old po-

pular songs, scrupling not in some cases, as in Röslein Roth (The Red Red Rose), The Erlking, &c., formally to claim them as his own, as having been the first discoverer. In this department Herder exercised a particular influence over him, as was done in those already mentioned by Rousseau and Lessing. In Herrmann and Dorothea he copied the old Voss.

His later Iambic-tragedies are the fruits of his rivalry with Schiller. Had it not been for the competition of Schiller, there would have been no Iphigenia, no Tasso, no Natural Daughter.

Goethe is truly original only in Faust and Wilhelm Meister, because here, as already said, he copied himself.

Goethe, however, is remarkable not only for the great variety of his styles, but also and principally, for his fondness for mixing up the most heterogeneous styles. This too was a consequence of his talent. The virtuoso, who is nought but a virtuoso, will not play upon the violin, flute, harp, or hunting-horn, &c., each by itself, and for its own sake; he will, if possible, seek to produce all their various tones from one single instrument. Inspired by this artistical vanity, Goethe committed the great crime against good taste, of wishing to unite in one and the same poem the classic and romantic, the northern and southern, the eastern and western, Christian and heathen, Grecian and Indian, old German and French styles.

By such attempts, the effects expected from the great work of Lessing,—the attempt to purify taste and to free German poetry from its con-

nection with foreign styles,—were again rendered abortive; and the Gallomania, Grecomania, and Anglomania, which were successively followed by the styles of the old Germans, the northerns, the Spaniards, the Italians, and the Hindoos, were joined by a style which was far worse than any of them,—the intermingling of all styles. Goethe is the parent of this modern tasteless style. He who has been called the objective poet, the true painter of nature, deviated so far from all the truth of nature, that he made it even a task of art, to mingle the most varied illusions of different nations and ages. He threw himself with feelings of intense pleasure into this poetical controversy. We may well wonder at the ease with which he imitated at one time Sophocles, at another Shakspere, now Hans Sachs, then Confucius; again, Reineke Fuchs; and again, Hafiz; but it was all one to him, whether this patchwork were natural and beautiful, or the reverse. He forgot the first rule of taste,—the unity of the illusion, which must be present if we wish to represent the poetical charm in its natural costume. Comic or humorous poetry will voluntarily confound, misplace, or exchange everything; its charm consists in a continual destruction of the illusion. Serious poetry, on the contrary, must shun every interruption of this nature. If Goethe, then, was quite aware of the powerful charm which exists in the illusion of poetry, which is really national poetry, it was a piece of very blamable presumption in him, voluntarily to mix up its consequences. In

fact, all he could do was to annihilate the one by means of the other.

If, then, it shows marks of a false taste in a German to attempt to become a Grecian, an old knight, or a Chinese, it is the mark of a far more depraved taste to wish to be all these at once. Every age has a style of history and poetry peculiar to itself. He who in any after age attempts to imitate it, can make but a wretched copy of the original, and it would be far better to confine himself to the originals.

Goethe, however, felt convinced that there is nothing more sublime than this mixture of tastes. As he imagined that it afforded room for a display of the highest power over talent, so he desired that men might draw from it the most refined enjoyment. This is the cause of his saying, in his Remains, "Let us be manysided! Prussian turnips[3] are good, but they are best when eaten with chestnuts. Yet these two noble fruits grow far, far apart."

It never occurred to him that form was inseparable from its contents, a national form from the country, the people, and the age, in which it was produced. For example, he saw, in the cathedral of Cöln, not the wonderful work of the middle ages, which cannot be separated from the spirit and life of the middle ages, but only a pretty style of architecture. In Kunst and Alterthum, he

[3] The turnips which grow at Teltow, a village near Berlin (in the Mark), are said to be the best in Europe.

expressed a wish to have in his garden, "a pretty little model of a chapel," built upon the plan of the cathedral of Cöln. That was enough for him. He never asked about the divinity in the cathedral, about the noble age which produced such a temple of God after truth; the noble work of true devotion and a richly stored mind, shrink before him into a pretty little chapel: after this, we need not wonder at his placing in his poetical garden, as a child would do in its pretty Christmas bun, a Grecian temple, a Chinese villa, with many other things of the same kind.

Goethe's power over language was extraordinary, in so far as it can be detected amidst the variety of his styles; and I am far from wishing to detract from talent where it really existed. But Goethe showed, in his latter years, that the habit of affectation must at last lead the poet to that point where all old coquettes land. Easy grace degenerates at last into primness. Goethe's later court-poetry and critical writings are deficient in the graces of language. They are stiff and affected works, chained to the cross by the motives by which he was influenced, and by his own self-approbation, which, being seen only upon a high-trotting horse, or in Spanish costume, became still more striking when it was covered by his paternal German night-gown. After the publication of Wahrheit und Dichtung (Fact and Fiction) all his works were written in a polite, official, cabinet style. One cannot help thinking of the king of the muses and his court. The phe-

nomena, however, becomes explicable when we consider that Goethe was, even before his death, placed among the gods, and that his claim to the honour consisted in his translating all his self-love into a self-reverence just as boundless. Thence came it that the last task of his coquettish old age was to enlighten himself, as Prince Pückler Muskau so beautifully says. He took care to show not only his mind, but also his body, in the best light, by a skilful disposal of the draperies and of the entrance of the light. Everything that he delivered was, of course, as perfect, as polite, as himself. Even his pettiest and commonest thoughts he dressed up in silk stockings, and made them a low bow at parting. The pedantry of pride cannot be carried farther.

But Goethe's age is irrevocably past. A wakeful life has assumed the place of that weakly slumber, which pictured before his eyes its variegated dreams. The secret of that system which is disclosed in Wilhelm Meister's Indenture, was, "seriousness comes upon us by surprise." Yes indeed, it must, of course, surprise those who are caught at play or dreaming. Against this seriousness Goethe has fought with all his might; he has buried himself under his tens of thousands of trifles, and his scholars have built around him a hedge of laurel like a wall; but it is now dead, his pleasure-garden is withered like that of Versailles, and the spirit of the age, which is now seriously progressing, scarce casts a passing look at the assuming grave.

It is in vain that a poetical community would

assemble in his spirit and attempt to dream anew his happy dream. The period from 1780 to 1790 is past, never, never to return. In vain do men say, Goethe is not dead, we have him in his works, he is in the midst of us. What you want is not Goethe, but his age, the comfortable Philistinism, the forgetfulness of all grand public interests, and the degradation into poetical follies.

All the old adherents of Goethe agree in amusing the present age for the barbarism which has invaded it, because we no longer occupy ourselves exclusively with art, the theatre, and Herr von Goethe, but now think of more important things.

The young adherents of Goethe made a better use of him, in exalting his frivolity and materialism, and in proclaiming him the Messiah of a new religion of the senses, which they opposed to Christianity; so that, protected by his authority, they might give a loose to all their vices. But more of this anon.

THE END OF VOL. III.

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CORRIGENDA.

VOL. III.

Page 7. l. 10 from bottom, for 'of' read 'and.'
p. 14. l. 1 from top, for 'of' read 'from.'
p. 24. l. 14 from top, insert a comma after 'whilst.'
p. 49. in note 8, for 'Niebenlungen bed' read 'Niebelungen lied.'
p. 59. l. 5 from top, for 'offering' read 'efficacy.'
p. 67. l. 8 from top, dele comma after 'Justinus.'
p. — l. 13 from top, for 'spirit' read 'spirits.'
p. — in note 6, for 'Sehrnen' read 'Seherin.'
p. 74. in note, for '1833' read '1766.'
p. 83. l. 11 from bottom, for 'Hutton' read 'Hütten.'
p. 148. in note 7, read 'die Lebendigen . . . . . Leben.'
p. 149. l. 20 from top, dele 'and.'
p. 150. in note, for 'Füszli' read 'Fuseli.'
p. 152. l. 5 from bottom, for 'student' read 'students.'
p. — l. 2 from bottom, for 'where' read 'were.'
p. 153. l. 14 from top, for 'where' read 'were.'
p. 185. l. 15 from top, for 'Höltz' read 'Holty.'
p. 188. l. 7 from bottom, dele 'to a' and insert comma after 'withal.'
p. 224. l. 12 from top, dele 'having.'
p. 234. l. 6 from bottom, dele comma after 'complete.'
p. 250. l. 7 from top, for 'began' read 'begun.'
p. 298. l. 5 from bottom, in note, after Archaeus, for 'Mrs. Austin,' read Mr. Sterling.'
p. 325. l. 9 from bottom, dele 'the.'
p. 353. l. 6 from top, insert comma after 'God.'

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